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THE HOUSE OF GOD

THE VERY REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.

We can make our minds so like
still water that beings gather
about us that they may see, it may
be, their own images, and so live for
a moment with a clearer, perhaps
even with a fiercer life because of
our Quiet.

W. B. Yeats.

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THE HOUSE OF GOD

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The House of God

AND OTHER

Addresses and Studies

BY THE VERY REVEREND

THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.

Of the Catholic University of America



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THE HOUSE OF GOD

IN the venerable books which the Church uses to-day, the Roman Pontifical and Missal, the House of God is described as a city stoutly built upon the mountain-top. Her bulwarks and streets are made of pure gold; her gates are fashioned of rare marbles and inlaid with tiers of brightest pearls; sapphires and emeralds adorn her high walls, which are patrolled by hosts of shining angels, and the vast spaces of this celestial city are radiant with the divine light that glows from the throne of the Lord God Almighty. Human language is scarcely capable of uttering the splendid vision of beauty which unrolls before the prophetic eye of Holy Church as she describes to her children the outward aspect of the New Jerusalem. But the Church, which is the spouse of Christ, and therefore the closest sharer of His intimacy, knows more of this marvellous city than its external semblance. It is a place, she tells us, where the prayers of the unhappy and the afflicted are heard; where the sins and transgressions of the world are cleansed; where Christ dwells in unbroken intercourse with His spouse; where the tears and the agonies of the

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spiritual combat are forgotten. It is the home of the multitude, the common resort of the humble and the lowly, the refuge of the outcast and despised. It is the gate of heaven, the vestibule of paradise—a holy, hallowed, and a dreadful place, filled ever with the unspeakable majesty of God and echoing to the adoring whispers of the angelic presences and a rapturous spiritual music, too delicate for our gross mortal ears to comprehend.

It seems to me that in all this the Church insists in a special manner on two ideas, those of beauty and utility. The House of God must be a thing of beauty, the highest outcome of human genius and industry, the sum of all the art and cunning of man, the mirror of all the highest aspirations of his fancy, the casket in which the creature offers to the Creator the choicest gems that the bosom of earth produces and the craft of man can polish and array. But its mission is not accomplished if it be only an elegant and faultless edifice. The House of God is something sublimer than the classic temple of antiquity, and for that very reason the Church has always spent an infinite care on its development and embellishment. It is destined for the comfort and consolation of the Christian community, to gather the scattered sheep into the fold, to bring peace to the unhappy, rest to the wearied, light to the blind, and courage to the faltering. It is the meeting-place of the soul with God, the tribunal of Christ, the home of His spouse in the truest of senses, the city of God among men. The Christian Church inherited from the Church of the Old Testament the love

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of the beauty of God's house. Upon the Temple the Jews of old had lavished public and private wealth, until the House of God on Mount Moriah stood out unique amid the temples of the world for its imposing grandeur and its awful beauty. The mere thought of its white walls, its spacious courts, and its golden roofs shining and flaming from afar, filled with rapture the soul of the exiled Jew by the waters of the Tigris or beneath the shadow of the Capitol. It was the centre of his national as well as his religious and social life. Here the children of Israel met yearly from all quarters of the world, here were the pledges of their future greatness, of the coming of the Messiah and the final uplifting of Judah above the Assyrian and the Persian, the Greek and the Roman, whose cruel yoke the children of Israel had borne so long and so impatiently!

Now the first Christians were chosen from among the Jews, and they brought over with them into their new communities all the natural and acquired tastes of the fatherland. The great beams of the Christian Church are laid on Judaism, and the deeper we dig the more striking are the evidences of our Jewish origin, the more tangible the numerous heirlooms which the first Christian Jews bore away in sorrow and tears from their beloved Jerusalem. To say nothing of the Bible, our Mass and our church-song, our catechism, our Christian preaching and literature, are all Jewish in their origin; only the course of ages and the revolutions of governments and races could make us forget the rock from which we have

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been hewn. It is only natural, therefore, when we consider her origin, that from the beginning the Christian Church should have paid the greatest care to the embellishment of her houses of worship. The memory of the Temple was yet vivid. But every Christian community possessed in its midst one greater than the Temple, the object of its love and adoration. The imposing sacrifices of the Temple lingered yet in their minds. But the Christians had a bloodless sacrifice, of whose sad reality there were yet many eye-witnesses. Through Jesus Christ and in Him all the types and foreshadowings of the Old Testament had been fulfilled, and to Him and to His worship were henceforth applicable all that the past ages from Moses to Caiaphas had brought forth in honor of the Divinity. The Jewish sacrifice was rightly offered only at Jerusalem, but the Christian sacrifice was to be offered among all nations, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. Therefore there were to be as many temples as there were places of sacrifice, as there were communities of believers in Christ. Therefore from the very beginning and by the very nature of Christian worship it was destined to develop everywhere and in countless ways that love of the beautiful which was inherent indeed in the old Jewish religion, but which that narrow and imperfect worship confined to one site, and by immobilizing it robbed it of all that large freedom which is necessary to the artistic instinct.

From the earliest times the Church has lavished upon the House of God all that industry and art could ac-

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complish. It is true that the first churches were plain upper rooms in some private house, and that the river-side, the sea-shore, the house-tops, the prison, and the desert were good enough for the devotions and the religious acts of the first followers of Jesus; but as soon as the Christian society obtained a footing in the world, we see that the spirit of devotion to the beauty of God's house rose uppermost in the minds of the believers. They dwelt yet, for the most part, in the humble quarters of great cities; when driven out they worshipped in caves and cemeteries, or in lonely places. Christ Himself, the object of their adoration, had not disdained to be born in a cave on a cold night, and His followers could not pretend to a more glorious beginning of the Church's life. But as the light that went out from Him gradually illumined the souls of all men, so the Church in the course of ages put forth a splendor and a dignity of which her earliest origin gave but faint hope. What more unpromising and depressing than a series of underground corridors and chambers, in which the primitive Christians of Rome gathered to pray and adore and listen to the word of God and the law of Christ! Yet they beautified the cold tufa walls with endless frescoes whose subjects, drawn from the Old and New Testament, illustrated the Christian dogma and filled the Christian heart with sentiments of hope and love. They carved in marble the tombs of martyrs on which they celebrated the Holy Mass, and they enriched these low and narrow chapels with objects of art and the most elegant

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decorations that the classic technique was able to suggest. They were yet a poor and persecuted race, but they had the promises of the future. Their rites and ceremonies were only in embryonic state, but they felt that Christ had come as master of this world, and that one day the eternal hills would not hold marble or gems enough for Him Who then lay enshrined upon the bleeding breast of His martyr. They knew that the "glory of Lebanon and Carmel and Sharon," all the rich and picturesque prophecy of the Old Testament anent the external grandeur of Jerusalem, had its fulfilment in the Church of Christ, and with time it grew clear to them that a day was coming when the Gentiles would walk in her light and kings in the brightness of her rising, when the children of them that afflicted her would come bowing down to her, and all that slandered her would worship the steps of her feet and call her the city of the Lord, the Sion of the Holy One of Israel. We may easily imagine that their souls were thrilled with a holy delight when from the reader's place there echoed through the silent dim corridors of the catacombs the impressive words of Isaias: "The glory of Libanus shall come to thee, the fir-tree, and the box-tree, and the pine-tree together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will glorify the place of my feet. . . . For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron, and I will make thy visitation peace and thy overseers justice." (Is. lx.)

So it came to pass that the Roman Empire became

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Christian, and suddenly at all points there arose magnificent churches in honor of the persecuted Jesus. The masters of the world poured forth their inexhaustible wealth upon the churches of Rome and Constantinople, Alexandria and Antioch, while the noble and the wealthy imitated East and West their magnificent generosity. Strange coincidence! Just as the arts were perishing from the face of the earth they were all pressed into the service of the Church, and from that period she has been their only great, unfailing, inspiring and prompting protectress. From the day they entered her service they were transformed. Whereas formerly they flattered the baser passions and seduced the souls of men through the innate love of the beautiful, they became now the handmaids of the Church, and they learned from her how to instruct, elevate, and delight our tainted nature without yielding to its unhappy and unholy instincts. The artist learned that in art as in all things there is no enduring success without a basis of morality; that art for art's sake is an impiety; that there is no art without the ideal, and that there is no real beauty when it is separated from what is true and good; that what is opposed to Christian truth and morality cannot be worthy of the artist's pencil or the sculptor's chisel, much less of popular admiration. Here, as in so many other things, the divine philosophy of Christ indicated the remedy for an age suffering like our own from corruption of refinement and excess of luxury and wealth. In the bowels of the earth the Christians had already

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evolved some principles of an architectural style. And now they took the ancient Roman basilica, a model of regularity and massive strength, but cold and hard and unsympathetic in its outlines, like the Roman justice that was dealt out in it. They lifted the low lateral vaults indefinitely, they raised the roofs skyward by means of the dome or cupola, they widened its space by adding naves, they pierced the upper walls with numerous windows, they built up high, before the eyes of all, the altar and the seats of the bishop and the clergy—in a word, under the direction of the Church, they transformed the gloomy court-houses of the ancient cities into spacious and lightsome houses of prayer, places of sacrifice, Christian schools, arenas of virtue.

And when the architect had done his work, when he had laid a Christian foundation, the Church called in the other artists. The sculptor carved columns for her and hewed out superb sepulchres, for the faithful desired to be buried near the martyrs and within the shadow of the altar. The painter no longer confined himself to biblical subjects, but immortalized the invincible martyrs in whose blood the foundations of the Church were only too often laid. The mosaic workers, a purely Christian corps, remodelled for the Church that imperial art of which to-day she holds the monopoly, and whose imperishable creations still look down upon us with unspeakable majesty from the walls and cupolas of the most ancient churches. With the decay of patriotism and the irresistible onslaughts of the barbarian world,

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driven on blindly by some divine impulse, the arts and sciences retired as by instinct to the shadow of these new churches. And in the fifth and sixth centuries, when the civil order of Europe was utterly broken and helpless, it was within the precincts of these churches that poetry, eloquence, dramatic liturgy and divine music, found a welcome shelter, and that the classic traditions of ancient art were preserved for ages that could appreciate and utilize them. Nor was it the fine arts alone which sought in the Church a shelter. Poor suffering humanity crept in beneath the folds of her mantle. It was around these great Christian centres that were built the first hospitals and refuges for orphans, widows, the blind and the aged. It was there that the slave, the debtor, the threatened virgin and the oppressed matron, found an inviolable asylum. They were truly in every land the city of God among men, the last resort, in the night of revolution, of all that was lovely and unworldly, pure and elevated, pitiful and self-sacrificing. Who can look back upon the hallowed walls of the ancient churches of Rome and Constantinople and Ravenna without feelings of profound veneration, as he reflects on the mighty civilizing influences that have gone out from them in the last fourteen hundred years, especially in the days when they stood alone in the awful wreck of culture and learning, the only points of light upon the dark and angry sea of civil discord and dissolution?

When some measure of the civil order again appeared in the world Christian architecture had undergone a

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profound modification. In the place of the elegant classic forms of Greece and Rome there had sprung up new models, begotten within the Church and developed by her. What we call the Gothic architecture is really the Church architecture, for it was not born in the frozen North; it comes to us from the Syrian Orient, where its elements and the laws of its being are first met with in the ecclesiastical buildings of that ancient Christian land. Thence it was gradually transplanted to the West, where it grew through many phases, influenced by climate, by politics, by religious discords, by the logic of its own principles, by the sympathy of churchmen, by its marvellous harmony with the fundamental teachings of the Christian religion and the needs of its worship. When the teachings of Mohammed crushed out all spiritual life and missionary activity in the Christian Orient, God raised up a new life and a new zeal in the Occident, and where once only gross barbarism reigned supreme, the Law of Christ made now daily conquests of surpassing importance. Islam and Christendom were growing apace and soon went down into that great arena of mediæval conflict, which lasted for five centuries, and ended in the salvation of Europe and her colonies from the blighting pest of Turkish fatalism. In these centuries the whole of Europe was covered with a multitude of admirable edifices, which the traveller gazes at to-day with profound amazement. The Church drew forth from her own consciousness one ideal creation after another. From Drontheim to Otranto there rose a thousand great poems

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in stone, and the eye of the Christian was everywhere satiated with a multitude of beautiful forms and lines and combinations of which antiquity had no presentiment. The Gothic church lifted up in the smallest hamlets its vast arching height into the clear blue sky, and its white towers and broad buttresses stood out from afar as symbols at once of the unshakeable solidity of the Christian religion and its irrepressible yearnings for the golden Jerusalem of which it was the image and the promise. What beauty and mystery in the long-drawn aisles, where the ever-shifting lights of day recall the solemn march of life from the cradle to the grave! What loftiness and inviolable sanctity in the great white walls that loom up from afar and emphasize the purity of Christian life! What stability and permanence about these structures whose foundations are knit into the bed-rock of the world, as those of the Church herself are inseparably cemented upon the rock which is Christ! Who can gaze upon the cathedrals of Cologne or Strassburg without feeling that he stands very close to the eternal truth, the source of such ineffable order and harmony, or who can enter and drink of their unutterable charms without feeling that God is here indeed, and that the very silence is musical with angelical confession of His glory?

These churches were built in ages of simple and joyous faith, when Christian principles penetrated every rank of society and were operative in private and in public; when the things of earth underwent a heavenly

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transfiguration, and the whole life of man seemed but a journey to the celestial country. They were the true centres of public life, and from them and about them grew up hundreds of the cities of Europe. Their influence on the institutions of every land was enormous, and well it might, for there was never work more popular than their erection. The baron and the peasant toiled side by side to hew the stones and transport them over hills and rivers; the merchant and the scholar, the soldier and the monk, contributed their weekly share, and often, where money was wanting, the poor man gave his labor, or that of his horse or his ox, and even the maidens and the children sold their ornaments and toys to swell the revenues of a work in which every soul in the city felt a common interest. No wonder then that they possess a strange fascination for us. They are half-human, since from foundation to capping-stone they were built with loving and sympathetic hearts; since the joys and sorrows of whole generations are buried deep in their massive courses; since their walls have echoed for long, long centuries to the saddest burdens of human woe and the sublimest chants of human gladness and exaltation.

But while the Church built up the walls of the city of God among men, and while in so doing she cherished especially the greatest of the arts, their mother and mistress, the majestic art of architecture, she did not neglect the others. The painter and the sculptor, the

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jeweller, the goldsmith and the engraver, the illuminator and the worker in glass, the carver and the skilful iron-worker, the weaver of delicate tissues and the embroiderer, all found employment on the only great public buildings that the Middle Ages for a long time cared to erect. In and through the Church, especially before the Crusades, these arts found encouragement and sympathy. Bishops like Eloi and Bernward did not disdain to cultivate the fine arts and thus to invest them with respect before the warlike audiences that gazed upon their handiwork. The mediæval Catholic bishop was not only the priest of the divine sacrifice, the priest of suffering humanity; he was also the priest of the beautiful. He gathered about him a multitude of artists and bade them co-operate with him in elevating and refining the natural instincts of the multitude. He is the forerunner of Raphael and Michael Angelo, for he kept alive the sacred fire in the night of neglect and contempt. He knew to what a high mission God called the beautiful arts and the incalculable influence they have upon the human soul for good or for bad. He infused a Christian spirit into them, and from being the panders of unholy passions they became, as it were, angelic voices, heralds of all that is pure and grand and inspiring in Christianity.

Who can gaze upon the artistic treasures collected in the mediæval cathedrals even now, after all the ravages of time and war and human abuse, without a sentiment of admiration? Piety, holy gravity, human tender-

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ness, unaffected simplicity, ardent childlike devotion breathe yet from their ancient paintings and statues, announcing that Christianity had in itself the secret of the highest art and purest morality, just as it had evolved a superb literature and a new social organization with little aid from paganism or the empire. One art, at least, is purely the Church's own, the divinest art of music, and we owe it to her anxiety to enliven the spaces of the city of God among men that we possess to-day the thrilling music of the *Improperia*, the mystic dithyrambs of the *Te Deum* and the *Exultet*, the majestic and soulful *Prefaces*—than which no holier, sublimer note ever echoed among mortal men—the glad sweeping verse of the *Victimæ Paschalis*, the tearful piercing chant of the *Libera*, and almost countless canticles like the *Pange Lingua*, the *Vexilla Regis*, the *Lauda Sion*, the *Adoro te*, the *O Sanctissima*, which exhaust the gamut of human feeling, and evoke for us all that is tragic or tender in human experience and all that is sacred and sublime in divine revelation. The Church has given this magic gift not alone to the city of God on earth, but to the city of man, for she alone preserved its secrets and gave it rules, and breathed new life into it and gave it a place among the tuneful sisters. Alas for the ingratitude, the ignorance, and the calumnies which paint her as an enemy of the natural feelings of man, when every line of her history shows that she has cherished, elevated, purified, and sanctified all the finer instincts of our nature! Nor could she do other-

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wise, for by her calling and nature, by her own confession, she is the architect of the city of God among men; human souls are the living blocks which she hews and sets; humanity is the spiritual quarry from which she draws all her resources.

We would gravely mistake the intention of the Church if we saw in this long elaboration of the instinct of the beautiful her only aim, her sufficient end. Her chief purpose is a spiritual one, and while she builds up a visible city of God on earth, it is only to carry out within its walls, with regularity and security, the mission confided to her by her founder Jesus Christ. Long before Our Lord came upon earth it had dawned on some choice intellects that mere external beauty was not the highest good for man; that in the scale of existences there was a supreme something, personal and knowable, which was at the same time the highest beauty; that the true duty of man was to rise ever higher and higher in contemplation of this supreme good, until he reached its fruition. Such is the teaching of Plato, and we seem to see in it profound intimations of Christ and His divine philosophy, even as the rising sun flushes some high mountain-peak with dim rosy light ere it bursts complete upon our vision. But then these sublime heights were trodden by a few, and their glimpses of the truth were scarce and mixed with much error. To-day the speculations of Plato are the common property of every Christian, who is aware, without admixture of error, that man is

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made to know, love, and serve God, with whom he will one day reign if he be faithful to His simple and easy law. The splendid dream of the Greek philosopher is the first line of the Christian catechism; the child and the savage have been elevated by Jesus Christ to a greater insight into truth than was gained by all the schools of Hellas in centuries of mental gymnastic.

They know, what the Greek saw only in a darkling vision, that the highest and chief duty of man is the loving service of the Supreme Good. It is for this loving service as well as to carry on the work of our redemption, to apply its graces, and to bring home to all men the fruits of the passion of Christ, that Holy Church erects so many temples and surrounds their solemn opening with significant pomp and ceremony. In the venerable books which the Church uses to-day she insists on the purposes for which the temple is built. She recalls to her ministers and the faithful people that the House of God is a house of prayer, that it is the judgment-seat of God, the home of the spouse, the city of God among men, the gate of heaven. It is the house of prayer, a place set apart from the busy turmoil of men and from the manifold Babel of the outside world, where the soul may retire and recognize that intimate bond of union which unites it with its Creator, and in which consists the essence of religion—that childlike, loving, trustful dependence upon the Heavenly Father, that spirit of submission to His holy will in all things that He has

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revealed for our benefit, that hopeful longing for the final reward and the fulfilment of His divine purposes in time and in eternity.

The Church is above all a house of prayer. It is the place where the individual prayers of each soul are offered up, where the anguish and the torture of the spirit are forgotten in the presence of the Divine Consoler, where the burdens of life are cast at the feet of Jesus, and the soul moves in untrammelled intercourse with its friend and Saviour. Oh, how often will you enter these holy precincts, flying from the noise and the confusion of the outside world, to commune with the loving and patient bishop of your souls, to pour into His sacred heart the story of your woes and your joys, your trials and your hopes, and to experience that deep glad calm of spirit of which Christ alone has the secret, a boon equally removed from the self-sufficiency of the agnostic and the proud tranquillity of the stoic!

But the House of God is a place of prayer in a still higher sense. It is the theatre in which the Church offers up her solemn supplications in the name of the people. Every public act of hers, the Mass, the Vespers, the public devotions, is an admirable prayer, breathing in every detail the purest faith and hope and love, laden with the aspirations and the yearnings of ages, venerable in form and expression, saturated with divine grace which has flowed so long and so abundantly through these holy channels. O ancient Church! at whose knee the ages and

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the nations have learned the secret of Christian prayer, whose sacrosanct lips have poured out before the throne of mercy and justice the sorrows of men and nations, whose pious ears have listened to the vicissitudes of every race and color, who art ever so pitiful and so motherly in thy dealings with our suffering and restless humanity, we know that thou alone on earth hast the words of eternal life, and that to none other has the Divine Master confided the right of public intercession and the assurance of audience, swift and kindly as the rays of light that dart from the sun to the bosom of the earth!

The Church is the judgment-seat of Christ, where the unhappy sinner comes, his own accuser and his own evidence. What a strange tribunal which lives on unchanging amid the mutable things of earth, based on no human wisdom or authority, purely spiritual, finding its power and its sanction in the hidden depths of the individual conscience, drawing before its bar the delinquent from the ends of the earth, from the highest and from the lowest station, from the recesses of his own will and the strong bonds of his own passions! What spiritual magnetism and superhuman attraction in that judgment-seat of the confessional where the priest sits, a vicarious judge, not to punish but to console, not to condemn but to restore and elevate! Unworldly in its form and in its mission, it could not be other than unworldly in its origin. If the Church be the city of God among men, then is the temple the natural place for this spiritual tribunal which restores so efficaciously the disturbed

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order of the soul, which reconciles man with his fellows by banishing hate and revenge, which nourishes the spirit of charity by the mutual forgiveness of injury and error, which cements all mankind into one vast penitent society by the application of the Precious Blood of Christ.

While the Church beautifies the material walls for the sake of her children who are yet "clothed with the muddy vesture of decay," she herself enjoys within their limits the clearer view of an immaterial temple, whose walls are the souls of the elect, whose arches are the wings of adoring angels, whose pavements are the multitudes of blessed worshippers, whose pillars are the prophets and the teachers of the Church, whose High-Priest is Christ and whose light is God Himself. This unseen mystic temple is, in every Church, the special place of those souls which are pleasing to God and chosen from all eternity to share His glory. Its outward sign is the tabernacle where, to-day, Jesus begins His eucharistic life among you, and where Holy Church resides with Him in a mystic but real sense, for she is His inseparable spouse, bought at the dearest of prices, cleansed and made perfect and stainless in His sight. Here the Church is our intercessor, the confidant of the secrets of Jesus and the recipient of angelic veneration. It is in this intimate union with Jesus, repeated in so many tabernacles, that she finds the superhuman wisdom and courage necessary for her mission.

Finally the house of God is a city of refuge, the asy-

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lum of wearied and distressed souls worn out with conflict and temptation. In Israel of old there were ten such cities, whither the fugitive and the debtor might repair, but in the Church of Christ, the spiritual Israel, there are thousands of such calm retreats where the soul may escape the oppression of sin and Satan and its own accusing voice. The Church is the home of the lowly and the humble of heart, and it is in this sense that the fathers comment on the history of the publican Zacchæus, whose lowly condition and humble soul made him dearer and nearer to Jesus on a certain occasion than the noble and powerful who thronged about Him.

The House of God is built for the multitude. *Misereor super turbam* is the keynote of the life of Jesus. His spirit was straitened and His soul was saturated with anguish to see the sufferings of the poor, dumb masses on whom the scribes and Pharisees looked down with contempt. He bade them come to Him, the weary and the heavy-laden. They were the great body of the lost sheep He had come to save. The poor had the Gospel preached to them in a special manner by Him and as a sign of His divine mission. The first vocations to Christianity were among the lowliest classes, and its first bishops and priests were fishermen, artisans, outcasts, and pariahs according to the cruel social code of that day. And ever since the Christian Church has been the natural refuge of the people. There the social inequali-

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ties are blotted out. There the rich and the poor by the spirit and the oft-repeated canons of the Church are on the same footing. The spiritual treasures are dealt out there according to merit, for the invisible Lord Himself controls their administration. In the great world outside these walls might and cunning may prevail, and simple honesty, purity of heart, uprightness of intention, be set down as folly, but in this holy city of God things are judged differently, and such an one may easily be the first in the sight of God who is the most despised among his fellow-men. In all the long history of the Christian religion there is scarcely anything more touching than the affection of the masses of the people for their churches. They build and repair them. They frequent them and surround them with veneration. They are their light in times of ignorance and their bulwark in days of oppression. The cities of Europe have grown up about them, and there were times when there was neither peace nor security for the people outside their shadow. Many a free popular institution has been kept alive in and through the parish church, and it was to these humble institutions and the devoted men who served them in past ages that the serfs and the captives and the poor, the bulk of the population at certain times, owed the alleviation of their hard lot and its final amelioration. At every period of ecclesiastical history the churches have been the centres of practical Christianity, and it is from them that its mild influences have radiated through human society.

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The city of God is not only built up of human souls; it grows out of them as naturally as the rose is the product of the sap that swells its tender stem, as the great oak is the fruit of the soil and the atmosphere in which it raises its proud leafy arches. The great churches of the Middle Ages, the thousand splendid churches which lined the highways and the byways of the world, grew out of a spiritual soil and in an atmosphere of grace and benediction. It was a soil saturated with the blood of martyrs and confessors, with the sweat of holy missionaries who had toiled their whole lives to plant the seed of Christianity, with the warm tears of holy virgins and brave Christian matrons who opposed the examples of tender innocence and Christian mildness to the coarse and brutal life of the warrior, with the drops of anguish extorted from all those who had suffered oppression for justice' sake. So it is in every age. There is a marvellous identity in the Church, an unbroken continuity of experience and situation which makes us the brethren of all who have ever lived and labored within her limits, which fills us with sympathy for them and transfers to us the fruits of their lives and their examples. The Church is never without her cloud of witnesses, never a barren mother. And least of all is it so in this beloved land, where a century ago the Catholic Church began in all humility and lowliness, but moving in her proper atmosphere, breathing the divine air of liberty. The tiny grain of mustard-seed has grown into a mighty tree, whose pleasant shadows are cast over

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the whole land, and whose rich foliage draws down the constant blessing of heaven. But it has not grown without suffering and self-denial. Thank God we have not had the confession of blood, but we have had the confession of labor, of privation, of sacrifice. Where was there ever seen a superior spirit of generosity? Where, in the annals of the Christian Church, has an immense multitude of men and women, young boys and innocent maidens, toiled, without schism or heresy, so long and so unitedly, to lift up the walls of Sion, to build her towers and to decorate her spaces? I listen in vain for a reply, for this is a phenomenal thing, and the angel of history must set apart a clean and beautiful page on which to record for the sight of God and the saints the glorious accomplishments of these generations of poor exiles who have translated into eternal marble and imperishable forms of beauty and utility their love of God, their faith in His Church, and the merits of their secular humiliation!

O unknown but pious and generous multitudes who have gone before, and whose eyes were closed ere you could behold the efflorescence of your own good-will and manifold privations! O great army of the lowly and simple who have toiled with ardor and devotion at the common work, regardless of your personal interests and content to be unknown and unpraised! I salute you and affirm your merits before the world, with the conviction that you have been already rewarded before God. You

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bore the burden and the heat of the day, the lofty contempt, the hard sneer, the cruel reproaches of ignorance and spiritual blindness. You exercised the very difficult virtues of meekness and patience, and you did the world the honor of infusing into it fresh tenderness, ideality, the love of the beautiful, a pure and intense but balanced spiritualism. How many unknown martyrs and confessors were among you, I cannot say, but I may be pardoned for applying to the spiritual sufferings of our predecessors the words of a great Keltic bishop, to whom some one brought relics out of Rome: "Take them away; every inch of this soil is drenched red with the blood of martyrs!"

Dearly beloved brethren! you are the descendants of those good men and women to whom under God so large a share of the splendid progress of the Catholic Church is owing. They lived by faith. In its mild beneficent radiance all things were transfigured for them, and their lives were marked by a simplicity, directness, and humility of which the world offers rare examples. I cannot better end than by recommending to you these same virtues which characterized them. Faults they had, but they were true to Holy Church. They labored under her direction at the walls of the divine city. They accepted her admonitions, they responded to her calls, her interests were their interests, and in their thoughts they never separated her advancement from their own welfare. Both you and your pastor have imitated their generosity and their zeal. In his self-sacrifice and de-

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votion to your spiritual interests he is no unworthy successor of so many good priests who have gone before him, and in this he has been ably assisted by his assistant clergy. Of all of them one might say more, did not their modesty and the holy place forbid. Let it suffice that they are good examples of that young and vigorous American priesthood which is discounting the experience and wisdom of age, which feels that it is living in the heroic days of our American Church, and is rapidly transferring to her use so many of the qualities which have made our nation envied among the peoples of the world.

In this magnificent church and the adjoining property yourselves have given proof that the generosity of the earlier generations is equalled by that of the present, nay! surpassed, for the demands of taste and progress grow rapidly, and you have satisfied them in a way which does credit to you and to the noble city which already boasts of church edifices second to none in the country. In return for this may the Almighty God increase in you the spirit of faith! May He multiply in you the virtues of piety, charity, and humility! May He preserve you ever through this holy house from the contagion of the world and its cankering spirit! You have reared in love and patience the shining white walls of this city of God on earth. May He in turn one day insert your purified souls in the immortal walls of the New Jerusalem, where "death shall be no more, nor mourn-

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ing, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more "; where the former things shall have passed away, and all things made new, and the blessed shall not need any more the light of the lamp nor the light of the sun, because the Lord God shall enlighten them, and they shall reign forever and ever ! (Apoc. xxi. 5, 23.)

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE FINE ARTS

WE are gathered here to-day to share in the satisfaction and the joy with which the generous and venerable benefactors of Trinity College turn over to it in perpetuity a large and beautiful building adapted to many needs of this institution, a noble hall of assembly, a spacious gallery for objects of art, and a rare and valuable collection of paintings and other products of artistic skill and genius. They have been long known to us for their devotion to the highest interests of Catholicism in the United States, and therefore to the highest interests of our society. From the beginning of the Catholic University their name has been held in benediction for the substantial aid and encouragement they have afforded that work of God. And they are only crowning a long series of noble public deeds by the act in which we participate. They now desire to associate themselves permanently with another great Catholic enterprise; therefore, they offer a substantial portion of these noble buildings as

Address delivered at Trinity College, Washington, D. C., May 31, 1904, on the occasion of the presentation to the College of a Memorial Hall and Art Gallery by Mr. and Mrs. Myles P. O'Connor, of San José, California.

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a thank-offering to God for long life and many comforts and consolations and graces. They desire also to associate themselves forever with the citizens of this great city by the gift of an admirable gallery of paintings and other art works that shall always be held as a cool fountain in a thirsty land, a shady retreat from the turmoil and cares of existence.

Art galleries and museums, and rare collections of all kinds, have so decided a public value and utility that they invariably gravitate into the control of the social authority. What has often been meant for the enjoyment and education of the few has usually followed its higher calling and gone into the service of the many—the British Museum and the National Gallery, the Gallery of the Louvre, the Vatican Gallery, the Metropolitan Museum, and our own Corcoran Gallery, are hap-hazard illustrations of this fact.

Countless individuals, both artists and patrons, labored for individual aims in producing the glorious gems of these collections, but in one way or another the latter have all escaped from their local prisons, and found some highway that led them into the splendid public galleries that were their proper and natural shelter. This is in obedience to a great law of modern thought that classes such products of human genius as highly educational, and, therefore, in a way, subject to public ownership, use, and control. I shall be pardoned, I hope, if I pass over the educational advantages that a

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gallery of fine arts offers to the general public, in order to insist briefly upon the value of such collections when attached to schools of a higher order.

Such schools are, of course, primarily destined to draw forth the finer qualities of the mind, and, by suitably graded exercise, to teach the individual to use such qualities and forces freely and spontaneously, after the manner of life itself. The gain, of course, is immanent and ever-accruing; eventually observation and memory fix in the mind a greater or lesser number of facts that we call information, and that truly do shape and guide the thinking part of us, if properly assimilated and correlated. Thereby the student comes into real and organic touch with the outside world, and knows things as they are. Between the impressions of the mind and the actual facts and laws of life there is that genuine coherence which is the aim of all practical education; the student steps easily and naturally from the school of books and teachers into that other school which we call life—happy youth, lucky parent, if there be a sufficient continuity, and the boy or maiden be fairly well equipped to take, each one a becoming place in the rough conflict that opens before them. So far the teaching of all such schools aims at the actual, the practical, the immediate present, the plain and serviceable realities of every-day life.

But beyond all this there is another world, an ideal world, truly existing and influent upon the actual world,

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on which it calls and which it rouses as the perfect the imperfect, or the faultless and rounded concept the rude, unfinished sketch. From its three unattainable peaks, the good, the true, and the beautiful, this ideal world stirs and urges the mind of youth to-day, as it stirred in the days of Rameses the youth who filled the halls of the House of Seti, and as it will stir all youth in the unnumbered ages to come. Circumstances of time and society are a kind of changing atmosphere through which this ideal world solicits the heart of youth differently at different periods, yet on the whole along the same lines and with the same intensity. There is no one who has not dreamt dreams, seen visions, lived in the short splendor of an illumination—indeed, it is well for us that, in spite of the general gray fog, we are forever moving through these sunlight-patches of life. It may be that in another existence the criteria of truth and reality that obtain in this Philistia of ours shall be revised and we shall come to know that our only true life was in our fragments of exalted dreams and visions and illuminations. In any case, outside of the visible and tangible realities there is in life another efficient reality, the reality of idealism that Emerson emphasized when he wrote that we should hitch our wagon to a star. Without going too far afield it may be said that with rare exceptions there is a certain indefinite period of youth when this idealism is a real shaping force, when the ideal aspects and possibilities of life first dawn confusedly upon the boy or girl, when they are transported beyond

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themselves with the "long, long thoughts of youth." They are then on the sunrise slope of life, and the great orb pours before their footsteps only a warm charitable light that deftly hides the pitfalls and the chasms and those dreary interminable stretches where weariness and disappointment alone accompany the traveller.

How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp and Fortunatus' Purse,
That hold the treasures of this universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith
Be thou removed! it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

It is well that this generous idealism should not be left to run riot in the mind of youth, but should be directed according to the eternal laws of fitness in what is good and true and beautiful. For the first two we may trust to our unequalled Christian morality and to the principles of a sound philosophy—for the latter we must look to a proper understanding of the fine arts and their place and service in our lives. What is the beautiful? What are its relations to goodness and truth? Is it mere physical form, proportion, grace,

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or is it something more subtle and permanent? What are the true laws of its being, the proper field and limits of its influence, the secrets of its magical charm? What is its history, and through what vicissitudes have the eternal canons of the beautiful been fixed with precision, and all heresies confounded? The nature and purpose and history of the beautiful are one of the largest and most fertile fields of investigation from the time when Plato first sounded those depths in his incomparable *Timæus* down to the immortal pages of Edmund Burke. Now what more fitting place to study and assimilate the wisest answers that poetical philosophers and philosophical poets have given to these questions than one of those admirable laboratories of the fine arts, where the eye beholds the gradual fulfilment of the principles that the questioning mind has evolved? And what more suitable time for such studies than those years when the beautiful appears yet in an absolute light, when the power of admiration is yet intact, I was going to say immune against cynicism and disillusion—those harpy-like tenants that most poor human hearts are forced to harbor before their life-work is accomplished? And what surroundings are more favorable to this practical study of the beautiful than a home of virtue and learning, where the evil passions of the world are unknown and every safeguard is thrown about the choicest youth, and a harmonious development of all the gifts of body and soul is secured in as far as human devotion and ingenuity can provide? In Hellas of old gifted men first saw the

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incredible forces that lay dormant in color and outline, in mass and proportion, in sound and words. Slowly they loosed these forces from their immemorial prison-houses, and slowly they differentiated and perfected them, until one day a whole people was the apostle of the beautiful, and the City of the Violet Crown became the common home, or rather the university in which the Muses taught, to which a world came to listen and applaud. But even Athens had no concept of a school like this, and even Plato saw but in a dim and misty way the treasures of spiritual beauty that a Giotto and a Fra Angelico would one day unfold to the eyes of an admiring world. The flood-gates of affection must first be broken down by Christianity before the true mission of the fine arts could exhibit itself. A rich content had to be poured into the exhausted veins of human society. The triumphant charity of Jesus Christ must first overrun the world. Then every human heart would be like wax before the painter and the sculptor and the musician, where formerly these affected but a small percentage of mankind with their cold and formal beauty, their scrupulous precisian art, their rigid legalism of precepts and tradition. What a moral gulf lay between the temple of classicism, Delphi, rising proud and splendid among her accumulated art treasures, and that burg of Christian romanticism, Florence, in the hour when St. Mary of the Flower was consecrated in the heart of a city that itself had become the most glorious home of all the renovated and chastened arts, sure-

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ly the loveliest vision that man could hope to offer to angelic eyes!

The sense of the beautiful is truly innate and original with man, even as the sense of the good and true. But even as the latter need guidance and exercise, lest evil and falsehood should get themselves accepted under the guise of goodness and truth—and what else is Christian education?—so does the sense of the beautiful need training and direction in order that it may not be misled or corrupted or blunted. This training goes on easily and habitually, to a certain extent, in all schools controlled by Catholicism, for the Church is truly the mother and nurse of the fine arts, and can never rid herself of the predilection for them that she has brought along the ages from out the old classical world. But what an impulse is given to this ancient Catholic tendency by the possession of a noble gallery of paintings, statuary, and other art works! The training of the eye then goes hand in hand with the development of the imagination; the historical element of art keeps pace with the psychological process; the best work of past ages and of every school lies before the youthful beginner; the finished model is forever there, in silent and changeless perfection, chiding gently but efficaciously the raw and unpromising attempts of the beginner. This was, no doubt, the reason why in the meeting-rooms and chapels of the old mediæval guilds there were always kept specimen masterpieces of their work, that the young apprentice

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might have ever before him in a finished product both the laws of his craft and the technique of execution.

The fine arts are indeed a monumental exegesis, a helpful interpretation of all life. No one can wander through the infinite spaces of the minster at Cologne or look down upon the glorious handiwork of the freestone pile at Freiburg, and not feel that he is listening to the voice of the past as truly as if he were reading the pages of Molière or Cervantes. They represent the highest efforts of those who went before us to translate into visible realities the invisible and vague truths they felt more keenly than they could express. They embody for us an educational ethos or temper of soul, inasmuch as the fleeting vision of the brain or the secret longing of the heart that created them kept ever infinitely ahead of the accomplishment and so drew out, unfolded, all the capacities of the disciple. Your true artist is dissatisfied in his highest triumph; he has seen a glory and heard a harmony that are a foretaste of heaven, but are therefore unrealizable on earth. It is essentially a Christian and not a pagan temperament, the product of faith in another life, and therefore deeply imbued with melancholy, the straining and breaking of the heart for the final land of peace and love and beauty.

There are in our English literature many moving pages that are inspired by this peculiar educational office and function of the fine arts. And though his lines are trite with much quotation, I cannot forbear to recall

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the profoundly romantic expression which our national poet has given to this eternal challenging of our better self by the artistic spirit. I mean that vision of the Alpine youth escalading, but in vain, some inaccessible white dome:

There in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

There is another advantage that accrues to an advanced school from daily contact with the admirable works of men to whom beauty was truly a religion, a delightful service of the Master of Masters, of that ineffable Beauty that is ever old and ever new. I mean the development of taste. It is not enough that the student should learn to know the nature and limits and purpose of ideal beauty. It is necessary that the student learn to recognize with ease and accuracy the works of that beauty. Taste in the realm of the imagination is akin to a delicate and tender conscience in morals, to correct and pleasing speech in our social relations, to a sure practical judgment in the affairs of daily life. It is a matter partly of natural gifts and partly of constant practice and training in youth. It is the judgment exercising itself with discrimination and nicety in the region of ideal forms and creations. It can be perverted, like the moral sense, with which it is in very close contact. It can be dimmed like the sense of truth, and learn to see

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“Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt.” Hence, the most cultivated of peoples does not speak simply of taste, not of *le goût*, but of *le bon goût*, as though to warn us against the prevalence of a bad and perilous taste. There is in us, after all, a root of barbarism not quite seared, an open flowing current of selfishness and animalism that is never quite dried up, a tendency to rebellion and wrong and perversity that St. Paul recognized when he spoke of the dualism in our nature, the double law in our members, and that good old Horace felt:

Nitimur in vetitum cupimusque negata.

So we cannot begin soon enough to train the tender sense of beauty, to crowd the eye with visions of what is according to the best criteria in all the provinces of the fine arts, to stamp with the final authority of immortal names certain positive conclusions in the mind of youth. Fitted out with this array of wise and permanent judgments, it will soon be better enabled to exercise and trust its own independent reasoning, its own personal emotions and impressions. It will vary and extend its judgments as life unrolls before it the panorama of things and events, ever the same and yet ever new for each beholder and participant, since for the individual man and woman the world is ever as fresh and picturesque as when it came from the hands of the Creator. But amid all its individualism the trained mind has once been polarized, has acquired a certain orientation, a certain *justesse* of thought and appreciation, that may be

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forgotten as it were amid its new acquisitions, but which work on with silent efficacy. Here, among the works of the greatest masters of the fine arts, we may hope to see grow in each ardent young intellect, more by the noiseless inoculation of daily intercourse with an aristocracy of genius than by severe instruction, all the principles and criteria of taste. The eye and the heart will hold here an uninterrupted communion from which must grow an harmonious perfection of every natural gift, directed toward the easy recognition and proper enjoyment of all that is truly beautiful, truly worthy of admiration and imitation.

Not the least service that a gallery of paintings renders to the education of youth is the illustration which it provides for the teaching of history. It furnishes a continuous and agreeable commentary on the past, at once philosophical and psychological in its character, unbiased and varied. The painter is unconsciously a historian—how quickly we should admit among the historical sources for Greek history a contemporary painting of Salamis or Thermopylæ, a portrait of Pericles by Zeuxis or Parrhasius, or among the sources of Roman history a fresco of the triumph of Julius Cæsar after the conquest of Gaul! The painter fills in with loving skill the outlines that the historical writer must be content to sketch, but he appeals at the same time to a power that is only incidentally at the disposal of the historian, *i.e.*, the imagination. The painter is free of the border-

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land of the senses and ranges the visible world, past and present, in full view of the intellect, suggesting and explaining a multitude of things that for the latter must otherwise remain problematic or obscure.

What commentary on the literary and political history of the Renaissance in Italy is comparable to the frank paganism of Sandro Botticelli and the massive classical strength of Michael Angelo? Certain moods of the Trecento are more intelligible in a faded Giotto than in the perfect text of Dante. Not even the diaries of Marino Sanudo can revive for us the crepuscular splendors of Venetian life like Bellini and Carpaccio, Giorgione and Canaletto. What intelligence is there of Macchiavelli and what he stands for in the history and thought of Italy until you look upon the Borghese portrait of Cæsar Borgia? The painting of a period is to its history what the illuminations of the mediæval manuscript are to its text, at once a gloss and a superimposed text. Could we behold Tiberius on Capri as Velasquez has depicted for us his Spanish monarchs, or see Constantine among the bishops at Nicæa as we see Louis XIV surrounded by the great ecclesiastics of the Sun-King, how much more immediate and human a view we should possess of a world now known to us only by a few dumb and crooked signs to which we must do unutterable violence in order to compel them to speak a few words of truth. The painting fastens and crystallizes for us, as far as may be, the transient wilful elements of the present, it is its real denominator and

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index, that which alone efficiently distinguishes it from the past and the future. There, glowing in imperishable colors, are its whims and vagaries of costume and manners, its pride of fashion forever melting into folly and comedy. There are the glories of its architecture, that sign-manual of its ambitions and plans, its hopes and its velleities. There, too, are its ineffable sorrows and its joys, likewise too great for speech—in a word, we behold on our way through a great gallery of paintings all the phases of human life from the cradle to the grave, all the passions of human history, the entire “*Sinnen und Trachten*” of mankind. In a gallery of paintings we have a breviary of history, but a breviary whose pages are enlivened, like the Prayer Book of Emperor Maximilian, with many a painted truth and many a lesson more eloquent than words could hope to be, were they divinely wrought by a Dante or a Shakespeare. Surely, they are happy and favored who are destined to dwell in their bright youthful days in a gallery of such echoes from the past, in a garden where all the flowers are of rarest origin, all their hues of infinite perfection, all their odors redolent of the gates of paradise!

I seem to see another educational use of the fine arts in the intuitive method that is essential to them. In the universal devotion to the discursive and experimental method of the great modern sciences there lies a certain danger of decay, through disuse, of the higher elements of our common humanity. Synthesis is too often for-

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gotten, or buried in the pit of analysis, and the good of the race is too often lost sight of in the welfare of the individual. Now the study of ideal beauty is necessarily pursued along other lines. The artist does not work with the scalpel—he sees within himself the aim he proposes, within the rim of his own brain and within the walls of his own heart he reads the truth that he desires to exhibit. Things present themselves to him as wholes, in their perfection, and it is precisely this element of perfection, wanting to things in their actual state, that he first sees in them or by dint of genius reads into them, and eventually brings forth in a kind of creative act. There is something magnificent and god-like in this temperament of the artist; he confers gratuitously the highest benefits on his own and on all future ages; in his work intelligence and enjoyment of the truth are simultaneous, after the manner of the life to come. In this way the method of the artist is not one of infinite division and separation and splintering, but one of architectonic upbuilding, therefore akin to the methods of God and nature, who are his true teachers and models. Moreover, there is in all true art something of the divine science of theology. Genuine art is a revelation, first, to the artist himself; for the perfect beauty that he sees shining in things is not his own creation but the splendor of the divinity, a little nearer, a little more visible to him than to his less gifted fellow-men.

There is a profound truth in the story about Claude

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Poussin, that when he had looked on a pastoral scene of great beauty, he cried out: "Et moi aussi j'ai été en Arcadie." Through the prison-walls of matter soul cried to soul that day in a spiritual tongue known only to the initiated.

As the proper method of the fine arts is that of intuition or clear vision, so is their language the mystical tongue of adoration and contemplation. In other words, the fine arts tend to withdraw man from an excessive devotion to the individual and the transient, the specific and merely useful in life, to fix his gaze upon the eternal verities of the moral life, and to bring him into closer union with his Maker. They have their own atmosphere and one cannot long breathe it without running the risk of acquiring a new and unworldly habit of mind. I have never read a more accurate statement of this mental attitude or condition of the true artist than a certain psychological page of Father Faber in the fourth chapter of his "Bethlehém":

Of a truth art is a revelation from heaven, and a mighty power for God. It is a merciful disclosure to men of his more hidden beauty. It brings out things in God which lie too deep for words, things which words must needs make heresies, if they try to speak them. In virtue of its heavenly origin it has a special grace to purify men's souls, and to unite them to God by first making them unearthly. If art debased is the earthliest of things, true art, not unmindful that it also, like our Lord, was born in Bethlehem, and cradled with Him there, is an influence in the soul so heavenly that it almost

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seems akin to grace. It is a worship, too, as well as a theology. From what abyss arose those marvellous forms upon the eye of John of Fiesole, except from the depths of prayer? Have we not often seen the Divine Mother and her Blessed Child so depicted that it was plain they never were the fruit of prayer, and do we not instinctively condemn them even on the score of art, without directly adverting to religious feeling? The temper of art is a temper of adoration. Only an humble man can paint divine things grandly. His types are delicate and easily missed, shifting under the least pressure and bending unless handled softly. An artist who is not joined to God may work wonders of genius with his pencil and colors; but the heavenly spirit, the essence of Christian art, will have evaporated from his work. It may remain to future ages as a trophy of anatomy and a triumph of peculiar coloring; but it will not remain as a source of holiest inspiration to Christian minds and an ever-flowing fountain to the glory of God. It may be admired in the gallery; it would offend over the altar. Theology and devotion both owe a heavy debt to art, but it is as parents owe debts to their loving children. They take as gifts what came from themselves, and they love to consider what is due to them by justice is rather paid to them out of the spontaneous generosity of love.

Venerable Benefactors! It becomes my pleasing duty to accept from you, in the name of Trinity College, the truly noble gifts that you present this day. Of old, kings and queens looked on it as an appanage of their public office to perform such beneficent deeds, while historians wrote them down with letters of gold in their

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chronicles. Your gifts, too, come from a quarter of unsurpassed nobility, from royal American hearts, and are of that kind which need no blazoning—they are their own eloquent tongue and commentary.

I thank you in the name of the good Sisters of Notre Dame, who will ever hold your memory in veneration, and ever pray that God may reward you in a fitting way for your magnanimous co-operation in the laborious enterprise they have begun for the welfare of our American womankind. I thank you in the name of all present and future students of Trinity College, to whom your generosity not only opens a perpetual fountain of innocent and elevating delights, but also furnishes an example of the highest use of this world's goods—the greater happiness of the greater number. I thank you in the name of all who are associated with this holy cause, and who have watched it grow, nourished by sacrifice and prayer, by intelligent unremitting toil, and by an openness to all helpful suggestions, until it appears now well rooted in the soil and likely to bear the fruit that all have hoped for—many generations of those admirable women that Catholicism is especially adapted to produce. I thank you in the name of the good fathers and mothers, both of the students here assembled and of those whom we hope to greet in years to come. It is their beloved daughters who are destined to enjoy habitually the fruits of your splendid generosity. It is they who must eventually take back to all parts of our glorious land the alert and trained minds,

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the roused and quickened hearts, the superior Christian culture and refinement of soul, that they shall have developed amid these academic surroundings. In a true sense there is not a Christian family in our land which is not already indebted to you for the larger, more liberal opportunities that your act has brought so close to their children and their children's children.

We have the promise of Holy Writ, that the teachers of justice, *i.e.*, of virtue, shall shine like stars through all eternity. Surely, the same reward is due to those who make durable provision for the education of youth in the combined spirit of our admirable modern progress and solid religious feeling and conviction. Thereby they continue to live, in the best part of them, in their holier ideals and their long-cherished aspirations. They can never be said to have quite passed away; their name and their memory remain, always suggestive, always soliciting to good use of every opportunity. They become in a way synonymous with that sweet and efficient charity of Jesus Christ that rejoices in doing good, in acts of universal helpfulness. They are real pioneers, for they have opened broad pathways through the future, where each new generation may walk in a richer light, amid cultivated companionship, in a fuller enjoyment of the things of the mind and the works of the heart. This is, indeed, to be benefactors of humanity, for the perfection of life consists not in having but in being, not in addition to our actual selves, but in the largest expression of the marvellous potencies that lie

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dormant in everyone, and await only the helping hand, the sympathetic word, the electric touch of opportunity, to kindle into warm and living realities. The creators of educational works are among the holiest benefactors of their kind. They teach us all forever that it is not bulk but fibre, not quantity but quality, not mass and weight but proportion and balance, that lend beauty and dignity and all worth to our lives. It is to them that we owe it if one day the mind shall learn to be its own atmosphere and its own place, its own aim, to be self-controlling, sufficient to itself, and, as far as possible, independent of the changeful and uncertain world that lies outside. It is to them that we owe it if the heart makes fast in early life to the great cables of virtue and morality, to that stern and positive Christian righteousness that scorns all lower philosophies of life. What wealth of Ormuzd or of Ind can make the soul so free, and so happy in its freedom, as a carefully cultivated mind, a well-poised judicial temper, a sure sense of what is requisite and proper in all matters of importance, a serene conscience dominant in the household of our being, trained and sure concepts of the relative value of things as they affect us, an equally sure sense of kinship with the eternal exemplar and fountain of all goodness, beauty, and truth, and of a destiny to the highest things that the mind can grasp! Now, all these things are the result of education and of education alone. One or another of these qualities may be natural or acquired by hazard, but all history and daily experience are there to show

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that the ideal human soul is never self-made, but is always the product of the delicate and composite process that we call education. To properly fashion and finish such a human soul is therefore to endow it, to enrich it from within, to make it a world unto itself, and to break down all unnecessary control by things extrinsic and material, so that only the emancipated and exalted spirit shall rule, and rule without rebellion or fear of disaster, the entire realm of our being.

It is a source of great pleasure, Venerable Benefactors! that you are with us these days during which the first graduates of Trinity College go forth to take their places in society, we hope to be true ornaments of the same, a credit always to the teachers who have trained them, and a living illustration of the uses of an education at once superior and Christian. Even so you seem to be one with all these fair young souls, to renew your own youth in contact with them, and in your advancing years to light a torch that shall nevermore be extinguished, but shall always shed mild beams of radiance through our society.

It needs no prophetic eye to foresee the rapid growth of this holy enterprise. The demand for women of solid Christian virtue and well-cultivated minds is increasing. There is no city in the land where they are not prized and where a dozen tasks do not await each one. The immense democracy of opportunity solicits our American woman on all sides, and her naturally inde-

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pendent spirit urges her to profit to the utmost by every opening that is made for her. It is in the United States that genuine superior schools for women first arose; they are still growing all over this land, often richly endowed by other women, and all of them helping to uplift and illustrate their sex. Immemorial prejudice against the intellectual improvement of woman is disappearing, and barriers are falling that seemed as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. Errors and failures there have been, but the whole movement is sane, admirable, eminently Christian, and rich with future promise. Anyhow, the lords of creation have not always managed their own higher education so blamelessly that they can reproach their sisters with their initial stumblings and wanderings. Their cause is just, and no society in the world has so large an interest in its success, in the growth of a great multitude of superior women, as our American society. Virtue and intelligence are indispensable props of every democracy, and they are never imported. They grow in the family, or they grow not at all. It is the women of the family, the wife, the mother, the sister, who educate the average American citizen. He is what they make him or fail to make him. Hence, the most imperative need of our society is a womankind that shall not only feel its responsibility, but shall also dispose of sufficient knowledge to handle well its opportunities of every day and every hour; that shall be, within the limits of nature, the equal of the husband and brother, the su-

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perior guide of growing youth, an element of good counsel, civic wisdom, and moral strength in the community. One weakness of modern society is not the learning, but the ignorance of woman, that condemns her too often to look on helplessly at a frittering and degradation of life, of which she is again the first victim. Hence, if Catholicism is to be a social force in the future of our American humanity, it must look to the education of its women with all the practical earnestness and enlightened zeal that it manifests for the education of its men; nay, with more, for man becomes an educator only occasionally, while education is the habitual calling of all women; they are its prophetesses and its priestesses, conversant with all its mysteries, and endowed by God with a hundred secret affections, inclinations, and tastes in this sense that render the work easy and successful. "Give me the training of a nation's mothers," Napoleon is reported to have said, "and I care not who make its laws."

May the benefactors of this good work multiply, and may God inspire many others to bestow upon Trinity College such academic charities as their means allow and their hearts suggest! It is the first generation of workers in this and similar causes that most need help and support; poverty is such a painful trial when on one hand we are conscious of the highest motives and on the other hand we see the great field of glorious opportunities dwindling away. It ought not to be too much to expect, and certainly is not too much to pray for,

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that the day be not far distant when a Catholic young woman can come to Trinity College from anywhere in the United States and find within its gates abundant instruction of the highest quality in every branch that a woman could care to follow.

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ONLY an unfeeling man could look without emotion on the scene that this day offers us, could behold without pride the fresh splendor of this great edifice that you have renewed and made perfect, could gaze without a quickening of the heart on this assembled multitude among whom I behold the representatives of every degree in our society, the officers of the state and the authorities of the church, the flower of civic virtue and those who have risen to the highest level in all the walks of municipal life, the busy thoughtful tradesman and the stalwart intelligent mechanic. You have come forth this day from your homes, men and women, sons and daughters, with a special sense of joy, an intimate feeling that you were to take your part in a majestic action that should fittingly close a period of toil and sacrifice and expectation.

Even so "the ancients of Israel with the princes of the tribes, and the heads of the families of the children of Israel, were assembled to King Solomon in Jerusalem: that they might carry the ark of the covenant of the

Delivered at the re-dedication of St. Paul's Church, Worcester, Mass.,
May 8, 1904.

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Lord out of the city of David, that is, out of Sion. . . . into its place, into the oracle of the Temple, into the Holy of Holies under the wings of the Cherubim " (III Kings viii, 1, 6).

It is indeed for you a day of rejoicing, yes, and of consolation! All permanent joy in this life takes on the nature of consolation, since it is rarely gotten without a previous experience of sorrow and tribulation that are usually in keeping with the greatness of the hope and the measure of the gain. The older among you are looking back in memory on forty years of striving and planning, forty years of common sacrifices and endeavors—truly a holocaust of the purest and finest emotions of a great multitude of human hearts, a holocaust that would be astounding, were it not that in the last half-century of our marvellous American life it has been repeated at many thousand points.

In these long years, crowded as few other years in human history with events of incredible significance, what an exercise of Christian virtue has the creation of this centre of worship called forth among you—hope, faith, patience, perseverance! what a gradual unfolding of the deep meaning of your Catholic faith and the daily helpful uses that it offers to every soul! What a growing sense of its universal character, its historic grandeur, its intimate relations to all past and present phases of human activity! It has often been said that the inimitable Catholic cathedrals of the Middle Ages were in their day the true workshop and the school in which the

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arts and sciences first flourished among the entire people, that they infused all social life with a natural vigor and a puissance that have never since been equalled. I am firmly persuaded that in its own way the building of this noble church has not done less for the population that undertook it in the early sixties. Many, alas! have since then closed their eyes to the scenes of earth. It was not given them to behold the outcome of their hope and their prayers. We know, however, that they are yet one with us, and we trust that they are now looking down upon us from the Jerusalem that is above, not built with hands, yet whose fair image must ever haunt us and move us mightily to create on earth some semblance of its glory and its beauty. Is it not true that

We live by Admiration, Hope and Love,
And e'en as these are well and wisely fixed
In dignity of being we ascend.

What manner of men and women were they who dared to promise this noble temple and then to lift it, course by course, and to create thereby in the heart of the commonwealth an inexhaustible fountain of all the virtues? Surely they were long established on the soil, a people of fixed and ancient habits, of sure political and fine artistic traditions, desirous of immortalizing in a great monument the slow genesis of the institutions of their ancestors and of their own high aspirations! Not so. They were a handful of exiles, tearful and broken-hearted, fleeing from a secular oppression that had at

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last burst all bounds and yoked Nature herself for the flagellation of an unhappy and innocent race! A small number drifted hither, led by the hope of bread and tolerance—even of that sweet thing called liberty, that for the oldest of them had never been more than a dream. With a rare exception they had emerged poor and lowly from the eighteenth century, broken as a nation, chastised as a people, without hope or future as a race. They had no experience of a large and liberal civilization; they had lost one ancient tongue and lovely literature, nor had they yet bent themselves to the hard task of mastering those of their oppressors. The professions, those ordinary lines of social advancement, had been long closed to them. The sources and the distribution of industrial and commercial wealth had never been theirs, since the awakening of the new life of humanity. In one of the world's loveliest and richest islands, themselves its immemorial inhabitants, they stood mute and helpless, with broken hearts and chained hands, forbidden to profit by the commonest benefits of nature, or to break the wretched level of a general demoralizing poverty. Neither wealth nor travel nor the refining influence of great cities were known to them—they were a people of farmers and day-laborers. After centuries of savage and exhausting warfare they had tasted the bitterness of defeat and entered upon a long night of apathy and despair that in the midst of universal progress was rarely relieved by a ray of hope. Add to this that they had been long deprived of that regular in-

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struction which makes common to all men the humanizing experiences of the past and the present, and acts on all like a pure and vitalizing atmosphere.

Such were the antecedents of the majority among the Catholic men and women who less than two generations ago arrived in this goodly city, and entered upon the great battle of a new life amid untoward circumstances that they were destined, however, to mould in a favorable sense. But if these little bands of emigrants from Ireland were weak and unseemly elements of society, as common opinion then held them, they were rich beyond measure in certain raw materials of heart and mind, in certain living springs of energy and idealism that fed their lives habitually, and sustained them abundantly, until they emerged into happier days and the full use of all their gifts and opportunities—I mean that they were faithful children of the Holy Catholic Church. By reason of their immemorial membership in her they clung with tenacity to their own past, and it was neither without glory nor grandeur. The time would come when their children at least could look back upon it and learn that nothing so uplifts a people as the memory of great services rendered to mankind. By reason of this membership they had a share not only in the rich general inheritance of Catholicism, but also in its living capital invested through all humanity. Adverse circumstances might shut out these poor wanderers from the political, social, and economic advantages of their own day and their own fatherland, but they could not close in their

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hearts the open fountain of religion. Now, religion is the oldest and most powerful of the general forces known to man. It operates like the sun, universally and gently. It draws men individually and in multitudes, but it draws them by the cords of Adam. It may be weakened, darkened, hindered—but it cannot be impotent nor can it ever be cast out from the equation of life and history. It is as native and original, Saint Paul says, as the seeing eye and the loving heart. The sun moves ever onward warming and enlivening the bosom of the earth, and drawing from it countless utilities and beauties, in fruit and flower, in energies and splendors. Even so, religion dominates in human society, and is everywhere the real source and model, the impulse and the spur of all that is great and permanent in our lives and in our works.

In wearing the sweet yoke of religion, of their immemorial Catholic faith, these people were therefore following an instinct of nature and a law of history. Unconsciously, perhaps, they had laid hold of the one force that alone could call forth quickly their many racial virtues, offset their vices and weaknesses, fit them into the social order with all due rapidity and regularity, and transform the children of Europe's poorest and most unhappy peasantry into foremost citizens of the greatest democracy that the sun has ever shone upon. Never, since Catholicism transformed into gentle missionaries their fierce barbarian ancestors has it accomplished a

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more important social work than what it has done for the Irish people in the United States during the last two generations—a work not less useful and far-reaching in the eyes of the statesman and philosophical thinker than it is in the eyes of the historian and the prophet. If the covering of Europe with a white vesture of churches was the most humanizing activity of the Middle Ages, an original source of the improved order of our modern life, a similar devotion of our Catholic people to the beauty of the House of God has produced results no less striking in the social order of the immediate present. In the shadow of these great churches, as each slowly lifted its huge mass heavenward, a timid and depressed people learned the lesson of discipline, the uses of renouncement, unity, patience, slow but regular and progressive toil. They developed that rarest fruit of discipline, which is character. They began to acquire that self-reliance and just independence that are the ear-marks of all true character. They corrected a certain moral bent and erased a certain stigma that slavery never fails to impose upon its victims. Honest pride, self-respect, a vague sense of latent power, kindled in their hearts. Stirrings of the higher life began to be felt—the apostolate of the fine arts began its triumphant career. They knew themselves for spiritual kin to those great peoples who had surpassed the works of Greece and Rome. Among these thousands of Catholic churches that have arisen within fifty years, the civil and social formation of a people has kept pace with the material

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development. Leadership and counsel, close and efficient organization, a healthy repression of the individual will, the sense of the common good as the moral key-note of social life, sustained creative enthusiasm, admiration of the beautiful as a transformer of the rank materialism natural to a new society, the habit of united effort, and the moral vigor that is born of regular legitimate success—all these things were steadily nourished, and to some extent created among our American Catholic people by the never-ceasing labor of church-building. Truly, when they look around on the glorious temples that dot this fair land from ocean to ocean, they may well be tempted to believe that they have already reaped a rich reward for their sacrifices, and to cry out with Solomon, when he stood in the assembly of the chosen people and gazed upon the finished splendor of the Temple: "Blessed be the Lord, who hath given rest to his people Israel, according to all that he promised: there hath not failed so much as one word of all the good things that he promised by his servant Moses" (III Kings viii, 56).

It seems proper that on an occasion like this we should look back over these long decades with a philosophical eye and ask ourselves the real meaning of a popular movement that, apart from its strictly religious scope and interest, has been strong enough to float on its broad current such great human values as architecture and the fine arts, has unified and cemented a thousand loose and

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unorganized elements of social life, has initiated inexperienced and uncultivated elements of humanity into the mysteries of political thought and virtue, has acted as a hyphen between the highest levels of the past and the actual conditions of our national life. In other words, what is the broadest lesson conveyed by the solemn opening of a Catholic church, and its dedication to the service and glory of the Almighty? Are there any formulas large and simple and sufficient enough to resume the common interest and devotion, the virtues of leadership and co-operation, the decades of patience and the hour of consecration, the lavish manifold expenditure and the distinct unity of purpose, the countless material elements and phases of the work and the avowed spiritual scope of the same? As a matter of fact, the churches of Catholicism conform everywhere, amid much external variation, to one common type; the manner of their uplifting does not differ greatly from region to region; the motive, impulse and spur that are valid in one place are valid elsewhere; the average Catholic is equally willing and earnest about their creation in city and village, amid the enormous resources of a great metropolis, on the lonely prairie, among the débris of the mines, or in the heart of huge industrial centres. It is only natural, therefore, that the world-wide and century-old organization to which they are mouth-piece and channel should have a clear concept of their nature and utility, and should rejoice at any opportunity of declaring the same before her own children and before those numerous men

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and women who are not of the faith, but are daily growing more sympathetic to its ethos, more accessible to its views of life and man, the soul and God.

The church is the regular and usual place for the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ. At its altars are daily read the Old and the New Testament. From its pulpit are proclaimed at every gathering of the faithful the messages of the Father to the chosen people and in them to all humanity; likewise, that most efficient chapter of all history, the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. In other words, every church is for the time being the living centre of the original Christian apostolate. It stands from century to century as the echo of the divine mandate. "Going therefore teach ye all nations: . . . teaching them to observe whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii, 19, 20). It is for this solemn and public teaching of the Christian religion that our churches are built, that it may be permanent and regular, dignified and attractive. Every such church is primarily a school, not like the schools of philosophy or of letters or of any mere worldly science, but a school for all humanity, a school of divine wisdom in which God Himself is our teacher, His mandates our constant study, His unchanging will our guide and criterion in all things.

The Word of God as proclaimed in these churches is truly a puissant sacramental force, to which the voice

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of man is only a channel and an instrument. Its power is native and irresistible, for it is divine and infallible. It healed and uplifted human society when it lay wounded and degraded in the shadows of paganism. It led our forefathers out of the deep night of ignorance and immorality into the bright day of Christian truth and virtue. It makes known the true relations of God and man, the body and the soul, heaven and earth. It reveals to us our origin, our purpose in life, our destiny and the means whereby we shall accomplish it. But it must be proclaimed, it must be made known, and, barring the ministry of angels, this can only be done by the voice of man. When it is preached in its fulness and simplicity, without fraud or error, it appeals to the human heart as light appeals to the eye, as water appeals to the thirsty wayfarer, as the remedy appeals to the body broken with disease. Like these great benefits of nature, it is at once victory and consolation, victory for the mind uncertain and confused, consolation for the heart a-weary and despondent. Read in silence and retirement, it is balm and light, but delivered before the people of God by His authorized ministers it is like unto God Himself pleading, suggesting, urging, advising, commanding. And let us not think that this message has grown old with the years, that the salt has lost its savor with changed circumstances. When the late lamented Pontiff Leo XIII sent forth to the world his encyclical letter "On the Condition of the Laboring Men," his words met with an acclaim and an approval that have not yet

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ceased, but gather force with every day. And yet he did nothing more than repeat the message of the Gospel!

It is true that many centuries have passed since the gospel of Jesus Christ was lived out by Himself and then preached among the children of Israel, and after their rejection of it to the children of the Gentile world. In all that time it has been open to attack and criticism, now from the point of view of irritated men indignant at its moral commands and prohibitions, and again from the stand-point of a cold intellectual criticism that seized on its apparent weaknesses and imperfections to deride its absolute claims. The teachings of Jesus do contravene the irregular and sinful desires of the human heart and do rebuke the pride of the human intellect. The inspired writings of Saint Paul are no more than the exposition of this fact. The Word of God has at all times met with opposition from the "elements of this world"—from the multitudinous forces and phases of that organized secularism which we sometimes call "society," from governments of every nature, from perversity of individual character and training, from a guilty ignorance, from criminal arrogance, from an animal attachment to the good things of the present life. Hence it is that the office of the Catholic pulpit, while remaining identical in spirit and purpose, takes on with every age a new coloring. The generations that come up differ from those that are passing away before our eyes. New problems, new popular cries, new appeals to human

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passions and blindness, crowd the older ones from the scene and affect an attitude of victory, not for the truth but for the transient novelty that is in them. Humanity in its great masses or multitudes is so often unthinking, so easily the victim of temporary illusion, that we need not wonder at its inconstant praise and its fickle adoration. Nevertheless, the demands upon the ministry of God's Word increase with all such changes. Charity demands that perversity and blindness be met, not in their antiquated shadows but in their own living perilous forms, that we learn their real motives and genuine causes, that we comprehend their speech and the peculiar world of which it is the expression. The issue of a battle lies along the foremost edge of conflict, and not with the broken and routed bands that drift rapidly out of sight.

So it is that the Catholic pulpit becomes of necessity a defence of the Word of God, and that the priesthood of each generation is impelled and compelled to take up the ancient conflict on new levels and amid new surroundings. Perhaps the cause of our Catholic faith was never more open to its enemies than now. Whole masses of orthodox Protestantism have moved from their places where they still defended certain doctrines common to us and to them. And if they remain sympathetic, who will reply for their children and their children's children? On the other hand, the marvels and the charms and the forces of the present life have grown beyond all belief, have solicited the intelligence and the admiration of all

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mankind, have become a possession of each individual. Thus to-day poor man and rich man, peasant and king, no longer spell the conditions of a century ago. All the possibilities of the past seem to have become the realities of the present.

Nevertheless, it has not changed the moral order nor displaced it one little iota. "Man liveth not on bread alone but on every word that cometh from the mouth of God." The errors and the ills that arise within us are the same, if they are not greater than of old. We still cherish the thorn of discontent. Melancholy still dwells in our hearts and makes light of life itself, defies the Creator in His holy image and likeness, mocks at His titles in us, and proclaims a moral anarchy.

And so the Word of God in our days has a very peculiar calling—our churches are surely destined in the future to be the refuges of many a mind tired of a hopeless and descending rationalism, and many a heart long trembling on the brink of despair. Man is not made for warfare, but for peace, not sent hither for a period of wild and aimless confusion, but for an orderly and a restful existence. There is a defence of the Word of God that is harsh and violent, and there is another defence, or rather an illustration, not less admirable or useful, that is gentle and winning, that consists more in the rational and eloquent and sympathetic preaching of the truth, that is at once historical and psychological, that takes the average modern man as he is, with all his

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good and bad points, and undertakes to show him that when he has exhausted the goods and the promises of here-below, all history, all experience, all analogy, nay, his own heart, cry out with Pascal that only within the charmed circle of Jesus Christ will he meet with that peace of the mind and that calm of the heart that are as natural to him as his will and his intelligence. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord," says Saint Augustine, "and our hearts are restless till they repose in Thee!"

It would be easy to show by the light of the past, that this is the way in which the Catholic faith has always been successfully preached, apart from the efficient example of the lives of its teachers and its adherents. In the homilies of the old Fathers of the Church, like Saint Chrysostom and Saint Basil and Saint Augustine and Saint Gregory, what persuasive mildness and what natural conviction! The great missionaries of early mediæval Europe, that is of our forefathers, preached in this way. So did the poor Benedictine monk on the edge of the forest or the marsh to the poor serfs and hinds who gathered about him. Every Sunday a little section of the Gospel was read to them, and explained by the preacher who then made its universal and never-failing application to their circumstances, needs, weaknesses and passions. It is the manner of the great Catholic theologians like Saint Thomas and Saint Bonaventure. And it is not otherwise in that galaxy of eloquent men—Bossuet, Fénelon, Massillon, Bourdaloue—who renewed

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in their day the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero. One of the great open currents of education has always been the preaching of the Word of God. The world is infinitely indebted for most of its virtues and for the weakness and toning down of many of its vices to the positive training that it has received from the ministers of Catholicism in their capacity as expounders of the divine message. That preaching has had its glorious martyrs in the past, men who laid down their lives upon the book of the gospel, because wicked men who were also powerful forbade them to tell the truth, or resented it, or because rude and cruel populations rejected it as a barrier to their passions and vices.

It is worth remembering that the teaching which issues regularly from the Catholic pulpit is no dead or helpless doctrine. It is carried in loving believing hearts back into the family and furnishes all the spiritual strength of the same. In father and mother, in son and daughter, it is transformed into life and becomes the great motive power in the hearts and minds of many millions of individuals. All the shaping forces that lie dormant in Christian faith—and who has calculated them or measured them?—are thus aroused, and brought into contact with the entire Catholic society. So there goes on through this medium from generation to generation an intellectual process in the course of which general principles become the specific property of the individual, and the great truths of religion, of the broadest and

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truest philosophy, trickle and percolate, so to speak, through all the social strata of Catholicism, infuse and saturate it, and eventually enrich the individual with all the spiritual wealth of the religion, while the latter is borne to ever greater heights by the exaltation of personality that is the natural consequence of this process.

This church, therefore, is a great school of the Word of God, and the teaching that goes on within its holy walls is none other than God's own will made manifest to us, whether it be the priest who reads the Mass in the venerable Latin speech, charged with the history and the experience and the emotions of many centuries, and in words that go back to Saint Paul, or the priest in the pulpit announcing the same doctrine from the open gospel; whether it be the minister of God making known these same truths to the societies and congregations attached to the church, or the priest bending in the catechism class over the tender heads of the young and instilling into their hearts, word by word, the same truth; whether it be the solemn advice given at the reception of the public sacraments or the earnest pleading with the unhappy sinful soul—this church remains primarily and always an engine for the dissemination of Christian truth, a great organ of teaching, an instrument that will not give forth one sound to-day and another to-morrow. The young will hear in the next generation what our fathers heard in the last; the aged will recognize perhaps a change of persons, but an absolute identity of speech.

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Indeed, it is this teaching-function of our churches that has conditioned their architecture. With all their political gifts and grandeur, the ancients had nothing like our churches. The gospel of Jesus Christ is for all men, and so a great open space was wanted where all might gather to hear it. The bishop and the priest were the regular ministers of the Word of God, and so an elevated place was needed, not only for the altar, but that the people might see the speaker. The Word of God was read publicly, and so much light was wanted to illumine the assembly. In a word, all the principles of our glorious Catholic architecture have been dictated by the teaching-office of the Church. She has really created for her own needs a series of the most splendid monuments that the world has seen, every one of them a work of love and many of them works of genius.

Look about you and see what mysteries of linear grace and eloquence she has created, what a variety and charm of color-impressions she has called up, what deep mystic language she has taught the very stone to speak! Is there any cunning of the human hand, any rare product of nature, any device of the human brain, that does not find its place in this glorious edifice? The Roman had his forum and the Greek his agora for the exercise of the intellect, but the great spaces of our churches do not yield to them in size or in influence. We have done more: we have succeeded in transplanting to the House of God something of the deep solemnity of Nature herself. Beneath these soaring arches and among

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these tall and slender columns the soul experiences an awe akin to that which Nature has stamped upon the virgin forest. The majesty of the Creator and the glory of the risen Redeemer rest forever like a consecration upon these vast spaces, and impress the worshipper, nay, the transient visitor, with a mystic penetrating puissance that of itself betrays the near presence of God and His loving interest in the religious soul.

Moreover, within these limits all may see and hear with equal ease, for spiritually it is a genuine democracy, this Holy Church of ours. It preaches with equal earnestness and equal authority to all men that they have a common origin, a common destiny, a common hope; that they are called to build on earth a common City of God; that they have common privileges and responsibilities; that the service of Jesus Christ is a common duty. Above all men there dominates the will of one loving Lord Who knows no distinction of persons, none of the temporary or artificial barriers that we raise between ourselves.

These mighty truths of religious democracy have created political democracy on a large scale, once in the Catholic Middle Ages, and again in our own times when the cruel post-Reformation absolutism has utterly failed, when the admirable general principles of the mediæval democracies have been for the first time given a broad unhampered field of action, and have furthered the development of the most just and stable of the world's great commonwealths. It was within such churches as this that the general ideas of a common and

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equal humanity were first preached; that Roman emperors and barbarian kings were made to feel the superior power of that common law of Christianity which is codified in the gospels and in the epistles of Saint Paul; that civil power was robbed of its odious weaknesses by a kind of divine adoption and filiation; that authority was declared a trust for the common good and not a private asset of king or emperor or fierce baronial chief. That is the common ground on which our Christian civilization has grown up and which can alone sustain it. This common ground has been created through many a long century and amid many disastrous conflicts by the Catholic clergy in their quality of preachers of God's Word, and administrators of His holy gospel. And the symbols of this universal benefit will always be the great open space of the church, the uplifted altar, the visible seat of authority raised among the people and for the people, the free and general enjoyment of all the splendid tributes that human strength and intelligence pay to their Creator.

This church is not only the seat and source of a divine wisdom that alone is able to sustain and revive all the drooping social forces in humanity. It is also an open court, a visible organized tribunal in which the doctrines of the Gospel are applied to the individual and to human society. It is an undeniable fact, based on reasons of profound truth, that no code of law ever yet executed or interpreted itself. If our nation has with-

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stood so far the storms that have wrecked all similar enterprises, it is because the immortal founders of it confided the interpretation of the organic law to a body of men who are independent of transient popular clamor and are practically infallible. In this it was their privilege to imitate Jesus Christ when He established in the heart of His church a central authority against which no forces should prevail, and whose duty it should be to make known to each individual the genuine meaning of His gospel. In connection and in harmony with this central authority, every church is a centre of Christian discipline, of gradual experimental training and formation in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. Here are proclaimed the commandments of God and of the Church, and not in any perfunctory way, but with due application to all the circumstances of life as they shift and modify from epoch to epoch. Otherwise the gospel of Jesus Christ would long since have hardened into a worse than Confucian stiffness and helplessness; otherwise Jesus Christ would mean no more to the common man of to-day than Plato or Aristotle mean to him; otherwise He would have opened a fountain of life among His children and provided no system by which its pure and undefiled waters might spring up in each individual heart; otherwise He would have ignored all logic and history, all experience and analogy, and have cast the pearl of great price into the common roadway there to be gathered up or trampled down as chance might dictate.

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No! there was to go on for all time a moral process of uplifting and renovating, first of the individual Christian, then of the little embryonic state in which he moves, the family, and finally of the larger state, the society that is the complexus of all smaller ones. It is the development of this moral life that goes on in every one of our churches. From the beginning every candidate for baptism had to undergo in the church a severe questioning and scrutiny as to his moral conduct. Only when he knew by heart and had put into execution the elemental moral duties of a Christian was he admitted to the little band of brethren. Thus it was Catholicism which established everywhere, in the vestibule of its churches, the first free general and compulsory system of education. And if we say that it was a moral and religious education, we thereby say that it was the only one capable of stifling the evil passions of a perverted humanity, the only one capable of taking an unhappy and decaying society to heal and purify it, to relight in the midst of its darkness the torch of the natural law, and thus lead its timid footsteps into the full glory of the knowledge of Christ.

Here we are taught to know ourselves, only in a higher sense than the Stoic could imagine; to know that there are things to be done and other things to be avoided, that there is a world of virtue and a world of vice; that the former is a following of the Divine Will, an imitation of the Divine Life, and the latter the creation largely of our own weak nature and unlawful de-

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sires. A most holy and most true philosophy of life is preached from every Catholic pulpit, a comprehensive and sufficient view of life, based on God's will, which is a foundment of certitude that no human philosophy can set up. It is explained to the little child, the mature man and the aged, that the sources of evil lie within us; that the contagion of example and occasion, the changeful ethos of the times, the complexion of society, may have much to do with the reign of evil, but that its true titles are held from each individual, and so are revocable and destructible at our own will and consent. It is explained too that virtue, though difficult, is attainable by the loving help of God, and by our own help that He does not disdain, but solicits and almost compels. All this direction and government of souls is centred in the church and primarily in the pulpit. Indeed, there is in this land no truer source of public morality than the teaching that every Sunday and holy-day issues from ten thousand Catholic churches.

But there is in every such church another pulpit, another tribunal, whose moral authority is more intimate and personal than that of the preacher—I mean the confessional. Placed under the shadow of the Great Judge, His earthly representative declares to the individual soul the full and personal meaning of the commandments of God and the Church, takes account of the shame and terror, the apathy and despair that always seize on the soul of the sinner, once the enormity

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of his wrong-doing dawns upon him with the certainty of a just retribution. With all patience and gentleness he awakens in the soul a sense of duty, of the outraged majesty of God, and of the immense love of the Redeemer Whose mercies have been despised and trampled on. He answers all doubts and relieves all fears, and obtains for the laws of God a willing and affectionate obedience. Thereby the discipline of a Christian life is brought home at all hours to every Catholic soul, and every church is like one of those public fountains that we meet in the ancient cities of Europe, upon whose worn marble steps young and old, rich and poor, are perpetually passing to drink from its sweet waters and go their way refreshed and calmed.

This strong discipline of Catholicism is truly the salt of our modern society. This society is yet too Christian to accept the logical consequences of its new intellectual paganism, and again it is already too de-Christianized to restrain itself upon the downward path that is followed by all peoples who have abandoned the way of God. We believe that it is the moral stamina in the Catholic element of our multitudes that is destined to withstand the false social teachings that are soliciting the adhesion of too many; we are convinced that only earnest personal religion can avail to offset in the social body the virus of low material views of life and purely natural and temporal concepts of duty and right. In our Catholic churches the spirit of order is nourished by habitual self-restraint and due submission, not in

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view of purely human authority, but in view of a divine will that is brought home regularly and efficaciously to each one through the ministry of the priesthood. This rigid discipline of the soul is truly a saving element in our national life, for it tends to create everywhere solid masses of humanity penetrated with the traditions of Christian morality and averse to all that savors of disorder and turbulence. Through this discipline the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ becomes personal to each soul, and thereby is imbibed the only possible antidote to the social unrest and discontent that are never long absent from our humankind.

But God has two other ways by which He reaches the individual soul—they are Penance and Prayer. And each of them is properly a part of the life of every church. In their oldest and most efficient forms they are public actions—only, the increasing worldliness of our daily life has gradually robbed these powerful old Christian institutions of no little of their public character and efficiency. At least the spirit of penance and self-chastisement still clings to the walls of our churches. And while the works of penance are henceforth left to the individual soul, everything in the church recalls to him that holy duty of self-abasement, self-humiliation, were it only the glorious chant of the Psalms of David that is never interrupted in our churches, and from which there goes up forever to God, like a sweet incense, the confession of a typical human and Christian heart cast down and broken and crushed by the weight of its

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sins—"Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy—A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit, a contrite and humbled heart, O God, thou wilt not despise!" (Ps. 1, 3, 19). We have it from the lips of Jesus Christ Himself that His house is a house of prayer, *i.e.*, a place for the most tender and persuasive conversation of the soul with its Maker, a conversation in which its needs are rightly set forth, but which after all, in its highest and purest form is an act of adoration, the most moralizing, yes! and the most humanizing action that man can perform. How many times have the poets of the last century, those true philosophers of our time, confessed in words of burning eloquence the power and the benefit of prayer, even while they confessed in the same lines their own unhappy belief!

For those who will not obey His law through love, God has reserved that other source of Christian morality, the fear of eternal punishment. From time immemorial the churches of Catholicism have held this divine menace, itself truly full of love and pleading, before the eyes of all. Two great seasons of the year, the holy season of Advent and the holy season of Lent, are devoted very largely to this great broad truth. It works its way forever through her preaching, her art, her ceremonies. Among rude and ignorant peoples whose sluggish natures cannot otherwise be touched, it takes a more prominent place, among the more refined and intellectual it still primes and dominates the entire moral

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life. The basis of the moral law is the eternal rock-like truth of retribution. The wages of sin is death. There is nothing in human history written out more legibly than this. Its reality is proven as well in the story of peoples and nations as in the experience of the individual. The foundation of all law and order is the Will of God, its violation is sin, and is inevitably followed by a suitable sanction. It is in vain that misguided men teach another moral law that prescind from God, His commandments, His rights in human society, and make a new God of a certain vague and impersonal humanity that has no real existence apart from the soul of each one. Let us once cease to teach this great truth and our Christian society will with certainty enter upon its final decay. Its distinctive mark, the belief in another life of eternal happiness or eternal punishment, will have been taken away, and it must become another phase of that ethnicism that time and again has been tried by mankind, and always found wanting.

In every Catholic church the fear of God is taught without doubt or shame. It may be in the accents of a Bourdaloue and it may be in the unadorned and humble speech of the most modest of her clergy. But she never ceases to impress upon all her children that life is short and uncertain, that we must do good while it is yet day, that the night cometh when no man worketh, that night which is the prelude to eternity. Who can calculate the good that has been done to our human society by this fearless teaching? In mankind there are indeed incal-

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culable depths of love and devotion, but there is also a mysterious world of bestiality, an ever-open source of injustice and cruelty and fierce selfishness that can be controlled by no other moral force known to us. So it is that if Raphael has glorified the mystery of Christian love in his admirable fresco of the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, a Michael Angelo was called upon to paint in immortal colors that other mystery of the Last Judgment, and to reveal to popes and cardinals as well as to the lowliest faithful, the certainty and the equality of that divine retribution which is the immovable basis of all religious life and activity.

To sum up, every Catholic church is a school of the highest morality known to mankind, an open and public school, nay a compulsory school in which the law of nature and the law of Jesus Christ are expounded and in which all law, even the ordinances of human society, is declared sacrosanct and participant in the dignity of the laws of God. All earnest and lasting discipline of the heart, as of the mind, is based on law and obedience, and every Catholic church is as much a training school of moral discipline as it is of divine truth. Indeed, who ever heard of a discipline that was not based on truth, or who ever saw men long obey laws of whose justice and righteousness they were not convinced? If you will not base law and order, in civil as in religious matters, on conviction, you must base it on the shifting sands of opportunism or defend it by the grim fortresses of material power. A strong universal democracy

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is based on mutual esteem, it is true, but it is also based on mutual convictions. As soon as we cease to share the same beliefs in the civil order, or as soon as we begin to recognize discordant sources of belief, or to interpret divergently our original political beliefs, then surely do the clouds of change or disruption rise above the horizon.

In the moral order Catholicism has but one Yea and one Nay. And this is a marvellous fact, for it has harbored for centuries and does yet harbor men of all nationalities, all degrees of culture, the product of many philosophies of life and forms of government, men imbued with many racial tendencies and idiosyncracies. Yet Catholicism has largely dominated all these miscellaneous elements by the preaching of one moral law and by the experience of the same religious discipline. Open, if you will, the councils and synods of the Church held through many centuries in Catholic England, and compare them with those of Catholic Italy or Germany or France or Spain. Barring a few intelligible discrepancies, it is one and the same code of morality, one common system of religious discipline. This general unity of moral life and purpose has been a principle factor in the civilization of mankind, during the long centuries of transition from the world of Greece and Rome to our own conditions. It is owing principally to the Catholic episcopate and priesthood. They did this work through the countless churches, great and little, that arose everywhere throughout Europe. From

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their altars and confessionals all the elements of European society were regularly instructed in the respect for and the observance of all law, both divine and human, and regularly formed from childhood by the observance of the stern but beneficial discipline of the Church. Even to-day let us imagine our churches closed for a year, the voice of our priesthood silenced, the path to the confessional forgotten, the tabernacles emptied of the higher life and the intimate consolation that flow from the Blessed Sacrament, and what would be the effect upon our own society! Yet modern society has in itself a world of resources which did not exist in the past, whence we may judge of the incalculable benefits that the churches of the Catholic religion have conferred upon all humankind.

Perhaps, we do not often enough reflect that our Catholic churches are ever open in the heart of our society, that they are constant working forces which never abate or diminish their moral impact upon the surrounding volume of sin and wrong and perversity. They are like the creative and preserving forces of Nature herself, the sun and the air, forever repairing and upbuilding the moral waste that is going on among us. The average estimate of the church edifice as a place of weekly meeting for the Christian faithful is a very imperfect and insufficient one. Every Catholic church is practically the entire Christian religion flowing in unceasingly upon our lives, with all its glorious treasures

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of tender solicitation and logical compulsion, all its irresistible arguments from history and analogy and experience, all its ancient and world-wide institutions, all its intimate and original adaptability to the needs of the human heart. The Greek temple resumed all the visions of beauty that ever haunted the soul of Hellas, and the Roman basilica stood for the noblest concepts of justice and equity that mankind had ever developed. But the Catholic Church stands for all these things and for infinitely more, *i.e.*, for the ever-abiding presence of a loving God among His creatures and His children. "I have sanctified this house, which thou hast built," said the Lord to Solomon, "to put my name there forever, and my eyes and my heart shall be there forever" (III Kings ix, 3). More spiritually were these words fulfilled when Jesus Christ promised that He would abide forever with His faithful even to the consummation of the world. So it is that from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof at the countless altars of our Catholic faith the name of Jesus Christ is magnified, and a clean offering is made to the name of God, even the Body and Blood of His divine Son (Malachias i, 11).

How has this work of so great a significance to religion and society been accomplished? The Catholic Church, in all her large and general activities, follows very close upon the lines of nature—not to yield to it, but to master and control it and to compel it to give up all of its strength for a higher and a purer life than

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nature can offer. In this she is not unlike the engineer who carries his beneficent line of traffic along the way of least resistance, and stamps the unity of his purpose on the endless diversity of valley and river, granite hills and interminable prairie. Now, man is so made by nature that in order to call forth all his finer gifts and better qualities, he must see before him a great sign, some public symbol of the purpose that is in his heart. An occasional philosopher may move on through life dwelling always in the clear but cold light of the intellect. For several reasons the majority of mankind are not like such solitary thinkers. In the government of men, as on the battle-field, there is always some symbol around which the multitudes rally, some visible banner or war-cry or peculiar shibboleth, that is full of revelation and inspiration for all who see it or hear it. In such signs and symbols man overleaps easily the long road between his thoughts and their execution, between his grandiose plans and their still more grandiose fulfillment. In such signs and symbols space recedes and time runs into eternity. The heavenly element in man for a while overshadows the mortal and the earthly. Man becomes as great as the ideas that he conceives, as happy as love itself can be. Man is, moreover, fickle and inconsistent—it is the symbol of his cherished purpose that forever recalls him to the pursuit of the same; in a true sense he is already entering upon the enjoyment of his desires so long as he can consciously follow them.

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In Catholicism every church is such a symbol of religion. It represents Jesus Christ, and not in any vague or remote way, but Jesus Christ dwelling among us in the tremendous Mystery of the Altar. He is, indeed, forever at the right hand of the Father, but by a mystery of love He dwells also with us in the Blessed Sacrament, without diminution of His glory or partition of His power. In itself it is a matter of little importance whether the church be a small and poor one or the highest work of human power. The God of majesty and love sheds about Him His own sufficient splendor, is forever surrounded by His ministering angels. But the Catholic heart rejoices when it can exhibit in some less ignoble way its gratitude for the Incarnation and the Redemption, for the saving mercies of Christ's Passion and the infinite love of His constant presence. It rejoices when it is able to ornament the site where the soul holds converse with its Creator and Redeemer. It rejoices when it can surround with all due pomp and majesty the scene of adoration, mindful that even the angels veil their faces before the divine splendors, mindful, too, that the church is the scene, not alone of our individual adoration, but of that collective and social adoration of God which is owing to Him as the Creator of humanity, the founder and the benefactor and preserver of society and the social order. This can only be done where multitudes dwell and are able by concerted effort to raise a temple that shall not be unworthy of the majesty, the beauty, and the goodness of God.

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Such a work appeals in the first place to all the superior qualities of man. In its projection and still more in its execution he rises above, goes out from himself, and develops the social instinct in creating a work that shall serve a common purpose, and not merely in his own generation, but in those that are to follow. He learns to make sacrifices, and that repeatedly and from no mean or selfish motive, but for the love of the highest good. He dwells habitually in a better though invisible world, where the source and measure of morality are the pure and holy will of the Creator, and not the weak and imperfect ordinances of men. In the execution of such a work he learns the uses of patience and perseverance, of self-imposed privations manfully borne by the entire community, that burial of the animal man, of which Saint Paul speaks, that the spiritual man may live. He learns too, the uses of Christian joy, that calm and grave pleasure that is the flower of duty done well and habitually. He takes on in a sense the character of all humanity, and lives its larger life, for is he not solidary with all those who have accomplished this deed, and does he not represent them all before his God and his Redeemer when he kneels before the finished altar and pours forth his heart in an ecstasy of love and gratitude? Far from being a useless or wasteful enterprise, the building of the smallest parish church is an action of manifold moral uses, and develops in all who take part therein those very qualities that afterwards go to make the provident father, the loving, patient, helpful

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mother, the dutiful son and daughter, the prudent and large-minded citizen.

The citizens of antiquity built noble temples to their gods, and their ruins yet ravish the admiration of our intellects. But they say nothing to our hearts and they said little or nothing to the hearts of those who built them as monuments of human fear or vanity or pride. But the churches of Catholicism are truly homes of divine love and in their creation call forth the treasures of human affection as no other enterprise known to men. Each church is truly the House of God, but of the Incarnate God, the Word of God made Flesh, and dwelling sacramentally among us. It is from this conviction, that the church is truly the House of God, that have been born again among Christians all the fine arts. Nothing could be too beautiful or too magnificent for the dwelling of God Himself. And so the Catholic heart impressed into the common service the architect, the painter and the sculptor, the workers in silver and gold and precious stones, and all other men of rare genius and unequalled skill.

Thus from century to century of our Christian history there were always spaces for these skilful hands to ornament, and in the exercise of their craft were preserved the traditions of the ancients and developed new and wonderful forms of beauty and grandeur that the ancients had not suspected. Who can ever describe the humanizing influences that have gone out from such glorious churches as the cathedral of Cologne or the

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cathedral of Chartres! In such works man has surpassed himself, has undertaken and completed tasks that seemed angelic in their vastness and difficulty. While such an enterprise was going on within the city it seemed

“like a majestic social song, a solemn hymn, whose notes rose slowly and sweetly from the earth to heaven, telling of the transformation of avarice into open-handedness, of coarseness into refinement, of selfishness into altruism, of blank ignorance and stupidity into a creative faith. Prayer and adoration, propitiation and gratitude were finely blended in the great popular chorus. King and serf, princess and milkmaid, pope and poor sacristan—the whole of Europe moved in a vast procession before the throne of Jesus Christ, and cast each a stone on the memorial pile of religion. And, for the first time, the quasi-divine hand of art, made infinitely cunning, transformed these crude offerings into ten thousand caskets of rarest beauty, out of which rose forever the spiritual incense of love, the ravishing aroma of adoration, the delicate perfumes of humility and human charity, the sweet odor of self-sacrifice. For a short time in the history of mankind art was truly a popular thing, truly an energizing softening influence on the common heart. Insensibly artistic skill became common and native. The hand of the European man was born plastic and artistic. His eye was saturated with the secrets of color, his imagination crowded with the glories of form in line and curve, in mass and sweep. His own surroundings were insensibly dominated by the spirit of pure beauty. He was once more a Greek, only born again in Jesus, and seeing now, with the divinely soft eyes of the God-Man, a spiritual world of beauty that Phidias and Praxiteles may have suspected, but only in the vaguest manner.”¹

¹Shahan, *The Middle Ages: Sketches and Fragments*. New York (Benziger), 1904, pp. 345-346.

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Dearly beloved brethren! when you reared these holy walls with much faith, great patience and sincere hope, you believed that you were building the House of God. In these two words lies all the philosophy of four decades of human thought and toil shared by many thousands of men and women. You stand at last successful and rejoicing in this House of God, the God of truth and the God of righteousness. Who says house says father, and so every Catholic church recalls the basic Christian principle of the Fatherhood of God, is an open channel and an instrument for His paternal action upon every human soul. The portals of every church frame, as it were, a sacred vision of Our Father, the source of order and law and justice, it is true, but also the source of love and mercy and compassion. It is this truth which has made humanity one great family, which broke down the barriers that before and outside of the Christian religion divided mankind hopelessly and favored the growth of all vices and passions, private and public. This human family is destined, by the Divine Will, to grow and coalesce into the unity of faith and knowledge of the Son of God (Eph. iv, 13), "to grow up in Him who is the head, even Christ: from whom the whole body being compacted and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity" (Eph. iv, 15, 16). It is destined to take on again, some day that is known to the Father, that unity of belief and

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direction and spirit that once existed on a large scale, that is yet visible in the works of nature, and even in certain new tendencies of cultivated humanity. With these eyes of the flesh we shall not probably behold it, but with the prophetic eye of the spirit we may see how the fundamental principles of the divine fatherhood and our general human brotherhood will eventually dominate all Christian society, and raise it again to that degree of collective efficiency that belongs to it alone among all the institutions of earth. In that work every one of our churches is called on to co-operate as an ever open source in the community of the divine love and interest. In the measure that we regularly take away from these living fountains new and inflamed hearts, enlightened minds, elevated thoughts and an increase of human charity, we shall further the purpose of the Father in Heaven and His beloved Son Jesus Christ.

I know, indeed, that every human heart is in its own way a church, and that Christian hearts, in particular, are like living stones built up, a spiritual house, a holy priesthood (I Peter, ii, 4, 9). However, humankind is not only individual, personal, but also and particularly social. We owe to the Divine Father not only the religious offices of each human heart, but over and above a public social recognition. Indeed, God is not only the creator and benefactor of each one of us as we stand. He is equally the creator of that other divine thing which is the social order and the countless benefits that each individual gathers from it and through it.

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We do not admit, with the Stoic and the Deist of every age, that God lives apart and remote, careless of the world of man and things. It is the glory of Christianity that it broke down and overbore these perilous anti-social views of pessimism and despair once very common in all classes of mankind, that it planted in millions of human hearts the seeds of belief and hope, that thereby it brought back to earth self-respect and fresh youthful ambition, that it exhibited human life as a toilsome journey indeed, but not a journey without aim or meaning, rather a gradual approach to a celestial city where the ills of this life would fade away and all its proper joys be heightened and made everlasting. Now that great social work was not done in the cabinets of Christian men of genius nor by sudden revivals of missionary zeal, but by the steady concentration of all Christian forces in countless churches, at ubiquitous altars, in pulpits that rose like so many lighthouses of the soul across the troubled waters of ordinary existence. Oh! surely it is not with the revamped and feeble theories of Greek philosophers long dead and helpless, not with any new mixture of social remedies, each of which long since was visibly inefficient, in a word, not with any scheme built up out of our own ignorance and selfishness, that our universal melancholy, our universal naturalism, our universal restlessness, can be finally and satisfactorily cured. It is only by the habitual operation of the supernatural principles of Christianity applied in all their fulness, with an ever larger and more

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intelligent grasp of their inexhaustible possibilities, a constant adaptation to our human ailments of the divine remedies they furnish, that we shall meet and overcome as they arise the crises that are forever growing and breaking in our human society. In the churches of Catholicism, scattered the world over as havens of spiritual rest, as incomparable schools of the highest thought and the highest life, these efficient and saving principles of Christian truth and morality are ceaselessly at work. Of old the Lord said to Isaias, "Cry, cease not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and shew my people their wicked doings, and the house of Jacob their sins" (Isaias lviii, 1). Even so the command is forever laid upon Holy Church to be about the business of the Father, to prepare the way of the Lord and make straight in the wilderness the paths of our Lord (Isaias xl, 3). Her office among men is not alone that of a teacher of truth and a guide of conduct. She has also a prophetic office, that is, the duty of speaking in the name of God Himself. She is His herald and forerunner, now as of old conscious of the divine purpose toward His creation, the shaping and healing voice of God. Wherever her accents are heard there is the Lord among men in the ordinary way of His dealings with us. "Wherever the bishop is," said Saint Ignatius of Antioch at the very dawn of the Christian religion, "there is Jesus Christ." That is, wherever the ordinary service of our religion is kept up through our churches and our priesthood, there is genu-

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ine Christianity. Thither we may look for the most useful and lasting works of religion, for the enlightenment of minds and the uplifting of hearts on a vast scale commensurate with the surroundings, for the growth of institutions and enterprises destined to realize in detail the spirit of Jesus Christ, for the loosening of a flood of personal generosity and devotion to all Christian interests, for the manifestation in great deeds, great writings, great institutions, of that mighty transfiguring charity of Jesus Christ which has time and again renewed the face of human society and has not yet lost one iota of its native vigor and power.

Dearly beloved brethren! The churches of Catholicism are built up, indeed, with material labor and sacrifices. But they are cemented and vivified with something more noble and spiritual, the fond devotion of loving hearts that is poured forth upon them from the first vague plans and hopes until they rise in the community, finished and equipped for their work among men. It is only meet, therefore, that before this day of rejoicing passes away we should recall the merits of those whose lives have gone into this holy work, and without whose constant forethought and affection it could never have arisen. Foremost among your benefactors is the great and good priest, now gone to his reward, in whose heart this edifice first took shape, and whose life was spent in its realization. You need no reminder of his manifold service to Catholicism, his af-

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fection for the glories of the ancient Church, his learned defence and scholarly illustration of her great works among men, his fondness for the people of this parish and this city, the dignity and reverence of his personal character, the gravity and purity of his priestly ministrations, the esteem in which all men held him as an American citizen of the highest type, and the favorable effect upon the public opinion of this great city that was wrought by his sincere, upright and loyal life. He moved and labored among you during the most trying generation of our national history, busied habitually about the construction of this temple, but concerned with equal zeal for the uplifting of the moral edifice of character and righteousness among his beloved people. In him were united scholarship and good sense, an elevated patriotism and a staunch attachment to his faith; in a brilliant generation he was one of whom both his own people and all his fellow-citizens might be proud. May his memory remain forever with you!

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Finally, what words are sufficient to express the gratitude of the Church to the great body of the faithful who fill to-day this noble space! They have never been wanting in the last forty years, when it was question of strong and united efforts to realize the original plans and hopes on which this building rose. Rich and poor, old and young, men and women of every estate, have constantly upheld the hands of their pastors while they

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devoted themselves to this great task. And not only of their material wealth have they given in never-failing abundance, but with their contributions went holy prayers and warm affection and blessed hopes, and an unshaken confidence that those in charge of the sacred enterprise would never falter or weary in its execution, never betray the absolute trustfulness of the people, nor prove unworthy of the general esteem. I will not maintain that the like has never been seen in the history of Catholicism, but I firmly believe that in no age of the Church have there been shown more generosity, goodwill and intelligent co-operation in the works of our religion than what the pages of our short history bear witness to. In less than two generations our Catholic laity have equipped a great many of the hundred dioceses of our country with all that is necessary for the preservation, the honor, and even the external grandeur of religion. What that means in actual contributions I leave to the statistician to calculate, while I hasten to say that it is a monumental evidence of vigorous Catholic faith and of a common intelligent pride in that faith—two things that must henceforth be put down as important factors in the larger development of our American life.

That life is based on the will of the people, as of old the life of the state was based on the will of the king. In the school-house, in the town meeting, in primaries and elections, in free speech and unlimited activity, that life has developed the social institutions, habits of mind,

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and common views of things that are the real basis of our history. The outcome of it all is that Public Opinion which is more masterful and direct a potentate than any yet known to men. It is really the common conscience crowned with executive power, and it needs training, enlightenment, direction, no less than the individual conscience. It is just as amenable as the individual conscience to the rights of truth and the laws of morality, just as responsible before God and humanity for correct thinking and good living. Kings and courtiers and aristocracies may be removed as useless or perilous, armies and navies may be re-created when lost, but who will heal the popular conscience when decay sets in? Who will cut out the moral gangrene from the heart of an entire people? Within these holy walls our Catholic people are providing a formation of the popular conscience according as our Common Maker gives them to see its nature and its duties. Within these spaces, from generation to generation, it will be taught to multitudes of men and women that there is on earth a positive efficient truth, that all may know it sufficiently, that all the higher uses and functions of life flow clearly and directly from that truth which is the revealed will of God, that genuine conviction of the value of Christian life and principles is the best asset with which to begin life, that the civilization of the Gospel is the highest expression of human endeavors, that the fitful, arbitrary, and often ignorant and interested will of the individual is the curse of all social and political life, that there is

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a life of the heart and the soul superior to that of the body, that we are as responsible for our thoughts as for our actions since action is only the translation of thought, that the social order is a divine creation and therefore to be treated with an eye to the Divine Will and purpose, that the basis of all life is justice and the aim of humanity an eternal union with its glorious Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

Now, it is morally impossible that a great percentage of the souls of this city should be habitually penetrated with these thoughts and views and not affect the lives of the remainder. Active faith is simply active conviction, and that is like a fire white-hot which warms and affects all things within its reach. Christian truth and Christian morality, as preached and manifested within these walls, can therefore never fail in this city, first of their influence upon Catholic life and manners, and then of an insensible but progressive influence upon all classes of people.

And so we commit to its appointed task this glorious church, with all the awe and solemn anxiety that filled the poet's heart as he gave to the waves the ship of state. May it cast forever its beneficent shadow upon you who have built it in the fulness of the charity of Jesus Christ, and upon your children and your children's children! May all its holy uses and lovely meanings grow in your hearts and their hearts and blossom into a rich fruitage of religious elevation and social service! May it be a fortress of civic peace and harmony, an index of all

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high and noble aspirations, a fountain of spiritual comforts, a school of Christian life, a glowing hearth of mutual love and esteem!

It is, indeed, the vestibule of heaven. Many will enter it in years to come, wearied with the length of the journey, worn from ceaseless disasters, stained with the dust of a multitudinous conflict. In this haven there will be more tears than smiles, more sadness than pleasure, more sorrow than happiness. But the tears and the sadness and the sorrow will be regularly transformed into heavenly joys, and countless souls will learn to cry out with the royal psalmist, in those unsurpassed accents of rejoicing and exaltation (Ps. lxxxiii, 1-5):

How lovely are thy tabernacles,

O Lord of Hosts!

My soul longeth and fainteth for the
Courts of the Lord.

My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in
the Living God;

For the sparrow hath found herself a house;
And the turtle a nest for herself,

Where she may lay her young ones;

Thy altars, O Lord of Hosts : my King and
my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house,
O Lord;

They shall praise thee forever and ever.

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IN the three epistles that St. Paul wrote on the nature and qualities of the bishop's office there recur unceasingly two ideas—blamelessness of life and total surrender of self to the utility of the community. He insists again and again on these two things, the former as an absolute condition, the latter as the genuine concept of the bishop's office:

“Neither do I count my life more precious than myself, so that I may consummate my course and the ministry of the word which I received from the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. . . . Wherefore I take you to witness this day that I am clear from the blood of all men. For I have not spared to declare unto you all the counsel of God.” (Acts xx, 24-27.)

In this manner the Apostle spoke to the men who were in all probability the first Christian bishops that the world had seen—those presbyters who gathered about him on the sands at Miletus amid the monuments and

From a discourse delivered at the consecration of Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., as Bishop of Samos, Baltimore, November 24, 1901.

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sites of the oldest history and learning of the Hellenes. Since that day the office of the Catholic bishop has been always considered an intellectual office. Long before that date the Apostles had declared their own chief calling to be the ministry of the word (Acts vi, 4), the preaching to all men of the "counsel of God"—that is, the teachings of Jesus Christ. It was in this way that the Catholic bishop came very soon to be known as "Dux Verbi," the captain in the vast intellectual combat that goes on without ceasing between the followers of Jesus and the forces of ignorance and error. In the intention of the Church every new bishop is another name on that glorious list of spiritual leaders whose roll-call is equivalent to that of the principal benefactors of humanity, the apostles of social enlightenment, the best friends of the poor and the lowly, the abandoned and the outcast, through many a long and weary epoch of human life.

Every consecration of a bishop witnesses another link in the chain of apostolic office and tradition. It confronts the world across nineteen centuries with those poor fishermen of Galilee whom their Master sent forth clothed with His power and charged with the continuance of His work. In that hour, by the waters of Genesareth, there was born into this world a new force, higher than state or nationality or race or culture, the idea of a universal membership in the mystic body of Jesus Christ, a membership that was based on pregnant ideas of fatherhood and sonship and brotherhood so vast and so pro-

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found that they transcended easily all ordinary metes and bounds of space and time, all human relationships of the past. It is true that the imperial administration of the civilized world had been but lately rounded out and solidified. The turbulent domestic liberties of Rome were then only a memory. The Orient lay broken beneath the legions of Cæsar, and the rude stirrings of Teutonic barbarism had been severely repressed by a Tiberius, not without a troubling prophetic insight into the future of the Roman state. For the first time in its history mankind ceased from continuous war and obeyed the mandate of Peace and Order that went out from the Seven Hills by the Tiber. Yet the true cement of universal peace was not the legion of Rome any more than it had been the phalanx of Macedon—rather was it the new concept of a common brotherhood that Jesus had brought upon the earth and enlivened and confirmed by His own example. The chiefs of this brotherhood He chose out Himself—they were the Apostles. To them He gave over all the organic functions of headship and direction, the care for the life and welfare of the vast fraternity into which he convoked all men. Through them He handed down those functions to the men who should take their places and preside in turn over the earthly destinies of His Church—for did He not say that He would be with it to the end of time, that they were to preach His doctrine to all men and to baptize all in His saving name? Did He not promise the constant presence of the Divine Wisdom, and did

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He not foretell the equally constant sufferings that the "elements of the world" would inflict on all who should cleave to Him? Without a discordant voice Christians have always confessed that their religion must be apostolic in its teaching and discipline, however they may differ as to the interpretation of these things. The teaching of His Apostles, it is conceded by all, is the genuine teaching of Jesus Himself.

Since the day on which this identity of teaching was made secure by Jesus Christ in the transmission of His authority to St. Peter we witness a unique phenomenon in history, the handing down after the same manner of an identical authority for now wellnigh two thousand years. Government, language, manners, mental temperament, the oldest view-points of life and society, social and economic conditions, have changed and are changing; but the Christian Church continues yet to be administered on precisely the same lines as in the palmiest days of the Roman Empire. Her episcopate yet stands for the apostolic college that can never be said to die while their successors live. Her actual bishops are the last links in the unbroken chain of succession that goes back to Jesus Christ, the first "Bishop and Pastor of our souls." Through them goes on, normally, the dread mystery of vocation, the deliverance of mankind from the power of darkness and its translation into the Kingdom of the Son of His love (Coloss. i, 13). Each one of those selected men, apart from his personal worth,

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is truly an epitome of the history of the Church. Take out of the ancient folios of her law what concerns the choice, the office, the duties of a bishop, and the rest is insignificant. Take out of the long conflict between the world and the Church the chapters in which are written the labors and trials, the high deeds of virtue, the prudence and forbearance of her bishops, and her history—yes! civil history itself—becomes a tangle of broken and disordered incidents. Each one of these men is like the runner in the old Greek games—he hands down to his successor the torch that he had received from his predecessor:

“Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt.”

Each one of them is like a rock on which the sea works its will, shaping and defacing, but that is, nevertheless, so deeply embedded in the original crust of earth that no power may move it. Even so, in a very mystic but a very true way, the bishops of the Church are Christ's and Christ is God's. If we would be genuine followers of Jesus, we must be persuaded that in and upon them He has builded His Church; that upon them, normally and usually, rises the superstructure of salvation; that where they are numerous, intelligent, experienced, courageous, united and sympathetic, the true interests of Catholicism can never be in jeopardy. If Jesus Christ be particularly near to every little group of Christians assembled in His name, how intimately ought He to be with that body of men who are His immediate agents upon earth, and who draw from Him

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their unique power! Scarcely a generation had passed away after the death of Saints Peter and Paul, when the venerable Ignatius, bishop of populous Antioch, the golden Queen of the Orient, could write as follows to the Christians of Smyrna, and in them to those of the whole world:

“Let no man do aught pertaining to the Church apart from the Bishop. Let that Eucharist be considered valid which is under the Bishop or him to whom he commits it. Wheresoever the Bishop appears, there let the people be, even as wheresoever Jesus Christ is, there is the Catholic Church.”

On such an occasion the Holy Spirit is present with us in a way that transcends any poor feeble fancy of ours to portray; present with us even more closely and more lovingly than when, in the beginning of things, He brooded over the shapeless chaos and night that gave way to form and motion and life and consciousness and finally culminated in man and society. During these ceremonies there takes place, we are persuaded, the transmission of the fulness of His highest graces, the “*plenitudo inhabitantis Spiritus Sancti*.” The Holy Spirit, indeed, solicits forever the soul of every individual, nor is He ever far from any one of us. Wilful and wayward as we may be, He follows us with more eyes than Argus, and we are at every step in contact with His all-embracing and all-sapient love. But there is more in the consecration of a bishop. Here the Holy Spirit descends upon the Church, not alone as Con-

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soler and Guide, but as its Administrator and Head, as Provider for its life and great organic functions. He comes not principally for the personal benefit of the recipient of this great office, but for the common welfare of the faithful. When these men are chosen, it is high public needs and purposes, general utilities of the whole Church, that decide the selection. And for this reason the law of God, the most ancient laws of the Church, justified by the analogy of reason and experience, command, under pain of mortal sin and most grave responsibility on the day of judgment, that only the best be placed on the watch-towers of Israel, on those far-flung lines of danger where the dumb or blind or selfish, or otherwise incompetent sentinel, is the cause of irreparable losses that it becomes one day the sad duty of the historian to chronicle and account for. It was in this spirit that the Apostle addressed, individually and collectively, to the public teachers of the new religion the awful charge that rings forever with a challenging, clarion-like directness and simplicity in the ears of the Church: "Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you Bishops, to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." (Acts xx, 28.)

It need cause no wonder, therefore, that the Church has surrounded every such event with all the magnificence at her disposal. For better, for worse, her own fortune hangs in every such consecration of an individ-

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ual priest; for thereby she transmits in detail her general jurisdiction, thereby the divine element in her is turned over to a human heart and human hands, thereby is again engaged another general phase of the endless conflict between the Spouse of Jesus without stain or wrinkle or aught of that kind (Eph. v, 27) and those forces of evil that we call the world and Satan. In many ways the history of the world has been affected by the sacred awe and earnestness with which the Church has always approached the transmission of this power. The anointing of kings for more than a thousand years was copied from this sublime action that in every one of its details breathes reflectively the temper in which the Church has set apart for their great work the priests whose virtues and gifts commended them to her approval. Directly and indirectly the archaic rite that we look on to-day has been one of the most influential of all the educational forces that lie at the basis of the modern state, and keep it more Christian, even more Catholic, than it is itself aware. Indeed, these ceremonies come down to us as the most ancient heirloom of the Catholic Church. They have made the long journey of nineteen centuries, with slight changes, from the days of primitive Christianity, when the consciousness of the Father's historic dealings with humanity through His Son and His Holy Spirit was most intense and vivid, and therefore easily translated itself into ceremonies replete with truthfulness and instruction. They recall to the student of human affairs the humble little feasts of

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the nascent Christian communities, as yet scarcely to be distinguished from the jewries of the Roman world. The Sunday and the feasts of the Apostles are yet, after nineteen centuries, the only days upon which a Catholic bishop may be lawfully consecrated, for they were the only ordinary feasts of the men and women who created Christianity under the shadow of the Colosseum and the Circus Maximus. They bear along forever the oldest form of the celebration of Mass, the bishop surrounded by his presbyters and consecrating with them the elements of the Eucharistic sacrifice. They hold up yet to view the primitive administration of the new religion—the bishop seated among his priests and confirmed by their advice and approval. The blood of martyrs yet stains the pages of this ancient ritual. Ignatius and Clement, Polycarp and Soter and Anicetus, yet look out upon us from these holy rites that with slight changes were used upon themselves. Dionysius at Alexandria, Cyprian at Carthage, Fabius at Antioch, Cornelius at Rome, were inducted into their high office and given the glorious privilege of sealing their teaching with their blood by similar rites and ceremonies. They have more tongues than those stones of Rome that the advocate of Cæsar called on to defend him. In them is written the first chapter of that most awful and sublime of human histories, the conflict between the spiritual and the temporal interests of mankind, that has not ceased to rage since the day when the arch-tempter forced from the lips of Jesus the stern and holy law: “Render unto Cæsar the

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things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." Here, too, are the traces of those fierce wrecking storms of heresy and schism that the Catholic Church weathered indeed, but with injuries that are yet to be repaired. Their echoes are yet in these prayers and chants that were old when Alaric conquered Rome, when Chlodwig came out of his swamps to found the monarchies of Europe. In these ceremonies there still linger on archaic words and phrases that were war-cries in the days of Gnosticism, when the fatalism of the Orient and the restless proud rationalism of Hellas assaulted, with combined malice and strength, the enemy that a sure instinct pointed out as alone worthy of their steel. Arius and Apollinaris, Macedonius and Nestorius, are yet dimly seen in the fading background of to-day's ceremony, like the letters of some old palimpsest. Indeed, the rite resolves itself very easily in the hands of the historian into a magnificent commentary on the life of the Church in the first thousand years of her existence. In other words, it outranks as a document of history all others, for no other human society possesses such ancient and sacramental formulæ, at once public and official, that bind forever and continually the past with the present; that prescind from and rise above all the changeful accidents of human interests and institutions, and serve to-day for the growth of our domestic hierarchy as they did yesterday for the establishment of Catholicism among the Angles and Saxons and as they will to-morrow in the heart of Africa or

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China. They are quick with the purest spirit of religion; soaked, so to speak, with its surest and oldest experience; wise with its wisdom, distilled from a plenitude of human and divine knowledge; holy with the continuous ineffable contact of the Holy Spirit; just less than divine for the long catalogue of the upright and just whom they have sent forth equipped for the work of righteousness in public life, of mercy and love to all mankind, of social refinement and elevation, of moderation and sweetness and loving-kindness in all private relations. "Go," said the pagan emperor Alexander Severus, to his magistrates, "and govern your provinces after the manner of a Christian bishop." "Go," said the Christian emperor's representative to the magistrate Ambrose, scarcely more than a hundred years afterward, "go to Milan, and govern, not like a magistrate, but like a bishop."

The ceremonies of consecration of to-day are themselves the noblest proof of the temper in which the Catholic Church looks on the office of her bishops. One moment the words and acts breathe the sincerest humility of expression and posture, as though the responsibilities laid with the Book of the Gospels on the shoulders of the elected priest were greater than he could bear, perhaps even comprehend. And then there comes a rush of eloquence, a dithyrambic elevation of sentiment, an overwhelming consciousness of office and function, an epic dignity and solemnity of action, that are unequalled in

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the history of human ceremonial. It is as though the heavens were opened and the Church beheld herself glorious and triumphant beside her Divine Spouse. Yet in spite of these rapid and violent transitions a high and calm dignity dominates and binds the members of this moving drama. The few essential elements, the outstretched hand, the hallowing tongue, are the same as Peter used for Linus or Anencletus or Clement. The prayers, the homilies, the solemn warnings, the litanies or solemn outcries to God and His saints as spectators, nay, partakers of the rite—the whole varied movement and action—are the voice of the Church herself in every century of the first thousand years of her existence. They are more; they are the public acts, in the grave high sense of the archaic Latin, the “actiones” of the teaching Church. Here, if ever, we may apply the ancient criterion of the true faith, by which it is the same as the faith of the Church’s prayers. Even so, we may believe that the true concept of the office of a bishop is that revealed by these ceremonies. In this day’s proceedings we behold the oldest and most sublime occasion of the Church’s public prayer become also the source and consecration of that teaching office, that “Magisterium” which she has never ceased to administer since Christ clothed her with it, when He said: “Going, therefore, teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe whatever I have commanded you” (Matt. xxviii, 19, 20); when He said that whoever would not hear the Church should be to Christians as a heathen and a

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publican; when He said that He sent His Apostles with the same power and authority that He had received from His Father, and that to listen to them was equivalent to obeying His own commands.

In the Catholic Church the office of a bishop is pre-eminently the office of a teacher. Scarcely had the first germ-community of Jerusalem begun to develop in their little "house-churches," when this great truth, this functional principle, was made clear. (Acts vi, 1-4.) The Apostles declared that they were charged with a higher office than the "serving of tables." Accordingly, they appointed for that purpose men of good reputation, full of the Holy Spirit and wisdom: "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word." It is as the first and most eminent teachers of the new law of Jesus Christ that they have always been remembered and honored. The ancient form of prayer by which the Church has long celebrated the virtues of the Apostles recalls incessantly their character as teachers. She never tires of telling how the noise of their teachings hath gone through the whole world; how their words have reached even unto the ends of the earth. They fight a good fight indeed, but it is a fight for enlightenment, for freedom from the yoke of degrading and ruinous superstition, for the uplifting of all humanity into a new atmosphere of life and hope. They do not deceive with the sweet and tempting but helpless phrases of any transient human philosophy. The bur-

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den of life was then beyond human power to soften or lighten, and so they go to the deep but true causes of evil and preach the true remedies of human sorrows. They are the arch-pedagogues of Jesus Christ. "For if you have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet not many fathers. For in Christ Jesus by the Gospel I have begotten you" (I Cor. iv, 15). In them and of them all men ought to learn the ways of God. If they are ministers of Christ and dispensers of His mysteries, it is because they are the heralds of that great day which will enlighten all hidden and darksome things and reveal the secrets of every heart. Their immediate disciples are known of the whole world, both Gentile and Jew, as teachers. One dread day, in the middle of the second century, it was proclaimed aloud, amid the dust and excitement of the race-track at Smyrna, amid fifty thousand shouting and blasphemous pagans, that one Polycarp hath resisted the laws of Rome and confessed himself to be a Christian. Wherefore the whole multitude, both of Gentiles and of Jews, cried out with ungovernable wrath and with a loud shout: "Why! this is the teacher of Asia, the father of the Christians, the puller-down of gods, who teacheth multitudes not to sacrifice or worship." One of the most touching and instructive documents of the primitive Christian literature is precisely a letter of St. Ignatius of Antioch to the same Polycarp. In it he traces for him, in letters of gold, the duties of a Christian bishop. Chief among these is the obligation of teaching: "Let not those that seem to be

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plausible and yet teach strange doctrine dismay thee. . . . Flee, evil arts, or rather hold thou discourse about these. The time requires thee as pilots require winds; or as a storm-tossed mariner a haven, that it may attain unto God." (c. 3, 4, 5.) In his admirable Letter to the Corinthians St. Clement, the near successor of St. Peter, holds up the Apostles to the Corinthians as the principal teachers of the new religion. He would have the little children of the Christians of Corinth partake of that instruction which is in Christ, and which is caught principally from the bishop. Indeed, his whole discourse is one of the noblest monuments, a magnificent manual or primer of the first Christian teaching, as well for the content and spirit of the same as for its methods and its problems. Among the fragments of primitive Christian legislation that have come down to us, that a splendid and praiseworthy modern devotion and criticism have detected amid the dust-heaps of old archives and old burial-places, not a few bear the simple title "The Teaching." That is, in the days of its primitive establishment, the religion of Jesus Christ was considered less as a law of conduct, as some would have it, than as a divine doctrine, living, vigorous, resourceful, equipped for all the demands that humanity might one day make upon it. Historically therefore, the great leaders of Christian thought appear in the world as teachers. And though by the will of their Founder they are also something more—namely, the priests of the religion of Jesus with the duty of offering up

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forever the unbloody sacrifice of the new religion—nevertheless, even the oldest writings and traditions that present them in this character insist likewise on the duty of the bishop as the teacher of the community.

After all, does not Jesus Christ Himself come before us as a teacher? Is it not in that mild and beneficent rôle that He chose to appear among men and not in the exercise of any political authority? It is true that He would not have His disciples assume the title of Rabbi or Teacher, even as He would reserve the title of Father to the true Father Who is in heaven. The only ambition and covetousness He permitted them were those of humility, yet the first word that broke from the lips of Magdalen at the sight of the Risen Jesus (John xx, 16) was the cry of Rabboni, Master! Throughout the Gospels He appears as a wandering teacher, without pomp or bombast, without pride or human helps, seizing now this now that occasion, according as He found willing hearers, grasping every doubt and every wavering in its roots, adapting His lessons to the peculiar genius of His people, their attainments and their institutions—master first of Himself, and therefore sublimely master of all men. It is against some other teacher that the Jews habitually pit Him that He may be caught in His speech. He is finally crucified, among other false reasons, for having taught men not to obey Cæsar. The most solemn of His lessons—the Christian form of prayer—was uttered in re-

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ply to the demand of His Apostles: "Lord, teach us to pray" (Luke xi, 1).

Oh, Divine Teacher! to whom shall the nations go to heal that fatal original curse which is ignorance? With sure intuition Thy Apostles recognized that with Thee alone was the saving wisdom of human society. "Lord, to whom shall we go, for Thou hast the words of Eternal Life?" From Athens to India the highways of the world had beheld, before Thee, an endless procession of teachers, of all degrees of learning and skill and honesty. They had preached the earth and themselves; they had set up hollow gods of dialectic, of ignorance, of folly, of death. They had turned over and over again all the problems of life, and, for their empty pride and wordy insincerity, left them more obscure than before. Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Confucius, Buddha, every great leader among them had set himself to treat human life as a whole and practically. What was life? Whence came we? Why are we here? What is to become of us? In turn reason and history have refuted all of them, and the story of their systems rouses now only the smile of contempt or the sigh of pity. Their disciples, even peoples and nations, have been pushed out of their once proud places because they believed in false teachers, and squared their lives and their energies in consonance with principles of decay and ruin.

Indeed, the world is full for several centuries of falling races and peoples, guilty, each in its own degree

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and manner, of sinning against the native and sure Light of Conscience, against the deep moral laws that are native in every heart, and become dimmed, lost, only through repeated and cynical violations of them. O incredible folly! While one people goes down in ignominy the path of oblivion, with the shouts of a mocking world assailing its ears, another, perhaps its rival, enters upon the same way of wrong and error and obstinacy, upon the same violation of the laws of Christian experience and the instincts of faith, only to end one day in the self-same misery and ruin!

And all our yesterdays
Have lighted fools the way to dusty death!

Divine Jesus! we confess Thee the only genuine Teacher of our poor and ignorant humanity! After the wanderings and mistakes of wellnigh two thousand years, we confess that Thou only hast understood the heart of man, and canst alone assuage the native thirst that devours it for what is good and true and helpful. We read in Thy Gospel and we believe with sincerity that Thou art alone the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and we read on the outstretched map of human life that moral blight and final decay await the peoples and the nations that will not serve Thee. We confess Thee to be the "Doctor of Faith and Truth," and with St. Augustine we would fain imitate Thee from afar in the beloved school Thou holdest ever open for all faith,

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hearts. Draw, we beseech Thee, all things upward to Thyself, to the seat of Thy Holy Cross, above all our feeble and inconstant hearts, and make us see and touch and know that away from Thee and Thy holy law, Thy spirit, and the imitation of Thee, there is for all of us—individuals, families, states, whole civilizations, whole philosophies and plans of life—only that sure decay that is written across the mounds where Ninive rose sublime and over the marble magnificence whose wreckage yet burdens the seats of Roman majesty and glory! For twenty centuries Thou hast exulted to run Thy triumphant way as the true Teacher of Humanity! It is owing chiefly to our shortcomings, to our petty jealousies and wasting envies, our murmurings and insubordinations, our unreasonable and guilty ambitions, our unbrotherly hatreds, that the world is not yet at Thy feet! Remove from among us those scandals that Thou didst foretell, vain and corrupting germs of sullen opposition, of discord and uncharity, and bind us once more in the bonds of Thy peace and Thy truth that we may follow Thee with renewed ardor and offer again to the world the spectacle of a Christian society breathing the mild spirit of the Master and living out His life in all its institutions and enterprises!

When Eusebius, the Father of Church History, would bring before us the swiftness with which the religion of Christ spread over the Roman world, he tells us that its first converts usually distributed their goods and went forth, in every direction, like the Apostles, to teach to

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others the good news that had made them free of their old lives, with all the falsehood and emptiness they stood for. In his wonderful pages that almost alone reveal to us the quick dissolving action of the first preaching of the Christian religion upon the brilliant pagan world of Greece and Rome, the Christian bishops all stand out as the foremost and model teachers of the new society. Their weighty letters fly in every direction; their presence is demanded everywhere to withstand the current rationalism of the combined Orient and Occident. The books of the Holy Scripture and its very text, the yet brief history of the Church, its attitude toward the masterpieces of Greek thought, especially in literature and philosophy, toward the Roman state, toward the fine arts, toward the natural virtues of truth and candor, toward the usual daily relations of Christians and non-Christians—all these and other matters pressed at once and imperiously for authoritative and final answers. It was the dread hour of adjustment to the changed circumstances of the youthful Church's life, and happily was the task accomplished by the men whose virtues and erudition, whose good sense and liberal intelligence of general interests tided over, humanly speaking, the Ship of the Church, through a narrow and dangerous channel from the world of Judaism into the world of Greek and Roman civilization.

It would take us too far afield were I to insist on the merits of the Catholic episcopate in history as the prin-

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cial teachers of Christianity and of mankind. From Cyprian to Athanasius, and from Athanasius to Leo, it is they who taught the genuine saving truths of the Christian religion. They are well to the front in the ever-memorable struggles that must needs be fought through before Jesus Christ stands forth before all men as the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, true God and true Man. Theirs is the work of the great councils that stand as the bases of Christian doctrine and life; theirs the defence of Christianity against the scoffers of paganism; theirs the mitigation of the ignorant and vicious social system of the decaying empire; theirs the mediation between the barbarian conqueror and the conquered Roman. Through them the laws of Rome were saved and the barbarians were led to adopt her theory of law and order as the cornerstone of society. Through them libraries were preserved and used, and the essential institutions of civilized society, in all its grades and functions, were kept up. Through them there was an unbroken use of architecture, and employment for artists. Through them music was sheltered and nurtured and grew up, forgetting her worldly past, to become the most seductive of human influences in the formation of the mediæval world. In a word, if aught remained in the world of Europe out of the Roman civilization, aught of philosophy, art, literature, it was because for a long time every bishop's church was a school, and often the only school left standing on the great battlefields that we now call Italy, Germany,

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France, and Spain. When we speak of the "Fathers" of the Church we speak of venerable teachers who were nearly all Catholic bishops, out of whose writings have developed all the ecclesiastical sciences, and whose learning furnished the adequate basis for the genius of a St. Thomas, a Suarez, a Bossuet, as they are yet the treasure-house of no little profane science of antiquity, the only phases of the ancient world that have come down to us still holding a living contact with our own beliefs and ideals.

In general, when we speak of education, we may remember that its natural friend has always been the Catholic bishop, and that he alone saved it as a theory and a system through the long thousand years of the Middle Ages, when the prevailing warlike and ignorant secularism despised all learning and fixed on every scholar in derision the epithet of clerk or churchman. He saved it, too, from the neglect and opposition of a false mysticism and an excessive asceticism which would have left human society a prey to ignorance and all her evil brood. He had to deal with the entire society about him, and so the schools, which everywhere in Europe he perforce kept up, never lost touch entirely with the best traditions of Greece and Rome. If no one else visited them, he compelled his priests to get their education there, and so he made those schools the bearers to the lay world of messages from antiquity that otherwise had surely got lost in the general infancy of civilization. In the Middle Ages the only public man ha-

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bitually, necessarily, almost unconsciously, sympathetic to books and scholars is the Catholic bishop. How could he be otherwise? He was the man responsible before God for the preservation and spread of the Christian religion, of all religions the one that rouses most healthily and develops the human reason, with its written records, its claims to universality, its contact with all men and with all societies, its rejection of all other religions, its avowed mysteries, its long and varied history.

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BY the word "office" we understand the orderly and habitual exercise of a public duty. Office, therefore, is as old as mankind, is a primitive asset of our nature. To our first parents, while clothed with original justice, its exercise must have been holy, agreeable, and perfect. But in the state of fallen nature the concept of office grew steadily more dim and confused until, when ethnicism was in full flower, it had become almost totally obscure. This was not the least cause of the great human misery which reigned in the world when Jesus Christ came into it. How could it be otherwise? Office is the exercise of some public duty. Hence, the manner and spirit and scope of its exercise depend upon a true knowledge of man himself, his origin, his destiny, his history; upon the ideas of Creation, of the Godhead, of the moral order, of conduct and sanction, reward and punishment. All such ideas were, to say the least, very vague and uncertain in the world of paganism, apprehended as it were in a kind of twilight. Over all these concepts Christianity rose like a sun, and made them henceforth clear, distinct, fixed. Even the offices of the natural and social order—parent, teacher, gover-

¹ Delivered at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, November 21, 1899, on the occasion of the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

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nor—were henceforth transfigured in this new and steady light. Insensibly they absorbed something that invigorated and transformed them. The fire that a divine hand had lit in the heart of human society could not but diffuse a genial warmth; God Himself tells us that He came to make all things new—the very thought of His apostle: *Instaurare omnia in Christo*.

But it is principally in the supernatural and revealed order that Christianity lent to office an unheard-of sanctity, raised it to a level immeasurably above what it had been in the past, made it capable of godlike tasks, and committed to it the cleansing of the soul, its uplifting from sin and despair and death, and its guidance into an eternity of peace and joy.

With a novelty at once sublime and thrilling, St. Paul manifests the apotheosis of office in the figure of the Church, the Ecclesia pre-existent in the mind of the Father from all eternity, spotless beyond power of expression, charged with the maternal duty of begetting all mankind to Christ Jesus, of nursing with the milk of doctrine and discipline all those newly born to the spiritual life. Nor is the Church thus conceived an abstraction—she is as real as the state, she is the Heavenly Jerusalem,

Beata pacis visio
Quae celsa de viventibus
Saxis ad astra tolleris
Sponsaeque ritu cingeris
Mille Angelorum millibus.

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She is the ideal and other-worldly state, the eternal Urbs, the final Civitas, ever growing, ever distending its limits, ever improving the culture of its citizens, until time shall be no more, and the mystery of creation shall return to the bosom of the Creator. In this congregation of the faithful some have so far progressed that they find themselves at the end of their probation. For them the earthly day, with its toil and dust and uncertainties, the *status viae*, is over. They live transfigured now and blessed in the higher mystical day of eternity. Others, less happy, but not less secure of their crown, expiate yet a time the imperfections of their souls. Still others—the generations of earth and the present of whom we are—work out with fear and trembling the problem of final happiness. To all these the Church is Mother—her office is the serene and maternal office. In and through her whoever are children of God and heirs of heaven are born, nourished, confirmed, made perfect. The pains of travail, the joys of budding life, the doubts and sorrows of adolescence, the energies and high deeds of maturity, the symptoms of decay and collapse—all these she knows by secular experience. The cycle of their recurrence is the cycle of her history. She stands forever among men, the venerable matron, both old and young, that the Shepherd of Hermas beheld on the very threshold of Christianity, selecting yet and polishing and inserting into the walls of the City Eternal those stones which the Father has chosen and foreordained.

In the present order and among the children of Adam,

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the sublime office of the Church is executed by her ministry, even as the majesty of the Roman people was located in their magistrates, or the social authority resides in those who hold it by commission. To speak, therefore, of the office of the priesthood is to speak of the office of the Church among men, since the priesthood is the acme of the sacred ministry, and is the usual channel by which the mission of the Church is made known to men, is accepted by them and is perpetuated through all the changing phenomena of time—centuries, languages, states, cultures, ideas.

I. The office of the priesthood is a public one—public in a sublime and astounding sense. No man, however great, ever stood for the human interests of all mankind. Let it be Cyrus or Alexander, or Cæsar or Napoleon, his sphere of responsibility was bounded by some limits of culture or language or power—some portion of mankind escaped his solicitude. But the priest stands for all humanity. Once he lifts those anointed hands before the Almighty he is recognized as the intermediary, not of a tribe or a city or a state, but of all his kind. The old Athenian might perform his costly liturgies—they were done but once. The priest offers to God forever the holiest and rarest of public services, the incense of prayer and the ransom of sacrifice. The world is girdled with holy altars, at whose edges stands an army of priests, chosen for the unbloody but saving immolation of the Lamb. And between them all, and

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between them and the Lamb, there is a divine solidarity of office. Whatever they may be worth as men, whatever be the insignia of rank and authority, they are all public agents of the Saviour, constituted for all men, for all their needs and hopes; constituted forever in sight of all men, leaders like Moses, priests like Aaron, prophets like David—nay, themselves daily, in one sublime hour, the symbols and the vicars of Christ in His Passion, Death, and Resurrection. Into that priestly ear is poured forever the melancholy burden of sorrow, the burden of Tyre and Sidon and the islands of the sea. That priestly heart must daily minister counsel and sympathy and consolation. Of the humblest and youngest of these were the incredible words said: *Sacerdos alter Christus*. The least among these may truly feel and say with the Apostle and be believed of God: *Instantia mea quotidiana, sollicitudo omnium ecclesiarum*. Over all these the Ecclesia watches with intense anxiety, for in them she touches human society; they are her instruments, and according to their temper and their responsiveness she fulfils the office of Spouse, Mother, Nurse, Guardian. Are they conscious that the altar of God is not a table of traffic such as Christ overthrew in His own Temple? ¹ Are they aware

¹ "For the priestly office is indeed discharged on earth, but it ranks amongst heavenly ordinances; and very naturally so, for neither man, nor angel, nor archangel, nor any other created power, but the Paraclete Himself, instituted this vocation and persuaded men while still abiding in the flesh to represent the ministry of angels. Wherefore the consecrated priest ought to be as pure as if he were standing in the heavens

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that the priest is not selected, qualified, commissioned for his own small and pitiable self, but for the people? Then the heart of the Church rejoices, for her work cannot fail so long as these, her ministers, do not become unconscious of the public character of their office, with all its responsibilities of sanctity, industry, ingenuity, elevation of soul, and unquestioning devotion to the sphere of duty mapped out for them.

II. The office of the priest is a gratuitous one. In this he is likest his Master, Jesus, Who emptied Himself

themselves in the midst of these powers. Fearful, indeed, and of most awful import, were the things which were used before the dispensation of grace, as the bells, the pomegranates, the stones on the breastplate and on the ephod, the girdle, the mitre, the long robe, the plate of gold, the holy of holies, the deep silence within. But if anyone should examine the things which belong to the dispensation of grace he will find that, small as they are, yet they are fearful and full of awe, and that what was spoken concerning the law is true in this case also, that 'what has been made glorious hath no glory in this respect by reason of the glory which excelleth.' For when thou seest *the Lord sacrificed and laid upon the altar*, and the priest standing and praying over the victim, and all the worshippers empurpled with that precious blood, canst thou then think that thou art still amongst men and standing upon the earth? Art thou not, on the contrary, straightway translated to heaven, and casting out every carnal thought from the soul, dost thou not with disembodied spirit and pure reason contemplate the things which are in heaven? Oh, what a marvel! What love of God to man! He who sitteth on high with the Father is, at that hour, held in the hands of all, and gives Himself to those who are willing to embrace and grasp Him. And this all do through the eyes of faith! Do these things seem to you fit to be despised or such as to make it possible for anyone to be uplifted against them? "—St. John Chrysostom, "*De Sacerdotio*," Bk. III, c. 3.

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for the love of man. Even so the priest is 'the servant, the "servus publicus" of humanity. He is its debtor for all that he has and is. More than anyone else, he is concerned with its woes and its ills, and if he does not feel in himself a perpetual aching and unrest at the sight of sorrow he cannot cure, of wrongs he cannot redress, there is something deficient in him. *Exi a domo tua et cognatione tua et a gente tua.* So Abraham was called out of Ur in Chaldaea, so the prophets were called, so the apostles were called, so every true priest of Christ is called, to go forth and make holy war forever against the enemies of truth, the adversaries of humanity. He can look for no adequate reward here below; first, because this whole life of earth is a time and a condition of struggle; and, second, because nothing on earth can rightly fill a heart which has once recognized itself as the soldier of Jesus Christ. Can the exile find rest away from the domestic hearth? Can the warrior enjoy his stipend while he dwells in the heart of the enemies' country? Can any or all the things of earth, material and transitory, satisfy the just longings of a soul trained to look on man and life from the lofty viewpoint of the Spirit, God, Infinity, Eternity? The priest is like Samuel before the Lord, "Lord, what wilt Thou?" His soul ought ever be open to every high impulse, everything noble, humanitarian, uplifting, progressive. In him, of all men, there ought to be a divine compelling germ of discontent with self and the present, a straining toward what is better and de-

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sirable. *Quae retro sunt obliviscens, ad ea quae sunt priora extendens meipsum.*

Let us look back at the men who have illustrated our high calling, the latchets of whose shoes we are unworthy to loose, at the priestly saints, holy bishops like Francis de Sales, holy priests like John Baptist de Rossi or St. Vincent de Paul, or the Curé of Ars. What an abandonment of self to the duties of their state! What a conception of themselves as the public slaves of mankind! What ingenuity of charity and zeal for the thousand needs of their flocks! But why should I go so far afield for examples of gratuitous service, for such Christ-like emptying of self as our poor natures comport? Is not our own Church holy, vigorous, fertile—yea, mother of saints like the venerable churches of the Old World? From these thrice-blessed precincts how many have gone forth into the hundred phases of this newest and most fateful of the epoch-making conflicts that Catholicism has had to sustain! In one short century not only is their number great, but their merits are beyond the telling. The oldest here present may have talked with the pioneers, the youngest have caught from their memories and their monuments some fire of their devotion. Is it too much to say that since the days of Pentecost, since the heroic periods of the national conversions, the world has not looked on labors so gratuitous, on devotion so absolute at once and intelligent, so active and creative and stimulating, as the American clergy has furnished within this

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century. Behold, as its proofs, the fair white vesture of churches with which the land is covered! Behold the profound respect, nay, the love and veneration with which the peoples who built these churches still look upon the priestly figures who minister at their altars, the benediction in which they hold the memories of the departed! If any reward, save Christ Himself, could satisfy the heart of the priest who throws his being without reserve into the work of his ministry, would it not be this overpowering cry of Love, this incredible showing of Faith, this living and universal response of the people, whereby he knows that his ministry is fruitful, that the kingdom of God is being broadened, but truly, surely, steadily, by his endeavors?

III. The office of the priest is a sacrificial office. Out of her kingly constitution Rome saved but one officer, the “*rex sacrificiorum*,” to remind her of the archaic days of paternalism. Out of all human history only the Catholic priest survives to remind the world officially of an original and fundamental law of life and progress, namely, sacrifice. Immolation of Self, Plenitude of Love! Behold the two concepts which commended the person and the work of Jesus Christ to the first generations of Semites and Gentiles who were called upon to accept Him as their Priest and their King. Immolation of self *sub omnipotenti manu Dei*, even as Isaac knelt beneath the knife of Abraham, that thereby the infinite malice of sin, the ocean-like vastness of

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hatred and rebellion, might be destroyed like a handwriting—such was the key-note of the life of the Great High Priest of the New Law. “Greater love than this no man hath than that He should lay down His life for His friends.” And this was done in the fulness of love. No man took His life from Him; He had power to lay it down, and He had power to take it up again. To the Apostles He is brother, Jerusalem is His daughter, His disciples are born again in Him to truth and justice and eternity. An atmosphere of burning love surrounds Him; He is Himself the love which presided at the birth of creation, and dwells still for its weal within the order He created.

Now, this sublime element of divine and saving sacrifice must be found in every priest really worthy of the name. It constitutes him the light of humanity, the salt of the earth. When Caiphas cried out that one man must die for the people he gave voice unwittingly to the deepest and oldest sentiment of mankind. When the fantastic Shaman of Siberia commands the death of the tribal chieftain to appease the spirit of the plague, he yields to something historic and primitive in our nature, as Jephte did when his daughter went out to mourn upon the mountains; as Greek Calchas did when he willed the death of Iphigenia; as Euripides did when he nailed high on the cold rocks of Caucasus the friend of mankind, Prometheus; as Plato did when he hung upon a cross his ideal just man. In the person of Jonas the prophetic order is a witness of this iron law

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of immolation. Besides his "daily death," Saint Paul, with a Christ-like effort, tramples on hope itself and offers himself for an anathema, so humanity be bettered by his renunciation. And his disciple, Ignatius of Antioch, marks the just ideal of the Catholic priesthood, when, standing already in spirit before the world of Greece and Rome that crowded the marble tiers of the Colosseum, he cried out: "I am the wheat of Christ, and what do I wish if not to be macerated and ground fine by the teeth of the lions that I may become a bread both white and clean?"

Is this the language of an impossible mysticism? By no means. It is the doctrine of every Christian teacher who has written on the priesthood—St. Paul, in his inspired Pastoral Epistles; St. Gregory Nazianzen, in his Apology for his flight; St. Chrysostom, in his work on the priesthood; St. Jerome, writing "ad Nepotianum suum"; St. Gregory, writing for the Middle Ages his Catechism of the Sacerdotal Office—his golden *Regula Pastoralis*.¹ If there are any exponents of the nature of the Christian priesthood, they are these men, and they assume as a first principle that the life of the priest is of sacrifice all made up. And if it be true, is it too hard and stern a law? Look at the physician, the statesman, the man of natural science, the man of letters in

¹ One can mention only to praise them, the work of Cardinal Manning on *The Eternal Priesthood*, that of Cardinal Gibbons on *The Ambassador of Christ*, and that of Cardinal Vaughan (1904) on *The Young Priest*. The work of Canon Keatinge (1903) also deserves a wide circulation.

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his highest expression, the poet! Are they not often filled with the spirit of sacrifice? And do they not throw down into the furnace of enthusiasm for humanity whatever they have and are? Paracelsus, Galileo, Washington, Hugo—do not these names burn forever in the firmament of history as passionate lovers of humanity, as sufferers for its weal and progress? *Et hi quidem, ut temporalem accipiant hereditatem, . . . Nostra autem conversatio in coelis est.*

The Institutes of Justinian begin with the admirable thought that the legislator is the priest of justice and equity. *Nos autem sacerdotes recti et justii.* But we are priests of a higher priesthood than can be created by reason and experience. We share and administer a divine priesthood. Our altar and our victim, our scope and our means, our spirit and our history, are all heavenly, above and beyond nature, though not contrary to it or destructive of it.

It is well, indeed, that we are all held up by a higher power, that we shine in a borrowed light, that our great deeds are done, as it were, in commission and delegation. For there is something pathetic and tragic in the self-sacrifice of the priest. Not only must he imitate on earth in the public service of mankind the immolation and the love of his Captain and Master, but he must first slay himself, as it were; he must stifle the old Adam of sin and rebellion entrenched in his own heart, in his own flesh and bones. O incredible warfare! O Janus-

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like battle! Within us are barking monsters of heat and cold, of concupiscence and apathy, and without the shining hosts of the world, and all-wrong, and triumphant sin! And we must carry on forever this double immolation. Forever we wear bound up with the white fillet of our public office the red and bleeding fillet of the self-slaughterer. Well did that noble poet, Gregory Nazianzen, say that the priest is like a captain of a mutinous ship in the heart of a tempest, like a general, one-half of whose forces fight in the plain with a visible enemy, while the other half contend above the clouds with forces they can neither see nor estimate.

Surely the life of the Catholic priest is a *via crucis*, and he who fears to bear the Cross after the Master is better off in some humbler and safer station. There may be periods of public rest, lulls as it were in the storm, the furlough of the soldier; but they do not last, and the priest soon finds himself where he belongs, in the centre of a conflict that existed before him and will exist after him, but in which he must bear himself manfully *in Christo et secundum Christum*. In himself the good and the bad, the night and the light, contend unceasingly, the law and order of perversity with the law and order of righteousness. Forever, Christ-like, he moves up the side of Calvary. Few of us go by the same path to that mystic mountain of sorrow, but by some path we must all climb, if we would take our place near the blood-bedewed throne of our Master. And every path is narrow and beset with obstacles, and only

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the earnest and the lightly laden arrive first, while the lukewarm and heavy burdened are long in reaching Him.

Venerable brethren! We are the last comers in a long line of priests that stretches back to the Apostles, and in them to the Cross and Cenacle. Our history is the history of the world since first we were sent out into it, the agents and vicars of Jesus Christ. And when all is told, we may be proud of those who went before us. *Qua homines*, they sustained well the shock of conflict, they stood brave and united about the standard of Christ, they delivered to us unimpaired the lessons of His life and His teaching. Like the Lampadophori or torch-bearers in the games of Greece, they have handed down, one to another, through all the centuries, the living flame of knowledge and piety. And we may well turn, as King Ahasuerus did, to the annals of the past, to draw comfort therefrom and direction—we shall not be deceived. *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!* What culture of the Orient so high and old that we have not conquered it for Christ! What barbarism so pallid and spent that we have not stooped to lift it from the horrors of its moral death! What powers “in excelsis” that we have not manfully withstood in defence of the rights and ideals of humanity! What patience and persistency have we not shown in dealing with our own selves and in judging, Rhadamanthus-like, with stern severity every lapse from the ideal of our estate and our

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calling! All other priesthoods were local, temporary, natural, human, and imperfect. This alone transcends all time and dominates humanity, taking wings with the rise, and accommodating its steps to the decline of man in his varied and successive combinations.

In this priesthood there is an historic and logical continuity, and thereby an organic law of motion, of progress, of perfection. We may not add to its constituent parts nor take from them—indeed, it is at once our boast and our pledge of power that we do not. But we may add to the zeal and the industry, the insight and the ingenuity of the past. The French clergy of the end of the seventeenth century far surpass the clergy of the Merovingian days. And you may multiply this example by many others. They show that it is possible to advance from height to height, to expand as a body from one sphere of good to another, and to add forever fresh pages of conquest to the annals of our order. Not only is it possible—it is a law. *Estote Perfecti* includes not only the perfection of the individual soul, but when applied to the priest the perfection that is the steady progress of ministration to the needs of society. And when that society is itself so much in advance of its own past conditions, which it has shaken off as a serpent sheds its skin, the obligation on the part of the priest to meet it half-way is very near and pressing. And when that society is in love with such divine gifts as philosophy, history, the sciences of nature, of man, of its very self, shall not the priest of that society rise to

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its demands? Shall he not see that his sacrifice may be henceforth the sacrifice of the scholar, the student, the thinker? Shall he listen to the hundred grave and motivated warnings of one like Leo XIII, qualified, if any, by office and experience, to warn ecclesiastical youth of the needs of the present and the future, and not heed them? When were our responsibilities to humanity divided, so that we are now concerned only with the things of the sacristy? What more nefarious principle did Julian the Apostate establish when he forbade the Christians to deal with Greek letters? What worse situation did mediæval emperors create for the Church when, in practice or in theory, they denied her right to criticise the morality of their public acts?

No! the office of the priest remains truly and forever a public, gratuitous and sacrificial one. And he is beholden to the society in which he lives for the best that he is or can make himself. He alone lives unhampered by any other ties, alone, by the law and the spirit of his order, is concerned with the higher goods of the soul, the higher morality of social welfare and progress. With what instinct, as true as it is sudden, all men turn to the priest aboard a sinking ship! With an instinct no less true our own American society looks up to the priest as one who has the words of eternal life. It is faithful if his faith be strong and intelligent; is hopeful if his voice ring out with sympathy and cheeriness; is transformed with love if the heart of the priest be

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saturated with a spirit of sacrifice and unselfishness. Never was priestly example a surer trap for souls. With all its pride our American society, like that of every age, is torn by vast misgivings that more and more agitate each individual, is daily more sick with spiritual longings half-concealed and half-revealed, is worn with the ill-regulated friction of soul and body, of conscience and desire. Like all human society, this too is forever a child, at once of genius and weakness, in face of that realm of mystery which lies beyond the limitations of sense.

Ah, friend, behold and see!
What's all the beauty of humanity?
Can it be fair?
What's all the strength? Is it strong?
And what hope can they bear,
These dying livers, living one day long?
Ah, seest thou not, my friend,
How feeble and slow,
And like a dream doth go,
This poor blind manhood, drifted from its end?

May the Holy Spirit quicken in each one of us the sense of his dignity, the keenness of zeal, the consciousness of responsibility, the divine power of assertion made luminous and convincing by the logic of our lives, the ardor to be up and doing within the limits and along the lines of our calling!

In this cosmopolitan office all is great and holy, pro-

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vided it be done with order and regularity. There are young and old, there are superiors and inferiors, there are experienced and inexperienced, there are those just clothed with their spiritual arms, and those from whose honorable hands these weapons are falling. But all belong to a common nobility. A common aristocracy of sentiment, temper, and duty is peculiar to all. May we so administer this high and holy charge of the priesthood that when we must step out of our places and yield them to others, while we go before the Great Captain of our earthly warfare, we may hear from Him that desirable sentence of approval: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

THE TRIUMPH OF THE GALILEAN

THE long and weary vigils of the Passion Week are over. The magnificent drama of the trial and execution of the Man-God has been once more acted before the eyes of mankind. The human soul has been once more moved to its very depths, and the mighty gamut of human emotions has given forth every note of which it is capable. Throughout these days there has been put before us in language rarely grave and beautiful, saturate with the tears and sighs of nineteen centuries, the most awe-inspiring panorama that the heart of man can conceive—the closing scenes of those innumerable years of history, in which all things were “moving to one far-off divine event.” The shining pinnacles of the Temple and the bare rock of Calvary alternate with the gaunt strong eagles of Rome and the solemn figures of priest and pharisee. On that gibbet in mid-air, between heaven and earth, were accomplished mysteries whose course was running from the first moment of time—the death-knell of a glorious ancient state, unique among the organisms of the world, the di-

Delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, Easter Sunday, April 18, 1897.

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vine transformation of the vast political unity into which it was merged, the obliteration forever of the causes which held apart the great families of mankind, and the binding of humanity in an uninterrupted mystic intercourse with its Creator, its Preserver, Provider, and Redeemer. On that small but significant stage, life and death, time and eternity, sin and grace, despair and hope, struggled with grim resolution for the mastery of the heart of man. The great lines of the life of Jesus Christ had been steadily converging until there was at last left but one terrible week, forever memorable among the children of men. And as every epic hour went by, freighted with the agonies, the hopes and the anxieties of centuries; as every new scene swept mankind nearer to life eternal or death irretrievable, it seemed as though the strain were greater than the heart could bear, and as if its innermost fibre ought to burst with the excess of the fine and swift emotions that the tragedy of Calvary never fails to awaken.

At last it is over. Love and Life have triumphed up there on the wood of the Cross, amid the holy silence of nature and the awe-struck adoration of the angels. And the heart of man pours forth its pent feelings and blesses the sacred wood on which the mystery of existence has been solved, and through which a sufficient value has been secured for life, and the bright star of hope fixed like a jewel in the forehead of Time. The symbol of civil infamy has become the symbol of a blessed eternity, as though to impress forever on the human imagination

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the completeness of the victory and its superhuman character; as though to humiliate most effectively the accursed pride of man by the elevation to immortal influence of the accepted sign of what was lowly, humble, vile, and despised.

With a touching realism the mediæval painters loved to show the Crucified Jesus sustained by the overshadowing hands of the Heavenly Father. They would indicate the current of divine strength that buoyed Him up, and they would show to the multitudes that thronged the spaces of their cathedrals that the essence of Christianity is in the Cross; that it fills and dominates Christian life and teaching, and that any view of Jesus in which the mystery of the Cross is absent may be a specious philosophy of human life, but cannot claim the acceptance of the true followers of Jesus.

Surely, when the Risen Jesus came forth on that first Easter Day and stood again a living man in the sweetness and freshness of an Oriental morning, there passed before His mind the long series of those who had since Adam preserved in their hearts the essence of religion undefiled—the patriarchs and the prophets, the kings and the priests, and the holy chosen souls of the children of Abraham. And He could see how it was through suffering and repeated chastisement, through lowliness and self-abasement and separation from the Gentile, that Israel had kept a remnant of faith in Him. He could see how His own life had been but a long *Via Dolorosa*, a gradual ascent to the dread shambles of Calvary. And

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looking forward in the warm young sunlight and the odorous breezes of that restful hour, He could as clearly see that the Way of the Cross had but just begun. He could see that She whom He would leave after Him, His cleansed and sanctified Spouse, His beloved Church, would be forced to tread its cruel windings, and drink many a time and oft of the torrent in the way, ere she stood again by His side in the Kingdom of the Father.

But in that long succession of ages of sorrow and epochs of honor and power He looked surely with boundless joy on the day when His Church would come forth, like Himself, from the tomb, and stand in the light of day triumphant over every alliance and girt for a sublime career; when the patience and faith of His followers would be rewarded by the adhesion of an entire world to the doctrines they had so long and so bravely died for. And we rejoice with them for this triumph of light over darkness, of hope over despair, of life over death and sin, of order and peace over chaos and discord. We rejoice for the fresh and vigorous purpose given to life, for the uplifting of humanity to a celestial level, and for the memorable vindication of His faithful ones, whereby the world learned that He is powerful to requite, merciful to shorten the hour of trial, bountiful beyond measure in His rewards, king, priest, and prophet of His people forevermore, “the author and finisher of faith, who, having joy set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and now sitteth on the right hand of the throne of God” (Hebr. xii, 2).

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What language is sufficient to depict the human odds that were arrayed against the work of Jesus Christ! There was the pagan world permeated with an ancient and venerable polytheism with which there could be no truce. There was the Jewish state, and then a Jewish nation, world-wide, influential, and violent. There were the disruptions of its own membership by false and ruinous opinions about God, Christ, and the Church. There were countless shapes of self-interest and a multitude of passions—in a word, all the established estates of human society were instinctively allied against the new doctrine.

And yet it bore down all opposition! The sacramental power of the Word of God, preached by thousands of devoted men whose daily lives were the commentary of their discourse, made a great breach in the society of Greece and Rome. The force of example was contagious beyond belief. The blood of the martyrs was like dragons' teeth, and the persecutions like a favorable atmosphere. The confessor, loyal in his foul dungeon, and the martyr, blazing in his painful tunic, were apostles of a new order, and their steadfastness led thousands to suspect that the religion of these witnesses was more than human, and that there existed a power and a sanction beyond those of Cæsar.

It was a victory of moral worth over might and custom, that brought with it a social recognition of a higher and invisible order of things to which man was responsible, and in which his acts would not necessarily be judged as they are here below. Henceforth men can

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tolerate the scandal of a Caligula or a Nero, for they know that such are but monsters of the lower and temporary order of things, in which the will of the Father has been frustrated, but not forever nor with impunity. It was a victory and a permanent one for the doctrine of immortality, so necessary to the welfare if not the existence of any state. Hitherto it had fared ill with the idea of another world. The scandal of successful vice and the growing intelligence of humanity had shattered the earlier and simpler notions of the gods. And if there yet lingered among the people some notion of future rewards and punishments, it was utterly dead in the minds of those who needed it the most as a check or an impulse—the governing classes. With the triumph of the Church it penetrated all classes of society. Without this belief man will soon degenerate into a beast, and society become a moral jungle, in which the strong shall hunt the weak, and they, in their turn, prey upon the more helpless. When the dying Christian cited his tormentor before the bar of eternal justice, he bore witness to a higher and a better world in which Justice itself reigned; to a moral law the same for all and that dominated and regulated all, even to the least and most invisible of human acts. Sublime conception! What wonder that the slave at his toil, the soldier resting on his spear in the long night watches, the artist busy with order and grace and proportion, the philosopher combining his theories of the universe, the man and woman of the world weary with the sight of wrong and oppression

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unpunished, should welcome a teaching in which provision was made for an all-knowing and all-powerful Judge, who would deal out to each according to his merits, and would repair at last the cruel and seemingly irremediable injustice of social life!

The victory of Jesus Christ was the victory of faith over doubt. Without faith man is lost. The world of the ancients was honey-combed with doubt. Men walked among shattered ideals as on a field of corpses—ideals of nationality, religion, philosophy, and science. They had hoped and struggled and borne up against the conviction that beyond the grave there was neither life nor order, but only endless night and blind chaos. They had pinned their faith to men and schemes, and men had been weak or failed or betrayed, and schemes had gone awry. And only one thing seemed certain and stable, the fortune of Rome that flaunted there on the banner of its legions its own logical symbol of human life—an eagle of gold with stout and cruel beak and talons of steel made to lacerate and disrupt and ruin. But with the Resurrection of Jesus came faith in one good and true God, a God neither weak nor jealous nor indifferent, as had been the gods of antiquity. And faith grew. It charmed the souls of the men and women who followed Jesus. It was bedewed with the blood that was shed on Calvary, and warmed with the light of the Resurrection. It was like the mustard-seed that waxed great and strong and serviceable. In the poverty and lowliness and simplicity of the first centuries of Chris-

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tianity it found its proper atmosphere, and in the blood-soaked sands of the arena its most propitious soil. It filled the world with its glorious aroma—an imperishable confidence in the veracity and fidelity of God and in the merits and love of His divine Son, Jesus Christ. It filled the individual heart with a vivid efficacious sense of the presence, the power, the goodness of God, of His abiding love for each soul, and His real co-efficiency in our daily life. It lifted the hearts that welcomed it beyond the attainment of scandal and despair, and suffused with a delicious peace and gladness the eyes of those in whose hearts it found a shelter.

The victory of Christian faith was a victory of liberty of conscience. It maintained the principle which the Maccabees had died for, that there was an inner kingdom of the soul to which no temporal power might reach, *i.e.*, the real distinction of the double order of the spiritual and the temporal, the only true and permanent refuge of human liberty and happiness. It was for this the martyrs died, and if we enjoy it to-day, it is because they heroically refused to compound in the slightest or to sacrifice one iota of the demands of conscience. With the victory of Christianity came also a deeper sense of human dignity. In Christ every human being had taken a higher status, was but a little removed from the angels. The doctrine of the real humanity of Christ brought with it, as a consequence, the spiritual equality of man and woman, Greek and barbarian, the freeman and the slave. So fell the partition walls of the ancient society,

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broad and high as they were, and of ancient date. There was no external change, and men maintained with contentment or with patience the social order. But in the Christian Church and at its countless altars the gravest of changes had taken place. For the first time since the Creation all men were brothers, and the curse of a common hate was banished to make way for the benison of a common love.

What wonder then, with these new views as to the existence and nature of a moral law, the doctrine of immortality, of divine faith, of liberty of conscience, of the spiritual order as distinct from the temporal, of human dignity and spiritual equality—what wonder that the triumph of Christianity should have greatly modified the social order at once! A multitude of persons received new or additional rights—woman, the child, the slave, the captive, the prisoner. The logical consequences of a moral law were drawn and applied. Pity no longer seemed to be a contemptible emotion, and thereupon war was robbed of much of its horror. In time, the idea of just and unjust wars obtained, and the germs of an international law were planted, an institution that could scarcely be imagined before.

The social authority itself took on a new character. It became less absolute and selfish. The laws of Rome grew more humane. The imperial power learned to curb itself and to reckon with an eternal and absolute justice, with that kingdom of heaven that it once feared as its rival and now knew to be its exemplar, ally, and

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guarantor. The foundations of modern civilization were laid on the day when a Roman emperor bore the cross upon his diadem, while yet the splendid mass of empire was intact. All the humanizing influences of gentleness, meekness, humility, tenderness and love; the doctrine of man's equality with man; the authority of Christian public opinion; the mighty springs of action called the Scripture and Christian tradition or custom; the existence of a supreme law and an omnipotent law-giver; the belief in a loving heavenly influence that touches man on all sides, in all capacities and functions—all these entered upon the stage of life as practical factors in the world-old problems that had yet found no solution or only a bad one.

One moment it seemed as if the labors of three bleeding centuries were in vain, when the perverted genius of Julian the Apostate undertook to remount the dark and painful stream of time and restore to their ancient pedestals the broken creatures of the hands of man. But it was in vain, and there is a deep truth in the legend that as he tore the Persian arrow from his heart he cried out in a paroxysm of despair: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" Yes, the Galilean had triumphed. For "the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong. And the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, hath God chosen, and things that are not, that He might bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in His sight." (I Cor. i, 27-29.)

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Like a body that is saturated with a poisonous atmosphere, the ancient world of humankind was soaked through and through with pride; in every stratum of human society were visible its awful consequences in lust, cruelty, despair—at last in a horrid satanic craze of greatness at any cost known as “the Cæsarian folly.” The ancient world shuddered at the approach of the Galilean. And well it might! For now the axe was at the root, now the firm hand of the physician was laid upon the cankerous growth that was eating out the vitality of the soul. The remedy of Jesus was awe-inspiring. By the same causes that man fell should he rise. By the path that he wandered on should he come back to the straight road of salvation. The Alps of pride should be levelled in the lowest abyss of humility. The rude beams of the Cross of Calvary should be uplifted in mid-air over against that hill where men had heaped up such a Babel-like pile of power and glory and wealth as had never entered the heart of a Rameses or a Cyrus to conceive. Two cities should henceforth dominate all history—Rome and Jerusalem—the city of Christ and the city of Cæsar, the symbol of love and humility and the symbol of power, pride, and hate. Two hills should henceforth uplift their heads before the children of men—the Vatican and the Palatine—and from either should shine a light to all the generations that pass—on the one the gentle flame of pity and affection for all mankind, on the other the baleful torch of war and destruction.

Yes! the Galilean had triumphed. Nevermore shall

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we look upon a human monster seated upon the throne of the world. Nevermore shall we see despair like a flood drowning the hearts of men. Nevermore shall love and pity and conscience die out from among us leaving life blank and empty. The Galilean has opened a way, even Himself, out of every abyss of individual or social degradation. He has loosened forever the voice of truth that can now no more be hushed or impounded than the free air of the mountain-top. He has uncovered the spring of eternal life, and thither, to His sacred side, must come the long procession of humanity, that mystic multitude of His brethren whom He promised to draw onward and upward to Him when He should have climbed the resplendent throne of His victorious Cross.

But how about this age? many will ask. Has not the Galilean failed to charm it? And is not the world slipping from the moral grasp of the hands that so long held it? And is not the spirit, at least, of Antichrist in the air? And have not a hundred Christian institutions perished from among men? And is not the Word of God made a mockery? And is not His Divine Spouse, the Church, cast out from the societies, the cultures, and the legislations that she either saved or built up?

I will not question the just complainings of so many millions of Christian hearts. But how can I avoid reverting to the attitude, in worse circumstances, of the men and women whose career we have been contemplating? What patience and gladness in their conduct, what

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calm joy in their lives! Here and there comes to us a faint murmur of complaint and vexation, of haste to be done with this wretched shambles of an earth, with this footstool of the prince of hell. But as a rule they took the world as they found it. Only, by individual faith, hope, and charity, by the aroma of their own daily conduct, by the perfecting of the individual self, by the cleansing of each his own heart, they diminished the mass of corruption and increased the inheritance of Jesus. What was the result? That the world which to them seemed not only the spirit of Antichrist, but the ravenous beast himself, was overcome by love and humility and patience and spiritual firmness. There have, it is true, been many centuries of glorious triumphant Christianity, but Christ never promised that the world, or the societies in which the world has always resided, would become or remain finally Christian. Rather do His divine words prepare us for change and deception and disappointment in this respect. Society is made up of souls, and it is in them, finally, that science and law and culture and all human activities rise and grow great. Let us look to these souls, our own and others! Let us cultivate some of that noble enthusiasm for the person of Jesus Christ that filled like a tide the souls of the early Christians! Let us look into our own hearts and ask ourselves if we who complain or wonder are not ourselves to some extent the architects of the situation by our natural and slothful lives, and if we do not cover by complaints against the age a timid and an indolent faith!

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As in His infinitely intelligent mercy God has closed up our hearts the one from the other, so He has hidden from all the final hour of our existence, that we might work while there was light, since no one knows when the darkness will fall. And there is light yet, and the harvests are yet standing, as white as when Jesus showed them to His Apostles. And the storms are no greater, surely, than when He chided the Apostles for their little faith. There have been ages of more universal doubt, false philosophies more subtle and spiritual, more self-consistent and wide-spread, than those of to-day; states and governments less sympathetic, and with fewer lessons of experience; epochs of a greater confusion of the temporal and the spiritual, the finite and the infinite. Yet in the end they stretched out imploring hands to Jesus, and were counted among the willing victims of His love.

Beneath the surface tides of the ocean there are deep, irresistible currents that girdle the earth and shed warmth and comfort or icy chill upon its shores. So in the movements of God's purposes. Much is hidden from us that will one day be revealed. We must always walk on earth like

The patient plodding weaver
Who works on the wrong side evermore
But works for the right side ever.

But we may be sure that one day the Divine love will have its way, and that it is capable of working recon-

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ciliations as great, or greater, than that of the twentieth century with the Father of Days. It roused a smile on the face of Tertullian to think that Cæsar could ever confess Christ—yet the world lived to see Constantine and Theodosius and Justinian and Charlemagne! Could we but bend some microscope on the ages to come, what purpose and design we should see where now all seems aimless and orderless! When St. Augustine uttered his haunting cry, “Thou hast made us for Thee, O Lord, and restless are our hearts till they repose in Thee,” he must have meant society as well as the individual, since the social order is at once the most natural and the highest flowering of the human instinct. Christ is of all ages, “Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day, and the same forever.” And all ages are Christ’s, given to Him by the Father, bearing the seal of redemption, and holding the offer of salvation.

Even now this last of the ages is mightily torn by the thirst for unity and the longing for peace and harmony. The license that lurks in all liberty, and the weariness and inertness that cling to all matter, gild it as you will, are henceforth incontrovertible, and men seem no longer quite so averse as formerly to listening to the mandate, the teachings, and the history of her who sustains on earth the person and breathes the pure and holy spirit of Jesus Christ.

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THE Christian society met with a multitude of obstacles from its first appearance among men—obstacles that grew out of the very circumstances of the time, the claims of the Christian teachers, and the nature of the antique state. To these we must add the very grave hindrances which arose from three sources—heresy, philosophy, and miscellaneous persecution.

The Christian revelation has exercised the minds of men as no other body of doctrine, not excepting the philosophic systems of Plato and Aristotle. From the moment it was projected into the antique life, it met not only with passionate admiration and equally passionate opposition, but with a temper of mind that moved men to select, to pick and choose among the component parts of this wonderful teaching. Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, the learned and the ignorant, were fascinated by a teaching that seemed more comprehensive, more suggestive, more consoling than any which had yet solicited the adhesion of mankind. But the new Roman unity of political life had not wiped out

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the great diversity of social and religious circumstances, nor utterly hushed the aspirations of ancient national religions. It could not remove the ancient habits of philosophic thought, nor their daily exercise in the school-room or the law-court, in the busy forum or beneath the long cool porticoes of the ancient city. Hence it was only natural that a long and manifold conflict should ensue before the new doctrine found a solid footing in the society of the Cæsars.

The first Christians were Jews, and to many of them it seemed that the veracity and fidelity of Jehovah were inseparably connected with the observance, even by the Gentile converts, of the legal precepts of the Mosaic code. With regret and pain they saw the religious symbols of national resurrection pushed to the background, and the universal and spiritual character of the new religion evermore firmly insisted on. Nor did they yield when the Temple lay in ashes, and the Jewish state was finally disrupted and its rebellious members incorporated into the provincial system of the empire.

Some of these Jewish Christians remained true to the genuine teachings of the Apostles, but others did not. They are the "false brethren" of St. Paul, who detested him and what seemed his depreciation of the Law of Moses: who accepted Christ as the Messiah, but not as God. They called themselves Ebionites, *i.e.*, poor, humble, lowly, and looked on Jesus as the last of the

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prophets, the angelic restorer of the pure and original teachings of Moses; as one of the many incarnations of Divine Wisdom beginning with Adam. It was not without difficulty that the Christian society made its first propaganda among the Jews, when such distortions of the original Gospel were concurrent bidders for the faith of the Children of Israel, and laid special emphasis on what was deepest in the heart of every Jew—the love of the House of David, its land, its temple, and its hopes. False gospels and misleading prophecies were handed about in every jewry of the world, and we have yet more than one curious book that shows the ardor and the perverse ingenuity of these ancient heretics—for such they certainly were. In the Epistle to the Colossians (ii, 16, 19), St. Paul denounces them in general but plain words, as those who “judge men in meat and drink, in respect of a festival day or of the moon or of the Sabbath—not holding the head (*i.e.*, the divinity of Christ or the Christian unity), from which the whole body by joints and bands, being supplied with nourishment and compacted groweth unto the increase of God.” On the other hand rose up schools of thought like that of Marcion, which with equal perversity maintained the very opposite, rejected the Law of Moses, not only as a preparation, but even as something wicked, the work of a special Jewish God, a thing of works and deeds. Salvation was by faith alone, and that was known only through St. Paul, and indeed only through some of his Epistles, for Marcion, like Luther,

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rejected easily all such Scripture texts as did not fit in with his system, and he did great literary violence to those which he accepted. To him the Gospel of Jesus was something absolutely new—"a sunrise without a dawn"—and was in all things distinct from or opposed to the hard stern law which the Jewish Creator had hung about the necks of men, when he insisted on a ritualistic righteousness and an obedience begotten of fear!

While the Christian Church was engaged in protecting the unity which her Founder had so often recommended as the sign-manual of genuine relationship with Him, a new danger threatened her from views that appeared not only innocent but even quite in keeping with the principles of Christianity. About the middle of the second century a certain Montanus began to preach against the weakening of the Christian faith, and the increasing worldliness of the Christians. The love of many was growing cool and the belief in the near advent of Jesus was all too faint. But the free spirit of prophecy was not yet extinct. It resided in him and in certain chosen disciples. In fact, that spirit was a permanent gift in the Church, and whoever felt called by the Holy Spirit to utter His wishes was thereby justified, notwithstanding the wishes or decisions of the Church authorities. This meant the end of all Christian unity, a perfect anarchy of individualism in religion, and called forth every effort of the Christian Church to withstand its ravages.

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In antiquity, mental character seems to have been more mobile and impressionable, oral intercourse more effective, the impressions of commanding talent more quickly disseminated by means of the unity of language—the Greek tongue being practically the only one in universal use for intellectual purposes—and a consequent unity of mental temper and inclination. At a very early date Greek-speaking members were the majority in each Christian community, and if their open and liberal minds, their excellent education, their refined and inquisitive natures, made them alive to the charms of the Christian teaching, they were also the channels by which every kind of error might quickly make its way into every city or considerable municipality of the empire. In the multitude of Greeks who eagerly accepted the teachings of Christ, there was no small number who hoped to reconcile them with their own cherished beliefs, and to reduce thereby to a minimum the mysteries and difficulties in Christianity. On the other hand, the religious philosophies of the Orient enjoyed full and equal vogue with the Oriental religions; and from the meeting of these currents on the soil of Syria and Egypt, those border-lands of East and West, arose what is known as Gnosticism, a pretended secret and deeper knowledge of the mysteries of Christianity. The contact of spirit and matter, always difficult of understanding to the Greek, was explained by an endless system of bridges or emanations. The presence of evil in the world was necessary, the work of ignorant

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or imperfect agents, and man was irresponsible for its workings in him. Thus, by fiction and allegory, by the removal of the highest deity to an infinite distance from the world, by making impossible all contact with matter or change, they thought to overcome the scandal of the Incarnation, the Passion and the Resurrection. Scarcely had Christianity rid itself of this incubus, this endless spinning of aeons and intermediary angels, each less perfect than the other, when there arose on the eastern borders of the Empire the dread spectre of Manichæism, with its two eternal and absolute, but conflicting, principles of good and evil, its fatalism, its consequent immorality, and all the necessary sequence of a corrupt and decaying Orientalism that cloaked itself with the mere semblance of vigorous and triumphant Christianity.

Thus the Christian society was confronted with a number of rivals who sought to use its own language, its own weapons; who deceived the unwary and sowed tares in the choicest planting. It was an awful hour for Christianity, since the doctrine of Jesus had only its innate truth and natural charm as guarantors, and the fullest liberty was enjoyed by every species of makeshift Christianity. That it did not disappear or become unrecognizable in the deluge of heresies is a strong and persuasive proof that it had in it a divine element, a power of survival in self-identity that no imitation could claim. One power rose equal to the needs of defence in this trying time—it was the Christian Episcopate. By mu-

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tual correspondence, by frequent assemblies, its members made themselves acquainted with the dangers of a thousand wild opinions that floated in upon the Christian world from the surrounding society. By the writing of books and the preaching of sermons, by constant travel over the Roman world, and by public disputations with the chiefs of opposing heresies, they seized on the animus and the outlines of an intellectual movement that in no two places was exactly alike. The Holy Spirit alone knows what the Christian unity of faith owes to the great bishops of the second century, who took their lives in their hands and went out upon every high-way and by-way to counteract the enormous activity of the Ebionite, the Marcionite, the Montanist, and the Gnostic.

Preëminent among them, stands out the figure of the Bishop of Rome, Clement, who settled with sweet but sufficient authority the discords of the Church of Corinth though St. John was yet alive and accessible; Alexander, whom Ignatius of Antioch calls the president of the society of lovers, *i.e.*, the Christians; Soter, who showers his gifts on every church of the Christian world; Anicetus, who governed when Irenaeus of Lyons called the Roman Church the oldest, the most glorious, the best known of the Apostolic Churches, and with whose teachings those of every other Church must square if it would pretend rightly to the name of Christian—the same Anicetus to whom the aged Polycarp, an apostolic man, came on a visit from far-away

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Smyrna, to settle an incipient dispute as to the celebration of Easter; Victor, who claimed the power to exclude a multitude of churches from the common unity; Zephyrin, who cut off from the Universal Church, after long patience, the Montanists. We look back into the dimness of over seventeen hundred years, and we see nearly all the earliest arch-heretics established at Rome, some of them, like Marcion, intriguing for the seat of power; others, like Simon Magus, Cerinthus, Cerdon, and Valentine, satisfied that the centre of Christian unity was the best place to prosecute the corruption of the same. Peter and Paul are scarcely one hundred years dead when we see at Rome the most prominent Christian travellers and apologists, like Hegesippus, Irenæus, Justin, Tertullian; the most famous bishops, like Polycarp and Irenæus; the best known Christian teachers; the oldest ecclesiastical trials, like that of Praxeas. We see the greatest of the Christian scholars, Origen, submit his teachings to the bishop of Rome, and the patriarchs of the great sees, like Alexandria and Antioch, almost contemporarily submitting to the same authority. The messengers of the bishop of Rome were then on every road and every sea, with letters and subsidies for every suffering community, and it is a remarkable thing that within the same period, the development of the hierarchy, the care of the text of the New Testament, the formation of the canon, the formation of the oldest Christian symbols of faith or creeds, the earliest origins of Christian art, the best Christian literature

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and schools, the impulses to far missions, the final shape of the Christian liturgy, the earliest Church law, the external apparatus of Church jurisdiction, are all to be found in the Christian Church at Rome. They argue incredible universal activity on the part of that Church long before the advent of Constantine. Indeed, take out of the history of the Church before Constantine what we know of the Church of Rome in that period, and the unity of it is gone, leaving only a disconnected mass of names, facts and places.¹

The golden age of Greek philosophy had long gone by when Christianity appeared, and even the Roman adaptation of Stoicism and Epicureanism had failed to hold the mobile mind of contemporary society. Nevertheless, philosophy as a profession continued to flourish, especially under the Antonines of the second century. The philosophers were the public teachers of the time, but they had little or nothing to offer to a world weary

¹ Allnatt, *Cathedra Petri*, for the text of the most ancient witnesses to the primacy of the Apostolic See ; also Lindsay, *The Evidence of the Papacy* (London, 1870). Among the best works on the Roman Church in the first three centuries is Hagemann, *Die römische Kirche* (Freiburg, 1872). Cf. Schrödl, *Papstgeschichte in der Urzeit des Christenthums* (Mainz, 1888). The studious reader will find a critical discussion of the oldest evidences for the papacy by Dr. von Funk in the *Historisch-politische Blaetter* (1882), p. 729, and by Mgr. Duchesne, The Roman Church before Constantine in *The Catholic University Bulletin*, October 1904, p. 429. Cf. Cardinal Segna, *De successione priorum Romanorum pontificum* (Rome, 1897), and Carlo Macchi, S. J., *La Critica Storica e l'Origine della Chiesa Romana* (Prato, 1903).

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of itself, which had lost all but a vague peace and some material welfare, and in which decay was already showing itself. The age wavered back and forth between gross material cynicism and the pseudo-mysticism of the Neoplatonists. Whatever pure and noble elements may have once existed among the philosophers had nearly disappeared. Nearly all the testimonies of the second and third centuries show us that avarice, envy, servility, and insolence were rife among the men who were the official educators of the youth of the Empire, for the priesthood of pagan Rome had little to do with direction, counsel, advice, being bodies of liturgical ministers. Yet the age was deeply religious in aspirations and a thirst for faith and the deep restfulness of authority. In the measure that it turned to Christ and abandoned the leaky cisterns of mere human wisdom, the venders of the latter grew embittered against the Christian bishops and priests who drew away from them the choicest spirits, reduced their sophisms to impotence, and by their lives gave visible examples of perfect men. Long since, the Emperor of the philosophers, Marcus Aurelius, had given up in despair the attempt to cure the ills of humanity. "Life is a swift current," he cries out, "along which the universal cause sweeps all things. They are puling infants who hope to regulate the affairs of men with the maxims of philosophy. Cease to look for a Republic of Plato and be satisfied with some little betterments. For who can change the hearts of men? And until that is done, of what use all pre-

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tence and vain promise? ” Some of the early Christian writers have told us the story of their wanderings in the philosophy of the time, and a sad one it is of sounding pretence and hollow deceitfulness. Nevertheless, the philosophers had the ear of the court and the control of the multitude. Times without number they let loose that raging beast, the mob of antiquity, on innocent men and women, exterminating whole communities at one outbreak. From them come most of the horrid unspeakable calumnies, and one can see how little conscience they had by the slanderous description of the Jews which even the great historian Tacitus could stoop to write. Too often they were the lawyers of the Empire, and they left the impress of their hate and ignorance on the laws of the state. The acts of the martyrs and the general Christian traditions long preserved the memory of their cruelty and their malice.

Last of all, the primitive Christians paid the supreme price for their faith—the price of life. Jesus had clearly foretold them that the tribunals of the Empire would call on them for this irrefragable testimony. Not only did He forewarn them, but He gave them deep and moving reasons that might enable them to bear the awful strain of sacrifice that was to last for three centuries.

“Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”—(John xv, 13.) “Therefore doth the Father love me: because I lay down my life, that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from me: but I lay it down of myself, and I have power to lay it down; and I have power to take it up

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again. This commandment have I received of my Father.”—(John x, 17, 18.) “They will put you out of the synagogues; yea, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God.”—(John xvi, 2.) “Amen, Amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die; itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world keepeth it unto life eternal.”—(John xii, 24, 25.)

Never was the mysterious law of sacrifice that underlies all life and growth and progress more clearly and movingly formulated. In every martyrdom the person of Jesus and His consoling words were ever present to the sublime sufferers. Often they saw Him in ecstasy, as in the great vision of Stephen, or the ravishing dream of Perpetua—Jesus, the ever young and glorious, the grave sweet shepherd of their souls, the healer of ten thousand ills, the leveller of all cruel inequalities, the giver of blessed immortality. And so there descended into the fortress of each martyr’s heart like a sun of warmth and ardor and light that flooded every fibre with supernatural strength, or made it insensible to the petty human tortures of the executioner. What need to count the persecutions or keep tally of their number? The whole society lay like a wrecked ship broadside to the fury of all the waves of hate and calumny and selfish interests that broke unceasingly over it in this greatest of human storms. Or rather it was like a rugged rock in some heavy and angry sea that seems inevitably des-

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tined to be frittered away beneath the long impact of the pitiless invincible forces of nature. So it seemed that the few thousand little communities that were withstanding the will of imperial Rome must eventually be cast, a pitiable wrack, beside the triumphant pathway of the majestic heir of Egypt and Babylon, Assyria, Parthia and Greece. The whole enginery of the state was directed against their very existence, and it scarcely needed the increasing virulence of the imperial edicts and constitutions to urge on the ferocious anger of the municipalities, the philosophers, the mobs, the trades and guilds, the temple-servants and the like.¹

As though to put the apex on this unparalleled spectacle a vicious literary persecution was inaugurated. Rhetoricians like Lucian of Samosata and Dio Chrysostom declaimed against the Christians. Philosophers like Celsus and Porphyry wrote slanderous books against them. Novelists like Apuleius and the author of the *Life of Apollonius of Tyana* made Christianity the butt of their satire. Emperors like Marcus Aurelius gave the tone to the literary world by their contemptuous remarks, and others like Maximinus Daja poisoned the school-books of the children. The mystery of the Passion was publicly parodied on the walls of Cæsar's palace, the literary value and the authenticity of the Christian scriptures derided, the loyalty of the Christians

¹ The history of the persecutions may now be read in the admirable (six) volumes that M. Allard has devoted to this important theme, *Histoire des Persécutions* (Paris, V. Lecoffre, 1892-1898).

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called in question by state officials in pompous books, while great physicians like Galen, and gentlemen of varied culture like Cornelius Fronto, made sport of Christian fortitude and equanimity. In a word the ancient Gentile society grasped at every weapon to save itself from a formidable adversary, which it first ignored, then despised, then hated, and finally grappled with in the longest and most passionate conflict that this old earth has yet beheld. Nevertheless, it was after all only a struggle of hate against love, the struggle of an infinitely pitiful physician with a patient in whose blood a deadly rabies is raging, the struggle of the high sun against the darkness. It took long ages for the society of the Græco-Roman world to sink into such an abyss of moral degradation and mental obliquity; in the nature of things it must take long ages to persuade the same of its deplorable state, and to obtain its necessary consent to healing and renovation. Out of these various forms of persecution came countless benefits to the Christian society—a more vivid consciousness of the necessity of unity, a more personal conviction of the horrors of heathenism, the perfection of its organization if only for self-defence, for the needs of the widows and orphans and exiles. The tares were rooted out by the rough hand of the reaper, and the Christians learned to wait in patience and in intelligent hope for the long-delayed coming of their Redeemer. A universal suffering begat a universal sympathy, and a common experience led to the wider practice of fraternal charity. So

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many persecutions drove the Christians hither and thither through the world and gave a certain evenness and similarity to the development of that most unique phase of all ancient society—the admirable, manifold, and logical expansion of the inner life of Christianity.

The world of Greece and Rome was in many things diametrically opposed to the letter, or at least to the principles and spirit, of Christianity. It did not recognize, except very late, and then in a mere theoretic and confused way, the common origin and end of man. It did not admit a divine creation of the world and man, a responsible soul, a personal immortality. It maintained the supreme and irresponsible majesty of the social authority, *i.e.*, the state, and treated as the most dangerous rebels all who called in question its will as the infallible measure of right and wrong. It recognized no authority beyond this world to which the citizen could be so bound as to prefer its will and its purposes to those of the state. The common weal was the highest good, and the state laid claim to all the energies, nay! to the whole being of the citizen for its sustenance. Indeed, when the Roman state adopted the worship of the imperial genius, it found at last its logical religion,—the state deified in the vital flame supposed to inhabit and to direct the human being who was charged for the time with the destiny of human society. There must, therefore, be a death-conflict when the Roman authori-

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ties recognized that Christianity acknowledged another kingdom, that of the soul, the spirit, the conscience, and that it pretended therein to an absolute freedom from the state; that it prescinded from and transcended the earthly order, and that it did this by means of an organization of society on lines laid down by a higher king than Cæsar, without regard to the will or the interests or the peace or the comfort of Cæsar. In particular, "Christianity elevated woman to the equal companionship of man, gave to marriage a new solemnity by the communion in the same belief and the same hope, to virginity a new sanctity, to the entire social life of woman a new value and scope."¹ It broke the shackles from the soul of the slave and made him equal in spirit, origin, destiny with his master. He shared henceforth in all the spiritual privileges of the new kingdom that knew neither Greek nor barbarian, neither Jew nor Gentile, neither bond nor free, since all had been washed in Christ's saving blood and called to the same high destiny of the children of God. It sanctified poverty by the example of the God-Man, and by defining the true value of and uses of earthly possessions; they ceased therefore at once to be a prolific source of evil, when looked on as a divine trust, as a transitory stewardship for the highest ends, and not as a sufficient aim or goal of human desires. For long centuries abandoned and suffering poverty was a frightful scandal in the eyes of Christian society, which has been always divinely ingenious in the

¹ Cf. Friedlaender, *Sittengeschichte Roms*, iii, 350.

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study of means for its suppression or mitigation. It looked upon the child-life as sacred from its inception, and vindicated the right of every soul to a share in the blessings of redemption. All this was either opposed to the existing institutions and manners or destined some day to conflict with them. On the other hand, the religions of the Roman world were only so many forms of idolatry. They all agreed in recognizing a plurality of gods, hence they could be mutually tolerant of one another, especially in view of the popular fiction that the different names of the gods were only of national origin, and that there was really but one Olympus. The Christian monotheism looked on all this as the saddest and most degrading abomination, the very negation of religion, and held it a most sacred personal duty to risk all things in order to disabuse mankind of this perverse error.

The Roman state was tolerant only in appearance, in spite of the specious assertions of some of its apologists. It demanded the recognition of its own gods and forbade the better citizens, the magistrates and nobles, to take part in foreign worship. It had ancient laws against the introduction of private foreign gods. It pursued all religions which, like Druidism, were the refuge of rebellious nationality; it tolerated Judaism indeed, but that was because of the fierce struggle it made under the Maccabees and of the invincible resistance it then showed, as also because the Jews were dispersed over the Roman world, and were too numerous,

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compact and influential a body to be pursued with impunity. In reality, the Temple was destroyed by Titus, not by accident, but by design, in order to cut down both Judaism and Christianity in their original home. In its popular forms the religion of the Roman state was a compound of superstitions. Oracles, dreams and visions, magic and necromancy, astrology and theurgy, were the usual manifestations of the religious spirit, and the credulous populace sought as a rule purely temporal benefits—fear or revenge or cupidity, or blind desire, being the impelling motives of their religious acts. Now the Roman state was itself a growth out of these social and religious conditions. In a thousand years, as St. Leo the Great expresses it, it had come to look upon itself as the most religious of human societies because it rejected no impiety or abomination. Government and administration were inseparably based upon the domestic and public life, and all were in the same degree connected with the public religion in its hundred forms. It was certain, therefore, that whatever teaching conflicted hopelessly with the polytheism of the state must not only undergo severe persecution, but that its only hope lay in a divine power of survival, the germs or efficient words of eternal life, the response of immortality. This is foreshadowed in the speech of Jesus, whenever He refers to the future labors of His Apostles.

It was some time before the Roman authorities were thoroughly cognizant of the profound opposition be-

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tween Judaism and Christianity. In the beginning it seemed like a series of domestic quarrels, but a lately recovered page of Tacitus shows us that the Emperor Titus was aware by the the year 70 A.D., not only of the common origin but also of the real difference between the two religions, and that he looked upon the Temple as the basis of both. His brother Domitian enforced the cruel temple-tax upon the Jews, and as the Christians refused to pay it, the membership and organization of the two societies were at once made evident to the imperial authority. Then too became clear the Christian concept of the "Kingdom of God," as a world of justice and purity of life growing within the hearts of men and to be gloriously revealed in some future time, when the designs of its Founder and King should have been accomplished. Thus the alignment of Christianity against Judaism was made perfect. The political misfortunes of the latter, the extinction of its theocracy among the hills of Judea, the razing to the ground of the Holy City by Hadrian and the elevation of the temples of gross immorality upon the slopes of Moriah, embittered still more the orthodox Jews. They saw in the Christians one of the chief obstacles to the rebuilding of the Temple, to the reunion of Israel. Then began that last hardening of the Jewish character, the growth of that mixed and troublous ideal in which the high ethical concepts of Judaism and its noble social views are blended with fantastic and hopeless visions of a temporal Messiah, when they are not submerged in

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a cosmopolitan and materialistic rationalism, the result of hope deferred and of faith most deeply scandalized.¹

The great eagles of Rome yet glared savagely upon the children of Israel, but they now inspired less hate than those communities of their own blood, who seemed to them like an immense apostacy, a mighty rift across the old-time unity that made it forever hopeless to try the conclusions of war with the Gentiles as they had done in the days of the Maccabees. Hence their alliance with the Roman state against their own brethren, and hence the very clear knowledge of the purposes and possibilities of Christianity that the civil authorities soon enjoyed, together with the most malicious interpretations of Christian practice and belief.

The action of the Roman authorities, indeed, depended very much on the temper or will of their imperial master. Hence it is that the conflict between Christianity and the Roman state was at times less sharp, while again it was pushed to the last verge, according as the emperor was more or less clearly impressed with the logical nexus between the gods of the state and the permanency of the state in its actual form. Thus we have the strange spectacle of persecutors like Marcus Aurelius and Decius, Romans of the better type, and of

¹ Doellinger, *Heathenism and Judaism* (Regensburg, 1857); Schuerer, *History of the Jewish People in the time of Christ* (Leipzig, 1890-1898); E. Beurlier, *Le Monde Juif au temps de Jésus Christ et les Apôtres*. 2 vols. (Paris, 1900); F. J. A. Hort, *Judaistic Christianity* (London, 1894).

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kindly treatment of the Christians by Commodus and Gallienus, very inferior guardians of the common weal. Independently, however, of any initiative, the arsenal of Roman legislation contained a number of legal weapons with which both individual Christians and the society were pursued by or before the public authorities. These were high treason, *i.e.*, the refusal to adore the genius of the emperor; magical practices, a vague and elastic charge that covered every religious act displeasing to the authorities; atheism, which meant the non-acceptance of the god of polytheism; sacrilege, or the contempt of the state gods. There were laws also that forbade the introduction of a new religion without the consent of the Senate of Rome, and tradition tells us that the latter solemnly refused to admit Christ among the gods, although the emperor Tiberius proposed to do so. The imperial legislation was especially severe on private associations, for it saw in them the hot-beds of rebellion, since they withdrew the citizen from that jealous espionage which the emperors felt necessary in so cosmopolitan a state as Rome. The specific laws against the Christians were numerous enough to be codified in time by the great lawyer Ulpian. Thus the social authority seemed to have protected itself not only by the exercise of force, but by the invocation of right and justice and ancient custom. Public opinion declared the Christians unsociable, haters of the earth and of mankind, gloomy and harsh in their daily dealings with other men. Everywhere it invited the state to expel this awful pest which

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was killing all joy in life, all easy unrestrained indulgence; which put a hard bridle upon every human heart and condemned the varied joyousness of the antique life—the open theatre and the thronged race-course, the exhilarating combat of men and beasts, and the freest flow of all the impulses of the natural heart, subject only to police regulations of a very primitive kind. The same public opinion accused the Christians of all the crowding ills of the time—famine, pest, defeat, the visible decay of the state. From city to city of the empire the flame of sedition swept, and whatever was the first cause, the last act was always a formal denunciation of the Christians as the general disturbers. From all quarters the imperial chancery was solicited to proceed against the Christians until it seemed as if these helpless communities, right or wrong, must go down before a combination of law, opinion, general hate, contempt and their own intrinsic weakness.¹

If the emperor could harbor any sympathy for the Christians, it was crushed by their inflexible obstinacy. This was the greatest social crime known to the antique state, for it assumed another order, a higher law, a possible independence of the individual, a liberty of conscience in a word, which was unknown before Christian-

¹The attitude of the Gentile world towards the Christians is best described in the famous work of Tertullian, the *Apologeticum*, which may be read in English in *The Ante-Nicene Fathers*. Among the numerous historical romances that deal with this period the most accurate and instructive are the *Fabiola* of Cardinal Wiseman, the *Callista* of Cardinal Newman, and the *Quo Vadis* of Henry Sienkewicz.

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ity, as the execution of Socrates in liberal and enlightened Athens clearly shows. This it was which non-plussed the Roman magistrate, when some slight female figure or tender child stood before him, and in clear shrill tones defied the law of Rome, nay! the source of law and order, the apex-bond of the world, the divine imperial genius or energy. To him it seemed like trifling with the absolute and the inevitable, like flying in the face of nature, like defying the course of the sun or the movement of the tides, so rooted was the idea of the omnipotence and finality of the state. Pliny the Younger, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus the philosopher, Galen the physician, could only chronicle this dreadful stubbornness: they could give no cause for so strange a mystery, so dead in the world of the ancients was the knowledge of the true relations of God and man, so absolutely essential were the elemental notions of one God, creation, human dependency, a future life of rewards or punishments, the divine origin of social authority.¹

Did the Christian society make no protest against the civil conditions that were being framed for it? It did, and this protest is the first public universal cry of the human conscience, asserting that the social authority can do wrong, that it is neither original nor final, that the soul depends directly upon its Creator, that life is a divine gift or a charge with attached responsibility.

¹ Talamo, *Le Origini del Cristianesimo ed il pensiero Stoico*, 3d ed. (Rome, 1902).

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This protest came from the Apologists, a unique body of Christian writers, chiefly of the second century, men converted to Christianity from pagan philosophy or the priesthoods, and thus armed with that double knowledge necessary to any victorious defender of an intellectual cause. St. Justin, Aristides, Quadratus, Athenagoras, Melito, Tertullian—these are the names of a few—others have perished. Some, like St. Justin and Tertullian, have seen their apologies reach us, and afford us an insight into the answers of the Christian authorities to the civil authorities of that day.

They deny that they are atheists and appeal to their visible piety, and to the sanctity of a multitude of Christians. They repel the accusation of treason, and point to the fact that no sedition comes from them, that they have never joined in any revolution. The misfortunes of the state come from natural causes; indeed, they may well come from the anger of one true God against the persecutors of His faithful adorers. Against tradition and custom they oppose the rights of conscience, older and higher than any custom, the original inborn law of religion. For that matter, the Christian morality and ethical teachings are themselves very old, as old as Moses, and he is older than the poets of the Greeks. They obey the laws of Rome, so long as they do not clash with the Law of Christ. Did the laws of Rome fall from heaven? Cannot mortal man err in his regulations for the public welfare? The Christians meet frequently, it is true, but simply to adore God. to partake

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of an innocent banquet in memory of their Founder, to succor their widows and orphans and to renew their pledges not to lead immoral or sinful lives. The female deaconesses in Pliny, the apology of St. Justin and that of Tertullian, explain all the details of the Christian meeting, and would have satisfied the jealousy of the public authority, if it were not implacable. The apologists protest that the Christians respect the emperor and pray for him,¹ that the truly divine spirit may guide him—but they must die before they can recognize him as God or a portion of the divinity, or admit that there is but one life, one order, one law—that of this visible world.

“Yea, Lord,” says St. Clement of Rome, about the year 96, “make Thy face to shine upon us in peace for our good . . . while we render obedience to Thy almighty and most excellent Name, and to our rulers and governors upon earth.”

They know that Jesus reigns and will come again, and firm in that faith they go to the block or the stake or the amphitheatre, glad to seal with their individual blood the covenant that Jesus made for them with the Eternal Father and Giver of all good things.

While these writings fixed the public attitude of Christians toward the government, they provided the Christian world with a clear line of conduct and good rea-

¹ The prayers for the civil authorities found in all the most ancient liturgies are surely an original element of Christian public worship; cf. Tertullian's *Apologeticum*, cc. 30-32.

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sons for it. They began the formation of another and a juster public opinion. They solicited the adhesion of philosophers and thinkers of Greek or Roman origin; for the apologists recognize many germs of the good and the true in the life about them. As a rule, they hurled around no sweeping untenable condemnation of the society in which they lived, for, bad as it was, the light of reason yet shone in more than one place. They put forth the idea of a current revelation of God to mankind, the necessary effusion of the goodness of the Creator for His creatures. Their sympathy goes out to Socrates in his prison-cell¹ and to the political martyrs of the Republic. They see in the ceremonies and morality of Greek religion some analogies with Christianity, and they rejoice when they can show to the heathen that nature itself suggests the common origin of all religion, which had become overshadowed in some places, but shone forever fair and seemly in Judea, whence in Christ it passed to the world at large. The apologists make the necessary sutures of Christian theology with Greek philosophy, notably with Platonism. Through them the new religion entered the domain of letters, and while their writings aid us to know better the social setting of the jewel of Christianity, they serve to mark another period of transition and elevation of the doctrine of Jesus—a penetration into the calm regions of observation and reflection, into the domain of philosophy and

¹ Harnack, *Socrates und die alte Kirche*, in his (German) *Essays and Discourses* (Giessen, 1904), I, pp. 27-48.

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law, where the fountains of Christian truth and sanctity must eventually shed about them the influences that will one day transform the Roman society, and make it, like St. Paul, a vessel of election to all future polities.¹

Nearly two thousand years have gone since the foundation by Jesus Christ of the spiritual Kingdom foretold by the prophets of Israel. The handful of timid apostles and sorrowing disciples who cowered in Jerusalem after the Crucifixion has multiplied beyond all imagination; the little band has become a mighty society, so old and venerable that she antedates all polities and institutions of the civilized world. The empire into which she was born has vanished; the culture and the languages of her infancy are but objects of learned study, saved by her out of the wide wreck of the past; nations and races have been nursed by her from barbarism to the acme of civil refinement; arts and philosophies and governments have arisen, decayed, and out of their ancient elements new forms of the same arise and flourish, with the same promise of decay, like a sister-germ set at their very inception. She is the custodian to-day of a wider and more profound human experience than the great polities of the old order had ever inherited. She has known the cruel extremes of passionate love and

¹ All the writings of the Christian Apologists may be read in the *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, preferably in the Edinburgh edition of that work, which does not contain the polemical anti-Roman notes of the American editor.

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equally passionate hate. She has seen the loved children of her youth expel her with ignominy from the hearts that she had softened and purified, and from the sanctuaries in which she had sheltered every virtue and every grace that could ornament mankind. She has been powerful in the frozen North, and she has sought disciples in the remotest East. When her ancient dominion seemed tottering to its fall there were thrown open to her the boundless spaces of the West that had defied the curiosity of man within historic times, as though God had reserved against the most effective of spiritual revolts the widest liberty of action for all her spiritual forces. In a word, there is no phenomenon of history so worthy of study and reflection as the unparalleled course of Catholic Christianity, defying, as it does, all the ordinary laws and measures of human societies, and imperiously demanding a separate treatment.

In spite of all this, however, the Christian heart often suffers the pressure of keen temptations. The present and the local circumstances of Christianity are often so unfavorable, so devoid of hopeful promise, that the question not unnaturally suggests itself to the thoughtful faithful: Is the Law of Jesus Christ gaining ground, or losing? Has it approved itself to the reason of man after this long trial of its value and its usefulness? Shall our eyes behold again an era of mighty creative faith, intelligent and affectionate, one of those epochs of splendid steady enthusiasms in which great masses of men devote themselves to the realiza-

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tion of the loftiest ideals in art, philosophy, statesmanship, or religion? In a general way, the Christian may say to himself that Jesus did not promise His followers the temporal comfort of an unbroken public unanimity of Christian faith; that rather did He foreshadow, both at the beginning and the end of their earthly mission, fierce opposition or general apostasy, while the middle times were to be times of conflict and of suffering from within and from without. Nor is the Christian law a human philosophy, that the mind of man may attempt to reject or to accept it with impunity. It claims to be a divine revelation, with credentials from God, that entitle it to immediate acceptance, at the peril of exclusion from the Kingdom of God, which is life eternal. Its truth is therefore independent of the acceptance of mankind, and remains in the eyes of the Christian as absolute when it is proffered by a few beggars as when it dominates the life, the ideals, the institutions of great states or entire epochs. To the consistent Christian the temporal supremacy of the Christian spirit is indeed a desirable thing, for it means an interpenetration of every phase of life with divine vigor, a charging of human existence with idealism, an uplifting of the whole scheme of being into a freer, purer, sweeter atmosphere. But he is aware that there exists what is known as the "world," a depraved spirit in man, largely made up of diabolical pride. This "world," this *sæculum*, exists to the consummation of time, for the proof of faith. It is the chief temptation of the

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Christian in its endless shapes. It is the chief agent of Satan, whom Jesus called the prince of this world, or the chief abetter of this proud and rebellious spirit in man. It is the chief enemy of the spirit of Christ, and He gave no stronger encouragement to His society than the assurance that He had conquered it. So long, therefore, as this agency exists, there must be from time to time a recrudescence of its evil influence, and a corresponding decline in the spiritual temper of Christian society.

There are, indeed, reasons for discouragement—the real diminution of the stock and of the spirit of faith; the universal weakening of the high ideal Christian view of life and conduct—individual, domestic and social; the growing emphasis on the natural and the material, with its inevitable result—the contempt of life as an insufficient thing, a burden, a coil to be shuffled off, an odious room from which we escape, with Seneca, by the open door of suicide; the sad weariness and emptiness of an existence that is becoming painfully complicated for many, while devoid of meaning for others; a sickly pseudo-mysticism spreading like a cancer through our society, and arresting in certain quarters a healthy spiritual growth; a sensualism that varies only in degree from rude unblushing materialism to the refined skepticism of the agnostic.

Still, when the Christian looks more closely at our society, apparently corrupt and decadent, he finds in the

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history of that same society more than one reason for hopefulness. There is a profound historical truth in the saying of the French philosopher that the Christian religion which offers man his final reward in another world is also destined to be his best solace on earth. The natural aspirations of man have always found in Christianity the most sympathetic atmosphere, and all the finer tastes and nobler inclinations the widest field of action. The Christian religion has delivered mankind forever from the vain terrors of superstition, and the fatal amalgamation of civil and religious authority which characterized the pre-Christian ages. While never failing to recall to men that they are but pilgrims to a glorious supernal city, also their common divine origin, redemption and destiny, it has emphasized their natural equality before God and gradually abolished unjust prejudices of sex, race, color and condition. It has elevated and ennobled labor, once a degraded estate, but to-day the holiest of human occupations, and the keystone of society. Our cities and fields are no longer crowded with trembling and vicious slaves; woman is no longer the toy or the drudge of man; it is no longer accepted that the multitude must toil that a few may live openly and boldly in contemptuous enjoyment of their hard-won earnings. The Christian religion in the course of its beneficent supremacy has readjusted a great many disturbed relations of mankind, and introduced among men an immortal spirit of universal charity which manifests itself forever in justice, gentle-

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ness, patience, toleration, and an ever-increasing horror of the grim and threatening armaments that disturb the progress of humanity and retard the reign of the King of Peace.

ST. PATRICK: AN APOSTLE OF FAITH

THE holy man whose anniversary we celebrate this day belongs to that small band of heroes who have risen above all humanity by the exercise of Christian faith. There is, of course, a potent faith in some men that lifts them immeasurably above their kind in the arts of peace or the cruelties of war. Such men have been, for the good of mankind George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, for the evil of mankind Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte. But that kind of faith was only a splendid trust in one's own self, a sentiment of destiny that filled the breasts of such men. It was a natural faith. The faith of the men among whom St. Patrick belongs was a supernatural faith, based on the known will of God, strengthened by the approval of His Holy Church, and transfigured by the illuminations and consolations of the Holy Spirit. Its chief representatives are the great saints of Catholicism, men who stand apart among the famous ones of earth for victories of the mind and the heart, not for those of the tongue and the sword, for conquests of divine grace and peace and pity, not for mere earthly gain or glory

Delivered at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., March 17, 1903.

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that are too often secured at the expense of justice and humanity. It is true that there is scarcely any interest of mankind that the saints of God have not served, any rank or estate of men they have not ennobled—yet all such considerations are secondary. We see in them rightly from century to century the victory of divine faith triumphant over the order of nature and the love of self and the neglect of the Creator. They are, as it were, God's victorious captains returning to Him from time to time, bringing each a long line of willing captives, sometimes whole races and nations, even entire epochs of history.

When we look into the life of St. Patrick we see that the first of his enemies, and the most dangerous, was himself. It is the glory of the Christian religion that it reveals to man the true secret of his unhappiness, the disorders that lie within himself, the strong fires of desire and pride that consume his being and leave him habitually a wasted wreck. This unhappy youth, enslaved by Irish pirates, came to the knowledge of this great saving truth while tending the swine of his master amid the glens or on the hill-sides of Antrim. He had been born a Christian, of good and respectable parents, but he tells us himself that he had not really known what to seek, or what to aim at, or what to avoid. Doubtless, he was like most youth of fifteen or sixteen, somewhat thoughtless and wayward. But the tribulation of his captivity did for him what tribulation often does for

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the soul of good-will—it awoke him from his spiritual lethargy. In those six long years he went down daily deeper into his own heart. He recognized the abyss of his own unworthiness. He learned to lean upon the Almighty, first in stuttering accents of prayer, and then with all the eloquence and confidence of St. Paul. He seems to have been much alone in these years, and so the ideas of God, Heaven, Jesus Christ, Redemption, were borne in upon him with persistency and intensity.

In its own way the voice of Nature is indeed the voice of God. What man has travelled the limitless ocean and not felt himself nearer to his Maker and more peculiarly in His keeping, or who has ever stood upon any of the sublime heights of the world and gazed upon the magnificent panorama beneath him without a quickening of admiration for the power and the wisdom of Him Who made these beautiful things?

The heart of the youth Patrick was a tender and poetic heart—all the conflicts and difficulties, the deceptions and treacheries, of life were before him. In these lonely years he was dealing only with the Fountain of Truth, the Sun of Justice. And so there grew up in his heart a faith in the God of the Old and the New Testament, such a faith as has rarely been equalled, never surpassed. An unbroken conversation with God, for his continual prayer was nothing else, filled his young and ardent soul with love—he did not perhaps yet see the glory of the Lord or hear those angel voices that later on became his daily reward, but he felt at all

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times the ravishing and sustaining sweetness of the presence of God. Those glorious attributes of the divinity that we read and talk about, Patrick came to feel and to see as we feel and see the good qualities of our relatives and friends. The power of God, His goodness, justice, holiness, His truth and beauty, His pity and magnanimity—and then again the littleness of the earth and the meanness of humanity—were all burned deeply into the very spirit of this youth. God was working upon this rare soul so thoroughly and with such divine efficiency that it would henceforth be able to execute alone one of the greatest spiritual tasks known to history—the conversion to Jesus Christ of a whole race, with all that such a step implied.

St. Patrick has left us but a few very brief written pages of Latin—his Confession, a letter to a British chieftain who had slain some of his converts and pillaged their villages, also an Irish hymn to Jesus Christ, and a few sayings and proverbs. But in every line of these writings there breathes a high and passionate love for Jesus that is unsurpassed even in Christian antiquity. His accents are simple, clear, and fresh, almost Homeric in their unadorned directness. Yet brief as are these writings, he has managed to put into them the very marrow of the New Testament. Almost every word is a citation of the Gospels, or the Epistles of St. Paul. They were written in his old age, and he complains that he had forgotten the little Latin he ever knew. He

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humbly excuses himself for presuming to put anything down in that language; his long years of preaching in Irish had made him unfit to write in Latin. Nevertheless, his teaching about Christ is as correct and as profound as that of St. Augustine, his contemporary, after St. Paul the greatest doctor of the Christian religion.

St. Patrick, however, was less a speaker of words than a doer of deeds. He was a strenuous man, as was written of his follower, St. Columbanus. His burning love for his Saviour Jesus Christ must therefore be translated into actions. In the meantime he had come to love the people among whom he had become the lowest of slaves. Long afterward he could not speak without tears of the daughters and the sons of the noble Irish, and we may well believe that more than one of them had befriended the poor swineherd in his period of humiliation, perhaps abetted his escape and return to his native land. Here day and night the thought of this lovely pagan race pursued him, angels talked with him of them, messengers seemed to come with numberless invitations to return, the very people itself seemed to stand on the sea-shore and cry out: "O holy youth! Come back to us." And so he returned. His parents and relatives opposed it. The clerics of his neighborhood laughed at him for a man full of ignorance and presumption. But Patrick was now learned in the science of Christian faith. He was a man of prayer and penitential life. He was strong, not in himself, but in the

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Blessed Trinity. He was, moreover, an humble man, and confided in the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit to guide, instruct, and strengthen him.

If ever there were a spiritual leader among men, St. Patrick was one. What man has ever been engaged in a great enterprise and not sighed for a proper soul to put at its head after whom he might throw into the conflict all he had and all he was? How do men in some great struggle for what they deem worthy of preservation look about for one person, in whom honesty of intention, singleness of aim, openness of heart, and patent unselfishness shall dominate and direct wisdom, energy, and perseverance to the securing of this common end!

In the long and severe conflict with his own passions and shortcomings, St. Patrick forged as in a furnace the weapon of Christian faith with which he put to flight the forces of paganism. His personal faith is a very active faith—he travelled continually nearly the entire island, appealing now to individuals, now to public assemblies, performing marvellous deeds and leading a still more marvellous life of renunciation and devotion, disputing with druids and confounding magicians, instructing converts and pursuing their enemies, to-day announcing Christ before a king, and to-morrow holding a synod with his brethren, building churches and establishing monasteries for men and women, introducing with the alphabet of Rome also its scholarship, its arts and sciences, that were soon to have no other safe refuge than the monasteries he was founding. The Irish Church

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looked on him for a long time as its legislator, and while it lived by the rules he had drawn up it was the holiest body of men the world had yet seen. The faith of Patrick was like the warm sun in the heavens—its flame was contagious. Long after he was gone men held as sacred even the places that his blessed feet had touched. He drew about him the choicest souls in Ireland. His own faith was so unselfish that it lit the flame of unselfishness in thousands of noble hearts that had hitherto known no ideal sufficient for the greatness of their longings and the immensity of their love. But now one had come who had opened the gate of eternity, and had shown them another world where the imperfections of this world were no more, where the dreams and visions of beauty that haunted their souls would be turned into realities incredibly more beautiful, where an immemorial thirst of knowledge would be slaked in the fountain of life, and where the magnificent ardor of the native soul would find the only object capable of assuaging its consuming heat. His faith and the faith of his converts was a courageous faith, anchored on a deep conviction of God's will and of God's love. We shall never know what the first missionaries of Ireland went through, but though they did not die the deaths of martyrs, it is certain that they lived the lives of martyrs—so hard was it to overcome the pride and passions of the chief men of the state. Withal, Patrick was a man of much serenity and constancy. Grown old and feeble, he can still speak with the same sweet unction from the depths

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of an untroubled heart. When some detractors still recalled the ignorance and the childish errors of his youth, he could take his pen in extreme old age and write his admirable Confession that is at once evidence of the constancy of his Christian faith and of the serenity of his conscience.

After all, the great deeds of history are not done by men of doubt and timidity. Had the interests of the Christian religion been at any time confided to apostles of agnosticism, how many would they have drawn from the degrading superstitions of the pagan life and society? With what positive courage and conviction would they have assailed the strongholds of druidism and popular attachment to the idols and follies of the past? Similarly, had a gospel of materialism and naturalism been preached to the men and women of Ireland, as the final outcome of Christian thought, would they have embraced the Cross of Jesus Christ with their unexampled ardor, and shortly afterward gone out on all the roads of the known world to offer to others the great pearl of Christian faith?

St. Patrick reconstructed the Irish family on the basis of Christian faith. He taught them a new principle unknown before him—*viz.*, that the father of the little family on earth represented the Divine Father in heaven, was His image and echo and shared His authority. It was no longer fear that was the foundation of family life, but holy reverence for the Creator and

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Father of all. Henceforth the will of God as made known in the Scriptures and through the Church was the basis of every-day life, and the old fierce independence of the individual man was brought under control. The clansman was now to be content with one wife, and that marriage was to be indissoluble. That wife and family he must respect, support, and cherish, after the fashion of his race and fatherland, for they were not an industrial or commercial people, but a pastoral people, living by their cattle, sheep, and horses that they drove from valley to hill-side and from hill-side to valley. In turn the wife learned that she was the equal of the man, that all the laws of the Church applied to both without distinction, that her responsibility was not of another kind, nor less than that of the man. Women were not to go to war, as a tribute to their gentleness and modesty. Immoral ancient customs were abolished. Above all, from every household, especially the nobles, a multitude of virgins entered his monasteries and became at once the models and the teachers of the rarest and the sweetest virtue. The fiercest warriors in Europe were astonished to see their daughters take on with joy what seemed the intolerable yoke of the service of Christ in chastity, poverty, and obedience. After St. Patrick, it was the nunneries of Ireland that won the people to the Christian faith—they were at once centres of instruction for women and children, the spiritual hearths that kept alive faith and devotion, the holy altars on which went up forever the sacrifice of pure hearts and

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a love for Jesus Christ that knew no limits. Above all, it was through these nunneries of Ireland that Our Blessed Mother entered so intimately into the Irish family. These beloved daughters of the race were her particular portion, and in her service and praise they found the chief delight of their simple harmonious lives.

St. Patrick taught his people that the child was an equal member of the family, that it had a right to life and happiness, and the free exercise of all native gifts. He taught them particularly that it was their duty to give some of their children to the service of Jesus Christ Who had redeemed them from sin and from the bondage of paganism. He created thus a native Irish priesthood before he died, and left to them the control of their own Church. St. Patrick was particularly fond of little children; we are told that he sent many Irish youths across the sea to study in the good schools of Gaul. One little boy, Benén, or Benignus, always slept at his feet, and rode with him in his chariot, and when the old apostle died succeeded him as archbishop of Armagh. In the monasteries of men and women he opened so many schools for the education of boys and girls.

All these ideas and practices were new in Ireland, or but imperfectly understood. When he departed the entire Irish society was firmly based upon the Christianized family. From what other quarter came the legions of holy men and women in the next hundred years who caused every desert spot in Ireland to bloom with their

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little homes of piety, prayer, and penance? From what other source came the holy missionaries like St. Columba, who built the monastery of Iona and converted the Scottish Picts? Or St. Aidan, the gentle monk of Lindisfarne in England, who restored the quasi-extinct Christianity of that land? Or St. Columbanus, who evangelized Burgundy, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, and a countless host of other Irish saints, who did missionary work among the pagans of Europe when no other Christian people would hear of the odious task?

It was, of course, impossible to transform the Irish family from its pagan condition to the dignity of a Christian family without affecting the Irish state. As the family is necessarily what the individuals are which make it up, so is the state, morally and socially, the outcome of the family life, strong with all its strength and weak with all its weaknesses. The three centuries which followed the death of St. Patrick were the age of gold of the Irish state—peace and plenty within, honor and respect without. The institutions of the Christian religion flourished. The native laws and customs were approved by St. Patrick and a commission of the kingdom, after rejecting what was against the law of nature or the divine law. The life of the people was regulated anew by the feasts of the Church, beginning with Easter. Every Sunday they gathered in their little churches to hear the Word of God and to partake of the divine banquet of the Body and Blood of Jesus

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Christ. They learned to love and admire the mystical body of Christ, the Holy Catholic Church, and to prize their membership in that body above all the things of earth. They drew their models of life from the lives of her servants, and their hopes and ideals from the doctrines they preached. The kings and the chiefs learned how to deliberate with prudence and justice from the synods of the bishops. And through their clergy they came for the first time into ordinary relations of friendship and harmony with outside nations. Hitherto they had either been fiercely jealous of any approach to their coasts, or had visited other nations only with fire and sword; they had been indeed the terror of the northern seas. But now it was different. Within the island flourished, as nowhere else in history, the peculiar Christian life of monasticism. In every little district of Ireland there was a hive of religious activity, well organized and energetic. Every such monastery would count from fifty to a thousand or more members. Some tilled the soil, reclaimed the forest and the bog; others were carpenters, masons, and millers; others taught the children of the monastery or the neighborhood; others wrote books and illuminated them or did delicate work of carving, painting, engraving. In a word, every such settlement was a nucleus of the highest civilization. And Ireland was covered with them. They were also centres of a very intense religious Catholicism, ensouled with a noble and ardent idealism, the desire to become perfect Christians like the Apostles or like the Fathers of the

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Desert. All their former passion of warfare and adventure is strongly chastened in these homes of piety, prayer, and penance. They still cultivate the native language, and still listen to the high deeds of Cuchullinn and Conchobar and Finn, but over and above those splendid figures of Irish manhood there rises now the figure of the Crucified One. His pale and suffering form looks down upon these men from the height of Calvary, and straightway they are seized with love and admiration and the desire to imitate Him at whatever cost. In the retirement and calm of this widespread monasticism the latent spiritual and religious traits of the nation came to the front, and Ireland became the Island of Doctors and Saints. I know that her kings and nobles remained at home, with no ambition to colonize the world or to conquer it for purposes of commerce or domination. They might well have joined with the great hordes of barbarians who were then overrunning the civilization of the Roman Empire and carving for themselves new kingdoms in Italy, Gaul, and Spain. Instead of that they opened their ports and their courts to the refugees of these lands, they saved the language and the literature of Rome when they had yielded elsewhere to the ignorance and malevolence of her conquerors. They read her books, and sang the Church service in her tongue, and wrote in her language, and celebrated her men of renown. And when the storm of the invasions had a little subsided, thousands of these holy men went out from Ireland among the conquering barbarians, and

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began to rebuild the ruined homes of learning and piety. There is scarcely a nation of Europe to-day that does not find Irish missionaries among the first to bring to it the light of the Gospel. And it was no easy task—roads there were not, or in wretched state; the populations were grossly ignorant and often savagely suspicious; the morality of the best was often sheer paganism—in a word, the task of the Irish missionaries was in its way as hard as that of the Apostles themselves. But they persevered, and to-day their names are held in honor at Luxeuil in France, at Bobbio in Italy, at Lindisfarne in England, at Reichenau in Germany, at St. Gall in Switzerland. These names do not recall to us anything like our great modern cities, but they were once genuine cities of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; they are yet the sites where the Christian civilization of modern Europe was begun. A Christian heart will always hold them in reverence as long as the ideals of the Gospel are held to be superior to the pursuit of the wealth and power and glory of this world.

As long, therefore, as the Irish state bore the immediate impress of the genius and labors of St. Patrick, it was a little island fortress of genuine religion, a little missionary state given over to the service of Catholicism, a network of schools and libraries wherein men studied the past for the benefit of the present, and drew from it the inspirations that made them everywhere travellers and soldiers for Jesus Christ. Indeed, when you read

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the continental writings of that time, you see at once that all Ireland is surrounded with a halo of veneration. It is a land, men say on the continent, without blight or shadow, bathed in a holy sunshine, a land of

Meadows large, besprent with flowers,
And scented shrubs in fadeless bowers,
And trees with blossoms fair to see,
And fruit also deliciously
Hung from the boughs,
Nor briar nor thorn
Thistle nor blighted tree forlorn
With blackened leaf was there.

And when these three centuries were drawing to a close, and the shadow of the Viking invasions was falling upon the land, an Irish poet named Donatus (Donogh), who was also bishop of Fiesole (near Florence) in Italy, wrote the following lines that re-echo the common sentiment of all European Christians of that time:

Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By Nature blessed, and Scotia is her name,
Enrolled in books. Exhaustless is her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow.
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn;

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No savage bear with lawless fury roves,
Nor fiercer lion through the peaceful groves.
No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps through the grass, nor frog annoys the lake;
An island worthy of its pious race,
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.

In the same ninth century the German abbot Ermannrich of Ellwangen wrote the following remarkable letter to Grimald, abbot of St. Gall in Switzerland (841-872), that voices the feelings of the German Church toward the people of Ireland in the Carlovingian epoch:

“How could we ever forget the isle of Erin, from whence the sun of faith, the radiance of so great a light has risen for us! Though born in a country toward the East, yet we receive the light of faith from the far West, from the utmost bounds of the earth, from whence also this light has shone upon other nations.

“Ireland is rich, adorned with the rarest gifts of nature, but she excels yet more by the most extraordinary gifts of grace. There, winter is so mild that the snow remains upon the ground scarcely for three days. What nature shows in figure is realized spiritually in the Irish Church; for to her apply the words of Holy Writ: ‘She shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow; for all her domestics are clad in double garments.’ Her teachers are clothed with the mantle of the Old and the New Testaments, equipped with pure faith and good works, filled with the love of God and of their neighbor; therefore she shall not fear that her household perish in the cold snow, which falls upon the earth through infidelity, heresy, and schism.

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“No snake nor other venomous creature can live on that island; in like manner, no one can be in communion with the Irish Church, who, infected with heresy, tries to poison others. And when such false prophets (teachers) come to Ireland from other countries to unite themselves to the Church of Ireland, they shall be immediately destroyed by the breath of the doctors of faith, that is to say, they will either be expelled or converted; for the Irish fathers of the Church are like the doctrine of the Apostles, to the one an odor of life, to the other an odor of death.

“In Ireland the bark of the trees and all the plants resist any kind of poison, just as the word of God, carried from there all over the world, removes the corruptions of Satan and pours into the wounds of men the balm of eternal salvation.

“Erin flows with milk and honey; and her Church abounds in the milk of heavenly doctrine and in the honey of wisdom, which she industriously prepares for high and low; and as her sunny hills are crowned with purple vines and clustering grapes, so does her church glitter in the blood of her martyrs. The countless birds, deer, and goats remind us of her innumerable saints, who have soared to God or who have so excelled in prudence or strength of soul as to have overcome the temptations of Satan and escaped his snares of sin. In fact the Church of Ireland is a faithful (true) picture of the Catholic Church, which, in the midst of the ocean of time, is assailed by the attacks of devils, exposed to the storms of godlessness and the persecutions of the wicked, but being built on the rock Jesus Christ she will endure forever. Her pilot is God, her rowers the Apostles of Christ, and their successors, the bishop and abbot. Such oarsmen were St. Co-

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lumbanus and St. Gall, who went out from that corner of the earth and came to us, as also did that holy martyr of Christ, St. Boniface (?), who came from the same place to bring to our beloved fatherland the light of faith. And all who faithfully follow these blessed Apostles will be safely led into the haven of eternal rest.”¹

We honor St. Patrick, therefore, as a true follower of Jesus Christ, second to none of those who have abandoned all things to walk in the footsteps of the Redeemer. In itself that would be enough to justify the enthusiasm of Christians—the thorough conquest of self will always remain in their eyes the noblest way to confess Jesus Christ. But the men and women of Irish descent can never fail to love St. Patrick for a more selfish reason; he was their benefactor. It is said that in his time they were worshippers of the sun, perhaps the most excusable kind of idolatry. More than once St. Patrick took occasion of their idolatry to remind them of the true sun, the Sun of Justice that enlightens the life to come, and not the transient days of earth. He himself was like the sun among the Irish men and women of his day, shedding genuine light on all the problems of their souls, and restoring the darkened

¹The very interesting letter from which this excerpt is taken was first published at Halle in 1873 (school-program), from a very defective manuscript; cf. Wattenbach, *Deutschland's Geschichtsquellen* (6th ed.), 1883, I., p. 283, and Stang, *Germany's Debt to Ireland*, New York, 1873.

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knowledge of God as their Creator and Provider and Saviour. Again, he was like the sun in the firmament that not only sheds light, but a warm light, filling all nature with vigor and elasticity. So St. Patrick broke the stony heart of pagan Ireland and as God's agent put in its place a warm Christian heart of flesh and filled it with heavenly ardor and emotion, made it right loyal and grateful to Jesus Christ, and incapable forever of returning to the husks and refuse of earthly advantages. The sun is not only the source of light and warmth, but the great life-giver to earth. And such was St. Patrick, in his own day and ever since, a living agency. Wherever since then Irishmen are gathered, the Catholic faith is a living faith, manifested at once by the works of religion that grow up among them as by magic, manifested also by the lovely spiritual lives that are daily offered to God as the rarest sacrifice of the human heart.

Among the children of Erin the Catholic faith either dies or lives; it seldom languishes. They are the uncompromising family of the Catholic Church, among the oldest of her children, and among those who have longest stood by her in good report and in evil report, in the midst of plenty and comfort, and again in the raging fires of persecution. It has been their glory at some epochs in the world's history, and again it has been their sore approach, whenever the old Catholic Mother was stripped of authority and esteem. But, thank God, we hold our way along the path of history, satisfied that

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there are no higher nor better nor surer promises than those of the Catholic Church, no more glorious titles to gratitude and love than those she has deposited in the archives of our hearts, no spiritual life superior to what she teaches and daily exemplifies, no mysteries of the mind or trials of the heart for which she has not wise answers and proper consolations, no worthy schemes and plans of humanity to which she can be foreign. We are one of the great historic races of the world, very old and homogeneous, endowed with insight, ardor, and intensity, in possession of certain rare and enviable gifts, with many a title to the gratitude of mankind in general, and to that of several races and several nations in particular. More than once God has smelted us with other races and nations. To-day he is again performing that divine alchemy on a scale so broad and so comprehensive that we may well believe that He has some immense and glorious design of His own that will be revealed in His own good time. As long, however, as we cherish the memory, and are not unworthy of the great Apostle of Ireland, as long as we can gather in such splendid and inspiring religious array as I now behold, as long as there remains the immemorial living bond of active helpful co-operation between the clergy and the people of this race, there can be no doubt that we are living in accordance with the Divine Will, nor that those who come after us shall see the reward, even on earth, of that strong personal faith in Jesus Christ and His Holy Church that we first learned from St. Patrick.

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Finally, it is not out of place that in this holy temple we should remember, at least on this day, to pray fervently to God for the best interests of Ireland. Most of her unspeakable sorrows have been the result of her devotion to the Catholic faith. Again and again the dawning of the day of restoration of her ancient freedom has been swallowed up in sudden night. The peoples of the world progress in political freedom and justice and social happiness. Only to her—a genuine benefactress of humanity—slowly and niggardly and with much jealousy is doled out a small portion of what is emphatically her right. At every step the old offer of apostasy is held before her—so shall she be again seated in the congress of nations. It is no longer fashionable or prudent to offer the alternative that our fathers got—exile, the prison, the gallows. Milder and more flowery temptations are put forth. Only abandon the future of your faith, only agree finally to turn over your children to our non-Catholic universities, only cease to train capable priests and enlightened laymen for the defence of the Catholic faith, or be contented with an inferior education for them—only do this and similar things, and there shall be no obstacle to your enjoyment of the full benefits of modern life! Ireland is pre-eminently the land of St. Patrick; it is in every moral sense his creation. And while we entertain any love or veneration for him, while we remember the block from whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit from whence we were digged, we can never disinterest our-

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selves from this cause of Ireland, never cease at least to pray that God may lift her up once more in honor, may reward her for centuries of glorious perseverance, and may make her again such a land of freedom and earthly happiness as she once was and yet deserves to be.

IRELAND AND ROME

THERE is no more thrilling and exalting phenomenon in the history of man than the loyalty of an ancient race to an ancient religion, a loyalty which has its parallel only in the fidelity of the Jews of old to their vocation as the chosen people. Ireland and Rome! What a picture they bring before the eye of the mind as it scans the long centuries of their union! Here a period of radiant peace and spiritual conquest, there one of violent agonies and cruel grinding beneath the mill-stones of persecution; here splendor and renown in the high places of the world, and there slow convulsive death, and helpless degradation, and despoilment; here a superb queenly figure, surrounded by a multitude eminent in church and state, in the arts of war and peace, and there a cowering and abject shape, desolate and deserted, with eyes upturned to a great cross, from which there falls upon its devoted head the solitary ray of light that relieves its unspeakable wretchedness. Ireland and Rome! To treat of them fitly means to traverse fourteen hundred years, and to lay bare the genesis and reasons of the most chivalrous devotion to a spiritual ideal which the world has ever beheld. It

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means to recite a long chapter in the progress of the human mind, the overthrow of barbarism, the salvage of literature and art, the conquest of the material, and the elevation of the spiritual element in man. It means the apotheosis of faith, the splendid spectacle of an unequalled and invincible ardor in scattering broadcast the light of the Christian revelation, and an equally invincible tenacity in sheltering its sacred sparks, when darkness again filled the earth, and the light of the world seemed about to go out in apostasy and schism. In the relations between that remote isle on the edge of the Western Ocean and the Imperial City by the Tiber, we have an epitome of the entire history of God's Church—the ardent enthusiasm of the first conversion, the irresistible proselytism of the new Christians, the hour of triumph after the era of persecution, the softening of manners and the growth of a higher culture, a time of laxity and internal dissension, the assaults of schism and heresy, the bitterness of religious oppression, and the hard penalties that devotion to Catholic unity can sometimes entail upon a people. Strange fate! Alone of all Western Europe, Ireland escaped the yoke of the Roman imperial unity. Alone her soil was uncontaminated by the tread of the Roman legions, and yet alone of all these nations she preserved the bond of Roman church-unity, and for that one treasure consented to disappear from her rank among the nations of earth, a rank which she had held with honor through more than three thousand years!

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Thus, if the relations of Ireland with pagan Rome were marked by defiance and independence, her relations with Christian Rome were of a far different character. True, there are men who maintain the contrary, and in the face of history dare to assert that the primitive Irish Christians did not recognize the authority of the Pope, and held the See of Rome in little respect. How false this is we shall presently see. Let me say at once that this preposterous language was never heard before the unfortunate schism of Henry VIII, and then only obtained a hearing on the plea that misery loves company. There was a refinement of cruelty in this new thesis, for while the unfortunate Irish were hunted like beasts in their own land, while the pen of the lawyer and the axe of the executioner robbed them of home and life, they were sardonically told by the scholars of the Reformation that they were suffering and dying for a phantasm, that their ancestors had no idea of the supremacy of Peter, and that Patrick and Bridget and Columba and the multitude of Irish saints in the first Christian age of Erin were as good reformers as Luther or Calvin, and owned no subjection to the power of the Roman Keys. Even so the pagan executioner taunted the dying martyr with the impotency and the imposture of Christ for whom he bled, and even as the superb faith of the martyr put to shame his torturer, so the Irish heart rose superior to this sophistry, and reposed more firmly than ever its trust in the successors of Peter and Paul. Ireland, indeed, received the faith from Rome. St. Patrick was

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sent directly by Pope St. Celestine to convert the Irish, as Palladius had been sent before him to those Irish who already believed in Christ.¹ St. Patrick was consecrated by a bishop in communion with the See of Rome, and a great part of his life had already been spent in Southern Gaul, among a clergy thoroughly devoted to the successors of the Apostles. One of his sayings,² written down from his own autograph into the Book of Armagh, about the year 800 A.D., is this: "As you are Christians, so also be you Romans." He used the Roman rite in the celebration of Mass; he had Roman clerics helping him to convert the pagan Irish; he calculated Easter after the manner of the Roman Church, and if there are no distinct references in the few pages of his writings to his Roman mission, it is because it was then as clear as the noonday sun, and needed no confirmation from him. After his death the Irish Church appears provided with all the institutions recog-

¹ Mr. Whitley Stokes is of opinion that the Saint "had a reverent affection for the Church of Rome, and there is no ground for disbelieving his desire to obtain Roman authority for his mission or for questioning the authenticity of his decrees that difficult questions in Ireland should ultimately be referred to the Apostolic See." *The Tripartite Life of Saint Patrick*, Rolls Series, London, 1879 (p. cxxxv).

² Even if this be interpreted, with some modern writers, as meaning the adoption of Roman culture, speech, and habits, it still remains true that the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Roman See was an element of contemporary Roman life, and was never more sharply emphasized in antiquity than by such Roman contemporaries of St. Patrick as St. Leo the Great, and the popes who humbled the entire Greek Orient by crushing the Acacian schism in New Rome itself.

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nized as distinctly Roman. We read that St. Bridget obtained from the Roman authorities books for the celebration of Mass and for the proper singing of the divine office—wherein she only did what the churches of Britain and Gaul were soon after to do for the preservation of liturgical unity. Ancient traditions show us the venerable Columbanus in the friendliest relations with St. Gregory the Great. Thus, at the outset of her Christian history, on the very threshold of her momentous career, the Irish Church appears as the daughter of Rome.

And why should it not be so? When Ireland was being converted, Rome was still the most powerful city in the West. Its bishops were practically, in temporal things, the chief agents of the absent emperors, and their temporal power was slowly forming by the neglect and incapacity of the natural protectors of the city. Their spiritual authority was recognized both East and West. Everywhere ecclesiastical synods, imperial decrees, long usage, had confirmed their privileges as the vicars of Christ. Long before Ireland was converted the popes were wont to claim that all the churches of the West were evangelized from Rome. Their word was already church-law in the remotest parts of Spain and in distant Gaul, in Africa and in Egypt. Is it not the most natural thing in the world to suppose that their authority was equally recognized in Ireland? Let us look at the neighboring island of Britain. A century before the conversion of Ireland, its bishops assisted at

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continental councils, that is, they were in communion with the Roman Church and recognized its authority. More than a century after the conversion of Ireland, the Angles and the Saxons of England were converted, like the Irish, from Rome, which sent St. Augustine and other Roman monks as she formerly sent Palladius and Patrick to Ireland. Never were there peoples more devoted to Rome than these Angles and Saxons, yet they accepted Irish monks as their teachers and bishops, something they would never have done had the latter been members of a schismatic church. Moreover, they went in great numbers to study in Ireland, which they would never have done had they known the Irish to be hostile to Rome, or even less kindly inclined than was becoming to the oldest of the Western churches.

We have yet the mass-books, the law-books, and the theological books of the most ancient times, which show us that the ancient Irish Christians prayed as did the Roman Church, had the same mass, the same sacraments, the same legislation, the same doctrines. We have beautiful ancient hymns that salute St. Peter as the bearer of the keys, the head of the Apostles. In England and Italy there are yet kept manuscripts, some twelve or thirteen hundred years old, which show that the priests of Ireland then used substantially the same mass-books as those of Rome and the Continent, celebrated the feasts of the Chair of St. Peter, and, therefore, believed the doctrines and were subject to the authority of the Roman Church.

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The canonical or ecclesiastical laws of the ancient Irish are still, in great part, preserved. Among them is a law immemorially attributed to St. Patrick, commanding cases that could not be settled by the archbishop of Armagh to be taken to Rome, precisely what would be done to-day. We have laws of about A.D. 700 repeating almost the same thing, and in other old Irish law-books the respect for the See of Rome is firmly insisted on. According to the ancient Brehon Laws, an injury done to the Bishop of Rome was greater than any other imaginable injury, and hardly to be atoned for. From the earliest times the Irish were wont to appeal to Rome. Thus St. Columbanus appealed from the bishops of Gaul, St. Vergil of Salzburg from St. Boniface, the bishops of the South of Ireland in 630, and those of the North in 640. What better evidence of Ireland's union with Rome than this recognition of her tribunals and this constant use of them?

In spite of the ravages of time, there are yet sermons and theological books that bring us back to the very days of St. Patrick. There is, for example, an ancient sermon of St. Gall, the Irish founder of the great Swiss abbey by the Lake of Constance; there is a very old Book of Doctrines by St. Mochta of Louth, said to have been offered to St. Leo the Great fourteen hundred years ago. In these writings there are exactly the same doctrines as the Roman Church held then and we confess to-day. In the Ambrosiana Library of Milan is a very ancient book called the Antiphonary of Bangor.

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It was finished more than eleven hundred years ago, and contains the same Mass that we say to-day, with hymns and prayers and invocations that show the ancient Irish to have believed precisely as we do. For that matter, the Irish missionaries of the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries in Central, Southern, and Western Europe were the chief continental writers of books at that time. Their books were nearly all religious, and not a few of them are yet preserved in the great libraries of Europe. They treat of the Scriptures, Our Lord, the Mass, the Blessed Virgin, the intercession of the saints, the devotion and submission to the See of Peter, and show most conclusively that their authors had no other faith than that of Rome, as, indeed, up to the Reformation, no other faith was preached in Europe, barring some insignificant heresies. Now, these Irish writers of the continent were reared in Ireland, in such fine schools as Clonmacnoise, Lismore, Clonard, Bangor, and the like. It was there, and not on the continent, that they learned their faith, from the priests and teachers of Ireland, a fact that ought to prove beyond reply that they were as good Roman Catholics as we are to-day.¹

You cannot grow figs on thistles, and a bad tree cannot produce good fruit. Take one man out of that brilliant period, St. Columbanus, the Irish founder of

¹ For an account of the ecclesiastical literature of early mediæval Ireland, cf. O'Curry, *Manuscript Materials for Irish History* (Dublin, 1872), and Moran, as cited below, also Joyce, *A Social History of Ancient Ireland* (New York, Longmans, 1903), vol. i, pp. 500-512.

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Bobbio in the Apennine Mountains of Northern Italy. Every Latin scholar knows that this Irishman was the best poet and one of the most learned men of the sixth century. He used the great learning that he brought with him from Bangor, near Belfast, not for purposes of vanity or idle show, but to convert or regain to Christ whole multitudes in France, Southern Germany, and Switzerland. His great zeal and blunt outspoken ways got him into trouble with a number of continental bishops. To get the better of them he appealed directly to the pope, and when he thought the pope was not moving fast enough he wrote some sharp letters to his Holiness, which are yet preserved, and are an admirable evidence of the simplicity of the old man's heart and his firm faith in the authority of Rome. He calls the pope the most beautiful head of all the churches of the whole of Europe, the most reverend overseer, the pastor of pastors. He says of himself and his companions:

“We are the scholars of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of all disciples, subscribing by the Holy Ghost to the divine Canon; we are all Irish habitants of the remotest part of the whole world, receiving nothing save what is the evangelical and apostolic doctrine. None of us has been a heretic, none a Jew, none a schismatic, but the faith *just as it was at first delivered by you*, the successors of the holy Apostles, is held unshaken. . . . We are bound to the Church of St. Peter. For although Rome is great and illustrious, yet it is only through this Chair that she is so great and renowned among us.”

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These are the words of the chief Irish theologian of the sixth century, and who was born in Leinster, within fifty years of the death of St. Patrick. Where did his father and mother get that Roman faith except from the Apostle of Erin? And where did his teachers at Bangor by Strangford Lough learn the Roman doctrines and the Roman mass except from the man whom Rome sent to the end of the known world to convert a pagan but a noble and highly cultured people?

In one of his letters to the pope, St. Columbanus tells the latter that he meant to leave his North Italian mission and go to Rome in person, but that illness and the care of the poor Irish monks who were following him kept him back, yet he says that he was anxious to drink of that spiritual stream of the living water flowing down from heaven, and springing up unto life eternal. He says that if he ever went to Rome, he would seek the pope and the catacombs—for nothing else did he care at Rome. And yet Rome was still a great and beautiful city in the days of Columbanus. The palaces of the Cæsars still lifted their white columns and their broad masses against the blue Italian skies. The marble basilicas and the rich shops of the Forum still threw open their doors with each recurring sun. The monstrous amphitheatres and the luxurious baths and the vast temples were still in existence, even if they were beginning to decay. The Golden Milestone still marked the spot where terminated all the great trunk-roads that bound the ends of the world to Rome. The arches and columns

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that recalled the glory of pagan Rome were still fresh and resplendent, and the traveller from the bogs and hills of Ireland might well feast his eyes on a splendor and a magnificence whose like the world was never to see again. Happier than Columbanus, St. Patrick surely walked amid these evidences of Roman power and majesty. His blessed feet trod the Via Sacra and pressed the blood-soaked soil of the Colosseum. He saw the countless reminders of Rome's long career of glory, the statues of captive kings, the stories of victory written in imperishable marble, and all the mementoes of grandeur from the humblest beginnings down to the crowning greatness of the Augustan age. But Patrick, like Columbanus, minded not these things. All this splendor was to such men but the hectic flush of consumption, the sure proof of coming dissolution. Their minds rose superior to temporal attractions, and they saw in Rome only the ideal centre of spiritual unity, the divinely made head of the Christian body, the ancient mother about whom were gathered the mementoes of the truest grandeur of Rome, the confessors and martyrs of her earliest days. It was at Rome, before the sepulchres of the martyrs, on the sites of their cruel deaths, that Patrick imbibed that lofty courage which ever marked him whether before kings or chieftains or druids; whether rebuking barbarous clansmen, defending his little communities of converts, or wrestling with the demons of hell; it was at Rome, from the lips of the pope and his wise counsellors, that he learned those lessons of shrewd

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and kindly dealing with the natives such as Gregory afterward taught Augustine. It was at Rome that he acquired that respect for rightful authority which he transmitted to his children, and which has been their distinctive mark. It was at Rome that he understood how the Irish might be most easily won to the faith of Christ by respect for their laws, their customs, their art and their literature; in other words, by fostering the natural refined genius of the people. In what other city could his own youthful experience be so easily rounded out as in that great centre whither travellers came yet in multitudes, despite the shock of the Gothic capture, and the loss of her unspeakable prestige as the mistress of the civil world? O venerable teacher! O man of God! here is surely the well-spring of thy constancy, the secret of the unbroken unity which thou securedst for the Irish Church, the source of that boundless zeal for souls, which the children of the first generation manifested when they overran all Europe for the love of Christ. That unquenchable flame of zealous intelligent proselytism could have been lit at no other hearth than the tombs of the Apostles, whence in all ages the divine spark has been borrowed that illuminates the souls of men, and rekindles the fires of devotion and self-sacrifice.

If we had no other proof of the attachment to Rome of our Irish forefathers in the faith, the almost countless pilgrimages to the tombs of the Apostles would prove it.

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If they were schismatics you may be sure that they would have too much self-respect to enter where they were not wanted, and if they did their reception would be cool enough to make them stay at home in the future. But what are the facts? From the death of St. Patrick to the invasion of the Danes the high-roads of Europe were alive with Irish pilgrims to Rome. They jostled on the way the Angle and the Saxon, the Gallo-Roman and the Frank. They sang their hymns to St. Peter as they crossed the bleak passes of the Alps, and they saluted from afar the sepulchres of the martyrs, as their eyes first rested on the marble wilderness that was Rome.

Out of the thousands of lines written on ancient Christian Rome, the most exquisite are those of St. Fursey, one of the early Irish saints, extemporized by him on his first sight of the Eternal City.¹ In the original Latin

¹ Moran, *Essays on the Origin, Doctrine and Discipline of the Early Irish Church* (Dublin, 1864). This learned and reliable work deals with the beginnings of the Irish Church, its connexion with the Apostolic See, its teaching concerning the Blessed Eucharist, and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Several of the earliest canonical and liturgical texts of the Old-Irish period are described (pp. 241-328). The original canonical texts are found in Wasserschleben, *Irische Kanonensammlungen* (Giessen, 1874). Cf. also Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents of Great Britain and Ireland* (Oxford, 1869). The details of the Ancient Irish liturgy are learnedly described in Warren, *The Liturgy and Ritual of the Celtic Church* (Oxford, 1881), a work to be read with caution and reserve, because of its false portrait of the origins of the early Irish Church. An excellent Catholic statement of the beginnings of Irish Christianity is found in Greith, *Die altirische Kirche* (Freiburg, 1867), and in John Salmon, *The Ancient Irish Church* (Dublin, 1897).

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they are one of the most eloquent lyrics that the language knows. They gush out, as it were, from the stillest, deepest places of the Irish heart, and they haunt us forever with their ringing music and their superb all-dominating faith. I give them in such English as I can command; our tongue is wanting in the majestic gait and the severe grandeur of the Latin, and cannot easily reproduce its ineffable music:

O Noble Rome! O Mistress of the World!
O thou of earthly cities perfect flower and crown:
Glowing thy cheeks with martyrs' roseate blood,
Radiant thy brow with virgin lilies white.
Hail to thee, Queen, thrice hail, O golden Rome!
Blessing and hail eternal on thee wait,
And countless ages bow to thy behests!

These early Irish pilgrims were often the sons of the kings and chieftains, and they returned to their homes with books and vestments and chalices from Rome, just as any pilgrim to the Holy City would do to-day. They brought back the newest editions of the Holy Scriptures, and the latest decrees of Rome, and the best kind of chant for mass and office. They often remained at Rome, and we have in old books touching pictures of these pilgrims going from one holy place to another, pressing their brows and lips against the tomb of St. Peter, and founding monasteries at Rome for their Irish compatriots. Sometimes they died on the way, sometimes they were made bishops by force in Italian cities, some-

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times the nobles of Germany seized on them and kept them by moral compulsion to do the praying and fasting for them—above all, to multiply books in their beautiful, swift, clear handwriting. These marvellous men left but few traces, but those traces are of the most luminous and indestructible nature, books and writing, music and the fine arts. We can trace them to-day all over Europe by the glorious furrows of their intellect. You cannot pursue the history of any one of the fine arts back to those ages without running up against such Irish wanderers to and from Rome, and learning that they were everywhere the bridge over which came down to us the refinement of antiquity, the classic authors and the purest of Christian ideals. They were then what their descendants are to-day, the alloy of the nations, a fine binding cement which allies itself with all things and perfects and tempers them, and lends them qualities of a higher kind that in the rough they did not possess. Rome had so many of these Irish pilgrims that she sent them out to work for her, like St. Kilian and his companions, whom she sent to Germany.¹ Even the Saxon students who studied by thousands in Ireland before the Danish invasion, caught the Roman fever, and never

¹ The curious reader will find much recondite lore concerning the mediæval Irish on the continent in Traube, *O Roma Nobilis!* (Munich, 1891, passim). Margaret Stokes has collected some very interesting material for the story of St. Fursey in France, in her *Three Months in the Forests of France* (London, 1895). The famous Vision of Saint Fursey opens the series of mediæval ethico-literary writings that culminates in the *Divina Commedia*.

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rested until they, too, had saluted St. Peter. Thus St. Willibrord, a disciple of the Irish, went to Rome, and obtained there a commission to convert the Frisians of Holland. Nor was he the only foreign student who learned in Ireland the way to the Roman shrines of the martyrs.

A moment's reflection shows that these Irish pilgrims were surely the most submissive sons of Rome. How could they become bishops, abbots, teachers on the continent, where all acknowledged the supremacy of Rome, if they did not yield to her? How would the children of kings and nobles be given over to their care, if they would instil suspicion or defiance of the beloved and respected Roman authority? They had their troubles with the clergy of the continent, but no one ever accused them to the pope of being schismatics, although there was scarcely a decade when they did not have law-suits pending at Rome, in defence of their rights unjustly attacked. No! the primitive Irish Church was thoroughly Roman. In spite of the sad wreck of Irish manuscripts, art-monuments, and historical evidences, more than enough is left, out of the liturgy, the legislation, the books of doctrine, the art, and the wanderings of the ancient Irish to show that they loved dearly, and were most obedient to, the Vicar of Christ.

Throughout all the Middle Ages no nation of Europe was more devoted to the See of Peter. Irish kings of the eleventh century, like Thurlogh O'Brien, cor-

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respond with the popes, and sometimes, like Donogh O'Brien, they found their way to Rome and died there. The legates of the Holy See were received and welcomed in Ireland, and their advice was asked and followed. The synods of Ireland were presided over by them, and the influence of Rome was felt in all the church-laws of the time. The Irish Church paid willingly large contributions to aid the popes in the great struggles with the emperors of the thirteenth century, while the English clergy made the most serious objections. St. Malachy and St. Lawrence O'Toole were the most strenuous supporters of the apostolic authority, and sought its help to carry out the needed reforms of the Irish Church. The false pretences of Henry II deceived some popes who were otherwise admirable men, and obtained from them certain acts detrimental to all the interests of the Irish Church and nation, but these acts were meant for a good end, and never contemplated, as John XXII wrote to Edward II, the destruction of the rights and laws of an ancient Christian people. Reforms indeed! What reforms could be expected from the violent tyrant who exiled one saintly archbishop and caused the murder of another, who violated the liberties even of the English Church, and sought to reduce it to the level of his civil service? Whatever were the shortcomings of the Irish before the advent of the Norman-English, they were not rendered less by the arrival of the latter, who introduced endless confusion, the distinction of races, the op-

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pression of the weaker, kept alive by system the embers of discord and hate, and shut out from all continental relations the Irish people, precisely at the time when the awakening of the artistic and philosophic spirit was most lively. Nevertheless, the Irish remained faithful to Rome, and in all its vicissitudes previous to the Reformation, the See of Peter could ever count on the sympathies of the Irish people, on the learning of Ireland's sons, and on the zeal of Ireland's clergy, both diocesan and regular.

When the Norman-English first came to Ireland, their clergy were wont to taunt the native Irish that they had no martyrs. On one such occasion an Irish bishop spoke up and said: "It may be so, but there is now come into this country a people who know how and have the will to make martyrs." It was only too true, and after three and a half centuries of political martyrdom, Ireland was to know what the fires of religious martyrdom were like. Some three hundred and fifty years ago Henry VIII threw off the spiritual allegiance of England to Rome, and because Ireland would not follow him, she has become a very by-word among the nations for suffering and humiliation. She might, with Scotland, have believed as she liked; only let her abandon the papacy, and cast in her fortunes with those of England, and she might share the golden prosperity of the latter. Then began that duel, unequalled in the world's history, of a small people, poor and unbefriended, with one of the world's

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great empires. Never has such a spectacle been offered to the mind of the philosophic historian as this death-struggle of Irish Catholicity and patriotism with the proud heretical imperialism of England. Illegal plunder and unjust confiscations; fraud, forgery, and poison; calumnies, prisons, tortures; murder and hideous outlawry—every weapon known to man or demon was in turn brought forth as from an inexhaustible armory, and wielded against a defenceless nation, strong only in the justice of its cause and the dauntless courage that makes it the foremost, indeed, on the field of battle, but not less powerful to suffer for the ideals it holds dear.

For Ireland's devotion to the cause of Catholic unity, symbolized by the See of Rome, she lost political independence and prestige. She saw her ancient families, whose origin was prouder than any in Europe, despoiled, exiled, or deceived into an heretical faith. She saw her cathedrals, her abbeys, and their lands given over to adventurers of scandalous lives, and the possessions of the poor dilapidated. She saw her own just and mild laws wiped out at one blow, and the cruelest of cruel codes, that would disgrace the realm of Satan, put in their place. She saw the fountains of learning sealed up, and her children forbidden to drink of them by the children of those whom Ireland had rescued from barbarism, and taught and fed gratuitously for centuries. It was once the island of Saints and Doctors. It became now the island of confessors and martyrs. It was once the

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island of Apostles. It became now an island of witnesses to the indestructible fibre of Catholicism. Elsewhere individuals suffered for the faith, but always with the relief of varying fortunes, and without the refined, sustained inhumanity of this awful and never-to-be-forgotten struggle. But here it was an entire nation, men, women, and children, without distinction of age, or class, or sex—the most cruel martyrdom on the pages of history.

Yes! let us often turn our eyes to it and drink deep the lesson, not of hate, but of pardon! not of adequate vengeance—time itself would not suffice for that—but of Christian charity and forgetfulness. Oh, those long and cruel ages, when Ireland, poor sufferer, hung upon the cross before the peoples of the world, and schism and heresy passed by with flout and sneer, and her sympathizing friends stood off, too impotent to help the glorious victim! Come near, and look upon her, all ye who would know what desperate strength the human heart contains, of what fibre the Irish Catholic faith is made, what evidence there is that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church of Christ! Look up from the greensward at the huge cross against a leaden sky, and the dark, tumultuous background of old Ocean! Look at that queenly figure, nailed so cruelly to its beams! See the fair white brow sicklied over with the dull hue of dissolution! Hear the wrenching of the bones, and the sundering of the flesh, and all the bursting agonies of nature! Look again! we may well bear

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to see what she bears to suffer—look at that blood which trickles down her limbs in ruby floods and soaks the greensward beneath! How it spreads and spreads, one horrid red circle after another, until every inch of Irish soil trembles to the saturation of that awful bath! Oh, God of Justice and Pity! Are there yet such sins to the account of men that a nation must be racked like this, to fill out what was wanting in the sufferings of thy Divine Son? Are the hearts of men grown so wolfish that they can be callous to this most horrid of human spectacles?

So through three centuries, through thirty long decades of time, we keep this doleful watch with that queenly martyr upon that cross of English make. There are many convulsions, for she is human, after all, and many fierce rendings of the cruel bonds, and many sublime struggles to be free—but alas! Each effort is more ineffectual than its predecessor, and she settles down at last in the dull lethargy of death—a death of infamy, after more than three thousand years of glory. But she is faithful unto death to Christ Jesus, and to that Rome “whence Christ Himself is called a Roman,” and dying she leaves behind a monumental spectacle of intelligent endurance, of stubborn invincible defiance of wrong and tyranny, which will forever be one of the world’s golden examples and most precious inheritances, a defiance which will be sung by poets, heralded by historians, and applauded by peoples, whatever be the philosophy and the culture of the ages to come, a defiance

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which will refresh and instruct forever all fair and noble minds by its sublime sustained magnitude, and intensify forever the memory and the fancy of her own children to carry on unceasingly the time-honored struggle for their freedom and their faith.

In this long tale of mingled joy and woe, the world's sublimest tragedy, that waits yet its Homer or its Dante, we are come to the latest, though not the last, chapter. God has marvellous, if inscrutable, designs upon His world of humanity, and leads nations as individuals through many an obscure pass, over many a painful height, and along many a desert path, until the meaning of His leading bursts out upon us, luminous and entrancing. So He led Israel through sunshine and storm, from Moses to Christ, and the checkered centuries of alternate war and peace and exile found their splendid complement in the spiritual conquest of mankind for all time to come. Israel had tasted the last dregs of the cup of sorrow only to find in them the elixir of eternal youth, and an immortal influence upon the minds and hearts of men. Even so with Ireland, the chosen people of the New Dispensation, a nation divinely chastened by endless tribulation. Freed from all earthly attachments in the red furnace of persecution, she came forth into this last age the pale and wasted victim that we know. Her calm etherealized face bears the imprint of every suffering, and her heart is the hiding-place of every sorrow. She has been taken down from the cross, but

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they are digging the grave with haste to put out of sight the traces of their cruel handiwork, which a milder age and a more humane philosophy are beginning to denounce. O most diabolical of human acts! O sin that cries to heaven with the strength of a million tongues! O last refinement of the brutal instincts of the savage! In the midst of peace, while plenty smiles around, and the unsuspecting victim believes that her wily torturer has ceased to plot, and hope springs in that breast scarred and gashed by fire and sword, a famine, an artificial famine, is created, and where God gave abundance, the hand of man spreads desolation!

Now was the sepulchre ready, huge and deep, and the spirit of Catholic Ireland would soon be dead with the plague-stricken bodies of her children, as they choked to its horrid mouth the yawning chasm so cunningly built for them. Yea! even now is the scheme of ages filled out, and the grim unity of the cruel drama is preserved, and the game is quarried at last after the longest hunt in history, from the South to the North, from the East to the West, from the sea to the deep valleys, from the deep valleys to the high mountains. The living tyrants call out to those who lie dead and mouldering, that the iron logic of might has seized at last and crushed out the fine airy spirit of the right, and together they cry out to the dying nation:

Behold, O people! thou shalt die!

What art thou better than thy sires?

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The hunted deer a weeping eye
Turns to his birthplace and expires.

Lo! as the closing of a book,
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,
Or blasted wood, or dried-up brook—
Name, race, and nation, thou art gone!

But the ways of heaven are other than those of men, and the grave which was dug for the faith and nation of Ireland became the broad portal through which both were saved for the destiny that God reserves to them in the future. After the crucifixion and the burial of Ireland there came a fitting resurrection—one of those rebirths of which God alone has the secret. Just as Israel, crushed by the last of the foreign powers that held sway over it, appeared suddenly in the Old World, the glorious herald of a new faith and a new hope, and led the cause of the one God to triumph, so Ireland, bursting the cerements of the grave, appeared in the New World, a young and lusty herald of the old faith for which she had suffered so much, and its most ardent apostle among that people which seems, of all others, to have the promise of the future. If her tyrants had sung her dirge in the last act of the old drama, her angels took up the theme in the first scene of the new one that opens before us, and gave the key-note of the centuries to come:

Once more thy volume, open cast,
In thunder forth shall sound thy name;

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Thy forest, hot at heart, at last
God's breath shall kindle into flame.

Thy brook, dried up, a cloud shall rise,
And stretch an hourly widening hand,
In God's good vengeance through the skies,
And onward o'er the invader's land.

Of thine, one day, a remnant left
Shall raise o'er earth a Prophet's rod,
And teach the coasts, of Faith bereft,
The names of Ireland and of God.

Thus after a thousand years from the Danes to the Great Famine, Ireland returns to her original vocation in the divine plan, that of a missionary nation, and after having first preached the Roman Catholic faith to the ancestors of the northern nations of Europe, she becomes again its chief representative before their descendants in the New World. Time brings about some strange combinations, but none stranger than that Ireland should replant the Roman Catholic faith in England, none stranger than that she should bear that faith wherever the English tongue is spoken, none stranger than that through the new Irish missionaries the English tongue should cease to be an engine of hate, and become the chief channel of the most ideal Catholicism, precisely at the moment when that tongue is spreading its empire over the world, and when other tongues, once the servants of faith, have become in their turn saturated with contempt and hate of the faith that made them!

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These are the divine vengeance of God, and these are the only consolations suitable for sorrows that human language is too weak even to outline. And as if to emphasize the missionary character of the Irish people, God has wonderfully multiplied the strain of Gaelic blood, so that, in spite of all the trituration, there are to-day in the world more Gaels than at any time in their history. Under the shadow of liberty, within fifty years, they have spread from the shores of Ireland to the Sierras of America, and from thence to the Southern Cross, so that to-day the world has no spot in which the Roman Catholic faith is not publicly confessed by the children of faithful Ireland, and where they do not labor to uprear the walls of the City of God.

But the City of God is not only built up of human souls; it grows out of them as naturally as the rose is the product of the sap that swells its tender stem, as the great oak is the fruit of the soil and the atmosphere in which it raises its proud leafy arches, and it everywhere takes on the physiognomy of its human builders, and shows forever the traces of the hammer and the trowel. The great cathedrals of the middle ages, the thousand splendid churches which lined the highways and the byways of the Old World, grew out of a spiritual soil and in an atmosphere of grace and benediction. It was a soil saturated with the blood of martyrs and confessors, and with the sweat of great missionaries, who had toiled their whole lives to plant the seed of

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Christianity, with the warm tears of holy virgins and brave Christian matrons who opposed the examples of tender innocence and Christian mildness to the coarse and brutal life of the warrior, and with the drops of anguish extorted from all those who had suffered oppression for justice' sake. So it is in every age. There is a marvellous identity in the Church, an unbroken continuity of experience and situation which makes us the brethren of all who have ever labored and lived within her limits, which fills us with sympathy for them, and transfers to us the fruits of their lives and their examples. The Church is never without her cloud of witnesses, never a barren mother. And least of all is it so in this beloved land where a century ago the Catholic Church began in all humility and lowliness, but moving in her proper atmosphere, breathing the divine air of liberty. The tiny grain of mustard-seed has grown into a mighty tree, whose pleasant shadows are cast over the whole land, and whose rich foliage draws down the constant blessings of heaven. But it has not grown without suffering and self-denial. Thank God, we have not had again the confession of blood, but we have had the confession of labor, of privation, of sacrifice. Where was there ever seen a superior spirit of generosity? Where, in the annals of the Christian Church, has an immense multitude of men and women, young boys and innocent maidens, toiled, without schism or heresy, so long and so unitedly, to lift up the walls of Sion, to build her towers and to decorate her spaces?

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I listen in vain for a reply, for this is a phenomenal thing, and the angel of history must set apart a clean and beautiful page on which to record for the sight of God and the saints the glorious accomplishments of these generations of poor exiles who have translated into eternal marble and imperishable forms of beauty and unity their love of God, their faith in His Church, and the merits of their secular humiliation.

Dear friends! we are the descendants of these brave pioneers of the Roman Catholic faith, as well as of all those who lived and died for it on Irish soil or abroad for fourteen hundred years. And the holiest duty incumbent on the heirs of such a people of martyrs is to preserve intact the faith for which they died. This is the high calling of the Irish race, to which all else is subservient, and compared with which all earthly prosperity and prestige are secondary interests. Our forefathers saved the goodly inheritance of Catholic faith by the sacrifice of power, and place, and wealth, even of home and life—of all that man holds dear on earth. And we are holden not to be false to their spirit, and to be ever with the Chair of Peter in all the struggles that may yet arise. Our faith may not be subject to the same trials as those that our fathers underwent, but it is exposed to others of a more insidious nature, that arise from a literature, an art, a philosophy, and a society saturated with prejudice or opposition to the principles of the Catholic faith. Thus there devolves upon us the double duty of pre-

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serving our faith in its integrity, and of manifesting it intelligently to the world about us, and winning them to it by the evidence of our own lives, making them orderly, regular, upright, gentle, just, temperate, and charitable, so that our very natural virtues may be, as it were, the sweet aroma that will draw to the Church all those with whom we come in contact. One more word and I have done. The ancient race from which we are come was always a spiritually minded race, to which the future was more than the present, the celestial and the immortal more than the perishable goods of earth. In their highest state they were never more than a pastoral or agricultural people, averse to avaricious commerce and luxurious culture. Though they had many human weaknesses, they followed lofty ideals, and were capable of absorbing passion for whatever was good, whatever was true, whatever was beautiful. But they measured all the things of life by the yard-stick of Roman Catholic Christianity, and they accepted or rejected them according as they squared with the teachings and the spirit of Christ Jesus. For this they made great sacrifices, beginning on that day when they agreed to preserve of their ancient law, art, philosophy, and learning only what did not offend the Gospel as taught by St. Patrick. Let this devotion to Christian Catholic ideals as they are taught in the catechism, in history, from the altar, be a part of our own lives for the future, and let it be instilled into the lives of all about us! Let us never be swayed by visions of earthly

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success, either in the matter of wealth, or place, or power, but learn to esteem all things in the light of the Gospel, being sure that nothing is worthy of imitation, or capable of satisfying the hunger of the soul unless it eventually lead us back to God, the author and end of our being! In this we shall be following the example of countless martyrs of our race, and preparing ourselves for those spiritual labors which the Almighty has yet in store for the spiritual descendants of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkille.

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IN the history of the last seven centuries there is no tragedy like the slow but unrelenting despoilment of the Gael. His robber conqueror stripped him, decade by decade, of peace and unity and joy; of land and learning and art; of progress and comfort, and left him but two treasures which were inaccessible to crass material weapons—his nationality and the power of song. He could not wrench from the Gael the sacred feeling that the soil he trod on was the immemorial inheritance of a hundred generations of heroes and legislators and saints. That was the mighty power which sustained this Prometheus of the nations, the sacred spell which made the children of Banba forget their ineffable sorrows and cast a consecrated halo about their lives, and made them walk, as it were forever, in the light and atmosphere of martyrdom.

That abiding sense of nationality, that ineffaceable knowledge that we were one people, with a common glorious ancestry, with common experiences and common institutions, with common ideals and hopes, common affections and common sufferings, was the oldest of all

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the Gaelic traits. Long, long ago our pagan fathers laid the adamantine foundments of this feeling, what time they went gallantly conquering on the Rhine, the Danube, the Po and the Ebro, and ingrained it beyond the blood, into the spirit and the utmost attainable recesses of the Gaelic soul. Christianity only intensified this love, which never had a more ideal champion than the noble and saintly Columbkille as he stood on the prow of the little boat that bore him into life-long exile, and his gray eyes filled with tears, and his bardic soul broke out into the tenderest and saddest of songs upon his beloved Erin. Time and misfortune may have obliterated all the acquisitions of the Gael, but they could never make him forget who he was, nor that

Though fallen the state of Erin, and chang'd the Scottish land,
Though small the power of Mona, though unwak'd Lewellyn's
band,

Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle tales,
Though Iona's ruined cloisters are swept by northern gales,

One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

But what was it that preserved this spirit, this white ray of the consciousness of national dignity in the dark and desolate centuries of oppression, when every other light of the past was quenched in thickest gloom? Need I tell you what it was that sheltered the love of country beneath the rags of the peasant, within the lonely shielding on the moors and rocks of Connaught and on the

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mountains and bogs of Kerry? Need I say what power stronger than love or death cast over the Irish nation its magical protection from the hut of the schoolmaster and the steps of the altar, and nursed in lonely forest and distant glen and on the savage inaccessible hills the sorepressed spirit of the fatherland? It was

The language of old Erin, of her history and name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes, her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine and thro' gloom,
The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb,
The time-wrought shell where murmur'd, 'mid centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of freedom, in annal and in song.

It was the tongue of the great chief as he harangued his men on the eve of battle; the tongue of Desmond and Geraldine; of McCarthy and O'Neill and O'Donnell, as they recounted their wrongs to the brave tribesmen who held with them the narrow pass, or stood within the bloody ford, or led some wild, sweeping, forlorn hope against their hereditary foe.

It was the tongue of the bard as he painted in burning thoughts and picturesque verse the ancient glories and the long splendid line of Irish heroes; the sweetness and tenderness and unsullied purity of Irish women, and the generosity, the bravery, the chivalry, and the warm full friendship of the ancient Irish leaders. The hunted priest from the rude altar of turf or stone breathed its holy consoling accents upon the broken hearts of the aged and the widowed and the fatherless, and it was the

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saving ark by which the Catholic religion was maintained in Ireland; for there was a day when the hated sound of the Sassenach's tongue would have turned the Irish even against that beloved faith for which they have let go all those treasures of earth that other nations apostatized to save.

The language of a people is the pledge of its perpetuity; it enshrines all the sweetest sentiments and all the profoundest experiences of its existence—the memories of home and family, of love and devotion and tender feeling.

The sound of the native tongue in a foreign land will open all the flood-gates of the heart, and call back the soul of the dying man from the very threshold of paradise. The native tongue is the spiritual mausoleum in which are entombed all the glories, all the dead beloved hopes and the ancient ideals of a race. It is the imperishable God-given charter of their individuality, and while it lasts they may suffer; they may lie beneath a mountain of chains, but there is that in them which will one day rise, and, unlocking the keys of their fetters, restore them to their places among the peoples. Yes, when our people had lost all, when all the lands and castles between the four bright seas of Ireland had fallen into the hands of the Saxon, there was still one stronghold, one aerial spiritual fastness where the nation found shelter—its ancestral tongue. And if to-day there is spirit enough to wrest from the hereditary enemy a lit-

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tle of ancient right, and to enable Irishmen to stand before the world with the unwonted flush of domestic victories upon their brows, it is to the dear old tongue they owe it. And yet

Through cold neglect 'tis dying now ; a stranger on our shore !
No Tara's hall re-echoes to its music as of yore—
No Lawrence fires the Celtic clans 'round leaguer'd Athaclee,
No Shannon wafts from Limerick towers their war songs to the sea.

Ah! magic tongue, that 'round us wove its spells so soft and dear!
Ah! pleasant tongue, whose murmurs were as music to the ear!
Ah! glorious tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart enthral!

Ah! rushing tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall!
The tongue that in the senate was lightning flashing bright,
Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might!
That tongue which once in chieftain's hall pour'd loud the minstrel lay,

As chieftain, serf, or minstrel old is silent there to-day.
That tongue whose shout dismay'd the foe at Cong and Mullaghmast,
Like those who nobly perished there is numbered with the past!

We live in an age which is very pious toward the monuments of antiquity, and sends out special students to learn the languages of the Indian or the patois of some Australian tribes. How passing strange that we do not recollect that the grandest monument of European antiquity is the Irish tongue—in which are preserved better than anywhere else the memories of the first immigra-

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tions from the far Orient, and the habits, speech and beliefs of the first men of the Aryan race who ever crossed the plains of Hungary or came up the Danube into the lands of Europe. Every Irishman reverences the stones of Clonmacnoise and the cloisters of Holy Cross, the crosses of Iona, the rude stone churches and forts of Aranmore, the royal cemeteries on the Boyne, the grand old sites of Emania and Tara, and so many other royal raths and duns; but what are they compared with their living glorious tongue, the voice of their souls, the light of their eyes, nay! in the sweet Irish phrase, the pulse of their hearts? Within its enchanted circle live again the ancient Gaels, with all their superb and healthy animal nature, their passionate love for athletic sports, their devotion to the chase, their excessive fondness for daring adventure, their simple affectionate trusting hearts, their chivalrous tenderness, their sacred respect for the weak and the defenceless, and their readiness to champion any cause against oppression and tyranny.

There is still another reason why the preservation of the Irish language ought to be dear to us.

Leaving aside the last three centuries of darkest woe and grief, over which, in the near hour of triumph, we will draw the veil of oblivion, the Gaelic race possesses in its own tongue genealogies and pedigrees of which any nation in Europe would be proud. There is scarcely a family in Europe which can trace its origin back seven hundred years without discussion, but it is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of Gaelic clans are to-day liv-

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ing upon the soil where their tribal ancestors fought and revelled centuries before the troopers and the planters came from over sea to reap dishonestly the fruits of long ages of Gaelic toil.

The purest nobility in the three kingdoms is not in the peerage list, but in the Irish cabins and shielings, where lives more than one descendant of the great princely families, whose origin is lost in the night of time, and whose ancestors stood on Irish soil long centuries before Greece contended with the Persian, while the towers of Troy yet stood, when the Italian shepherd drove his flock about the lonely hills on which Golden Rome as yet had not been built. So deep has the Saxon iron entered into our souls that we have forgotten the heroic days of the old Gaelic world, and are content slavishly to repeat the ignorant and silly tales of our enemies, and to abandon the grand and reliable old lineage of which the ancient leaders of our race were once so proud. The lying deeds and fraudulent parchments of Elizabeth, and James, and Cromwell, and William not only robbed the people of the land, but made them forget the immemorial noble titles by which they held it, with all the romance and poetry that still clung to every acre of their country.

These ancient invaluable records of our race are in the Gaelic tongue, handed down by a long succession of writers, and controlled by regular parliaments of the land; and there, too, interwoven with them, is the glorious history of our race, which Eugene O'Curry de-

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clared could never be written until the old Gaelic records and annals be published. And what a history, saturated with all the sympathies and all the fervid feeling of the Irish, from the legendary days of the Firbolgs and the De Dannans, down to the sad extinction of our rank in the nations! What glory and pathos and romance! What high deeds of valor, which have made the greatest of modern historians say that the Gael is the ideal soldier of the world! What unexampled endurance under all the rugged impact of adversity, and what swift elastic reaction! What blithe gay humor! What infinite elegance of wit! What great consuming pity, and what unfathomable depths of tenderness in that long and checkered career of the Gael! *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* The Gael has moved with glory upon every stage of the world's history, be it in the domain of war or peace, adventure or adversity, labor, learning or art.

His plastic receptive soul is the soil on which all the noblest ideas and sublimest schemes find quickest growth, and his history is in a measure the most exquisite and sustained romance of the world's life, in which the tragic, the sad and the humorous blend their varying charms, and alternately rouse the soul to highest passion, flood it with an infinite melancholy, or pour in upon it the soothing and refreshing aroma of the most delicate wit. To understand all this ourselves and to bring it home to the world about us, we must know the treasures of our own history and literature which God, in His providence, has

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kept locked up in the Gaelic tongue as a balm for this suffering society of ours, a salt for the corruption and crass materialism of our age, a refreshing breeze for the wearied and disgusted heart of the modern world. There breathes in the ancient Irish literature a pure and healthy sentiment, a deep and tender affection for humanity, a piety and a reverence for the sublime past. It is not filled with hate, contempt and cynicism, as is so much of our modern writing, but looks out upon the world with eyes of infinite pity and love. The Christian faith idealized all the purest and noblest Gaelic traits, converted the race into paladins of Christ, and colored henceforth all thought and expression with Christian tints. All that we have, even of the old pagan Irish world, has come down to us through Christian interpreters, and it would seem as though in that pure and spiritual atmosphere the Irish literature became literally drenched with the sweet saving dew of Christian principles, views and sympathies, and preserved of the ancient pagan life only the substratum of natural character and natural virtue, the solid indestructible concrete of experience, spirit and ideals, which form the strong bond between the Irish Gael of to-day and those grand ideal Gaels of the long-gone shadowy ages, the Cuchullinns and the Ferdiadhs, the Finns, the Ossians and Caoiltes, the Cormac Mac Arts, and the chivalrous race of Niall.

But some one says—this tongue is dead or dying. Yes, alas! the Irish are flinging away their richest heir-

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loom, the priceless casket in which was saved their charter of nationality—their speech. They themselves are doing it, and to-day they can no longer lay the fault upon foreign shoulders. I know the excuses given—the hard needs of daily life, the exactions of commerce and society, the multitudes of Irish who are gone beyond the sea to the golden lands of plenty and independence, the debasing cankering action of contempt and ignorance and neglect. Let those excuses excuse the sad past—they are valid. But they will not do for the future, now that the conscience of the race has been stirred up, and its supreme folly pictured in the strongest colors. We are condemned by the action of foreigners who are not of our blood and who cannot feel as we do upon this subject, with whom it is a matter of the head and not the heart. They know that the Gaelic tongue is the oldest, purest, and richest in Europe; that it is so old and vigorous that it has renewed itself three several times to their knowledge since the days of our Lord, and that it contains the answers to a hundred perplexing problems concerning the origin of the nations of Europe and the nature of ancient law and institutions in the common Oriental land from whence we have all come. They know that it is most closely allied to the ancient language of India, the Sanscrit, and that both are the oldest forms of that mysterious Aryan speech which we once had in common. The best approach to a dictionary of ancient Irish is the work of a German; the discovery of the most ancient form of the language was done by another Ger-

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man, and forms a most romantic chapter of literature, equal to the finding of the Rosetta stone or the decipherment of the inscriptions of Persepolis and the Cuneiform literature. The best periodical for Gaelic studies is written in French, and others are carried on in German and Italian. These foreigners come yearly to Ireland to learn the soft rich pronunciation of the old tongue from Irish peasants, and then they go to Dublin to burrow among the great old manuscripts about which the Irish seem to know so little and to care less. If any other nation had the Book of Leinster or the Book of the Dun Cow, or the Speckled Book, or the writings of Duald MacFirbis, or the Annals of the Four Masters, they would have long since made the world ring with the value of these old writings. We alone, the owners of them, are content to profess a total ignorance of their nature and value, although every fibre of our being, every drop of our blood, every beat of our heart, every flash of our intellect has, centuries since, been saturated in our forefathers with the inextinguishable, deep-operative influences of the Gaelic tongue.

We are told that in the Gaelic language there are no Homers, no Vergils, no Shakespeares, no Miltons, no Dantes, no Petrarchs, no Molières, no writers so finished and elegant as our modern novelists and littérateurs. I will reply in the words of an excellent scholar and a very great patriot, William O'Brien, that the influences which have made English literature great in the last three cen-

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turies are the influences of Catholic France and Italy; that in the fifteenth century when they began to operate, the Irish literature was incomparably superior to the old English; that the tongue was then as now far richer, more flexible, more poetic, with a world of pathos and tenderness and hearty emotional feeling totally alien to the English speech, by nature slow and rugged, dark and creeping, where the Irish is all grace and fire, fitted with the wings of the lightning, and melting in the mouth like distilled honey. I will add that the fifteenth century marked the ebbing hour of Irish fortune, and that all the powers of earth turned against her on the day when they began to smile upon her rival England. The Latin language was ruined in two centuries, and the culture of Carlovingian Europe broken in two more—but the Irish tongue has withstood every adverse influence for over one thousand years, and is to-day as glorious an instrument of speech as when MacLiagh, Brian's great bard, sang in sweetest numbers the world-important victory of Clontarf, or O'Hussey poured forth in verse of which the grim genius of Dante might be proud his immortal lament for Hugh Maguire. Who will dare deny the rich fund of Gaelic thought in Shakespeare, when every scholar knows that the quaint, delicate charm of the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is of pure Gaelic origin, and that "the natural magic," the immortal touches of style, of quick perfect delineation, are so often the flashes of the strain of Gaelic blood which flowed in the West Briton Shakespeare. or the

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reminiscences of Gaelic life and feeling which were ever more vigorous in his country than elsewhere in Saxon England. The Gael is a mighty leaven of humanity, the mysterious alloy which God mixes up with the nations of the West from time to time, "tempering their strength and their tenderness." God scattered abroad in the seventh and eighth centuries our saints like a sacred wheat to fructify for religion all Europe over. Again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries He scattered us, for some mysterious reason, among the nations of Europe to fight foreign battles and perish upon the heights of Fontenoy or famed "Ramillies' bloody field." And once more, as the need of humanity is great, and the portals of the West are thrown open by His mighty hand to the oppressed of all the world, He chooses His usual instrument, the Gael, and sends him abroad over the new world, an apostle of Catholicity and an ardent champion of that powerful and popular democracy whose steady irresistible march, thank God, is now heard on every shore, and whose coming conquests already shine before the eyes of the weighed and doomed monarchies of the past.

But in all this time Providence has also been scattering the thought of the Gael. As the world is full of the fragments of our race, so is its literature full of the fragments of our ancient writings. The chivalry of the Middle Ages is a peculiar Gaelic product, and its oldest examples are in the great Keltic songs

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of Cuchullinn and Finn, and Cormac Mac Art and King Arthur, which the Normans borrowed and popularized all over Europe. The world of fairies and sprites, the sweet and heroic love tales, the awful visions of the future, the distant navigations and stories of long and dangerous travels, are pre-eminently of Gaelic origin, and to be set down to the credit of those Gaelic influences which have so modified modern literature. It is well to remember that the touching tale of the Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne, even in its present form (and it is only a transcript), dates from the eleventh century, that is, from the time when there was not yet a single written document in Italian, and a hundred years before the tales of Spanish chivalry were invented, and that the inimitable tales of the Tain-Bo Cuailgne and the Colloquy of the Ancients, or, Dialogue of St. Patrick and Ossian, are of the highest antiquity and present a picture of Irish society and manners of 1,500 years ago, which cannot be equalled among the writers of any European nation. For their equal we must go to our ancient cousins of India, among the relics of the Sanscrit tongue and writings. Who can read these large and splendid tales of ancient Ireland, in the long-gone happy days of the race, and not be affected by their tenderness, their hearty simplicity, their art and elegance, their overflowing picturesque animal life, and a certain grand magnificence of existence which shines out from the history, but is almost inexpressible in our cold composite tongue.

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Ossian! Two thousand years of mist and change
Surround thy name—

Thy Finian heroes now no longer range

The hills of fame,

The very name of Finn and Gall sound strange—

Yet thine the same

By miscalled lake and desecrated grange

Remains, and shall remain!

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed

We scarce can trace;

There is not left an undisputed deed

Of all your race,

Save your majestic song, which hath their speed

And strength and grace;

In that sole song they live and love and bleed;

It bears them on through space.

Oh, inspired giant! shall we e'er behold

In our own time

One fit to speak your spirit on the wold

Or seize your rhyme?

One pupil of the past, as mighty-soul'd

As in the prime

Were the fond, fair and beautiful and bold,

They of your song sublime!

The Gaelic tongue is yet spoken by about three and one-fourth millions of people, many of whom can speak no other. In Munster alone, according to a late census, 307,000 can speak both Irish and English. In Cork county 119,000 know yet the old tongue. In Kerry

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there are yet about 5,000 who cannot speak any other, while on the western seaboard the proportion until lately was much greater. There may be a million of Gaelic-speaking souls in the Highlands and the Isles, while among the Welsh and the Bretons there are about two more millions. Without giving up their modern speech all these may preserve the old and beautiful mother tongue, rich-laden, heavy-dripping with the history and the spirit of the Gael. The beautiful literature is at their hand, and they have only to adapt it to the modern ear to produce a marked effect upon modern literary taste. Already within ten or fifteen years a new Irish literary revival has sprung up, and to-day no writers are better known in England than Todhunter, Rolleston, Yeats, Douglas Hyde, D. J. O'Donoghue, the Sigersons, Standish O'Grady, Stopford Brooke, William O'Brien and a host of others, who are drawing from the rich treasures of the old tongue and exercising on the English mind a marked influence for good.

“If the world is content to go as far as Norway for a new proof of how wicked and unhappy human nature can make itself why not also go to Ireland to hunt the wild woods of Ben Gulban with Finn's mighty men; to see the golden towers of Tir-Tairngire glittering on the western waves; to participate in the glorious carouse of the Fair of Carman, or to live again the charmed life of post-Christian days, when the vesper bells of saints sang the quiet valleys to their rest, and the welcome of kings laughed merrily out upon the stranger in the night!”

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Among the objects for which we have met here to-day, good Gaels and true, from every state and territory of this glorious Union, is the preservation of the grand old tongue of the Irish race. Nearly all the motives which are now arousing men from their former apathy are valid here and to-day for us. The same blood flows in our veins and the same hopes and ideals shine before our eyes. We are the most loyal and faithful citizens of our adopted land, but there is yet a large place in our Gaelic hearts for the sweet old mother who bore us or our fathers, and for whom there is no legitimate sacrifice that we would not make, nay! that we have not made a hundred times.

With malicious joy our enemies have pointed to all our failures, and cried that we are like the sand of the sea-shore, unable to unite for any high and generous purpose, capable of only overthrow and destruction, but unfit to build up and consolidate. We hurl back the false taunt in the words of one of our great poets:

It is mud that coheres; but the sand is free till the lightning
 smite the shore,
And smelt the grains to a crystal mass, to return to sand no more.
And so with the grains of our Irish sand that flash clear-eyed to
 the sun,
Till a nobler purpose smites them and melts them into one.

The nobler purpose which we propose to ourselves to-day is something unique in the history of nations. It is the solemn meeting of a hundred thousand children of a

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persecuted race, to aid in the preservation of the chiefest glory of that race, its splendid, ancient, poetic tongue, and its golden literature. The Welsh Gaels, our Kymric brethren, began a hundred years ago this holy movement, for which may God assoil them for their un-Gaelic apostacy from the Chair of Peter. To-day they have their annual meetings and their printed books, their papers and their reviews, and the tongue of the Gaelic Kymry is an honorable one on the literary markets of the world. And yet we of the Erse or Irish line of Gaels are the chief representatives of the great old race, and our writings make up the vast mass of all that is left, and we have the most glorious history, and the most splendid epics, and the rarest art relics, and the living energizing memories of the saddest and longest of the struggles which the Gaels have waged for over two thousand years. If the Welsh felt bound to save their dialect and did it, how much more are we bound to labor for our inheritance, so much richer, and how much more likely to succeed, considering our numbers and our growing influence!

Already the movement is afoot. The Gaelic language, chiefly the Irish Gaelic, is now regularly taught at Oxford and Edinburgh, at Leipsic, Goettingen and Paris, not to speak of the labors of minor schools on the continent and of individual teachers. Out of pure admiration for its transcendent charms, its beauty and its wealth, foreigners have provided that our mother tongue shall not entirely die, and that whatever the apathy of

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the Irish, the world shall not lose one of the oldest and richest of its linguistic treasures. All over Ireland the movement is spreading like wildfire among the studious and the thoughtful; only the intense political struggle prevents it from becoming thoroughly national. In Maynooth College there is an active professor of Irish, and after a hundred years of apathy the Irish clergy have taken up again the cultivation of that holy tongue in which your ancestors and mine learned the faith for fourteen hundred years, and which, until only one short century ago, every Irish bishop and priest knew as well as his Latin and his Greek.

Must we be alien to this movement? We have always held that whatever affected the Gael, the world over, was our interest and we have roused the peoples of the earth by our incessant protest against the oppression of our brother. We have forced the hand of his tyrant, and we have introduced, by union and persistency, the principles of democracy and justice among those who knew only class prejudices and secular habits of tyranny. Endless wealth has flown from us in a golden stream, to hold upon the soil the broken remnants of our race and to make their lot easier against the rising of the sun of independence. To-day, oh, God be thanked! it trembles along the horizon and its first warm rays already thrill the hearts and gladden the eyes of the few patient and hopeful millions who are left to welcome it. And scarcely do we see the hated fabric of bribery and hypocrisy toppling to its fall, than the God of nations puts it into

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our hearts to revive again the grand old tongue which the Act of Union did more to kill than any other cause.

Nor let it be said that this is chiefly a matter for the Irish people of Ireland.

It is a common interest of the whole race, since their tongue and their literature are our common inheritance, as they were for fourteen centuries our common bond and are to-day our common pride. We have not any serious hope of making the Irish a spoken tongue in this country, but we desire to co-operate with our brethren in Ireland for that purpose; for ourselves we desire to propagate the respect of that ancient idiom; to translate and study its rich and varied literature; to help Gaelic thought, and imagination, and style, and faith, and ardor, and spirituality to their proper place among the moulding influences of the new world. Above all, we desire to enrich the English language in the coming centuries as it has been enriched in the past by the contributions of a Goldsmith, a Swift, a Grattan, a Burke, and a Shiel—in a word, to contribute many deathless elements out of the ancient Gaelic world to that English tongue which in God's providence is soon destined to be sovereign over more millions than the Greek and the Latin ever ruled in their palmyest days.

Men and brothers! you have a special interest in this memorable undertaking. The general interest of Ireland, her welfare, her good name among the world's peoples and the spread of the Gaelic spirit and influence

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in all that they have of ennobling and elevating, such I take it are the fundamental ideas on which your ancient organization is based. In the past you have been the solid nucleus on which the motherland could count for sympathy and help; you have been the hither-Erin, the Ireland-over-sea, where the dictates of the tyrant did not run, whence the eternal reaction went forth, and where the literary propaganda for freedom was carried on with such vehemence and genius that we have won with the pen and the tongue what our ancestors battled for in vain with the sword. But this is only the first step in the rehabilitation of that brave island-people which has so long withstood the shocks of adversity, just as its girdling granite walls have breasted for ages the impact of old ocean. There is another step now before us, and it is to give back to the Gaelic race the world of ancient glory, of noble thoughts and glorious example, of which centuries of contempt and neglect have robbed it.

Times change and the day has passed when our name was a byword and a scandal in the haunts of men. Slowly, but grandly and unfailingly, we have fought our way up the steep and painful heights of hate and prejudice, and routed from their ancient strongholds all those powers once leagued against our name and fame. In all this you have had a large share of glory, and when the annals of the decline and fall of the cruel British imperialism of former days shall have been written by some Gaelic Gibbon of the future, when we take up

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again the Irish annals where the wearied hands of the Four Masters dropped the pen, the name of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will be emblazoned upon one of their brightest pages. What a spectacle for the world of the power of Gaelic endurance, and the mighty strength that slumbers in organized manhood, when it is flashed across the wires that 100,000 men of Irish blood have decreed that their mother tongue shall live, and live, too, in their midst, a well-spring to all time of the holiest and highest suggestions for mankind! It will be told in the halls of Oxford and on the banks of the Seine and among the thoughtful students of the German fatherland, to whom we owe an indelible debt of gratitude for their sheltering care of our dear old tongue. It will be echoed in distant Italy and in the Eternal City itself that at last the children of the Gael are rousing themselves from the long night of slumber and preparing for new and peaceful conquests in all the provinces of thought, wherein once before they were the school-masters of the civilized world. But above all, will this noble act be told in every sweet valley and on every fair hill of holy Ireland, and it will infuse fresh ardor into the brave, hard-battling people, and it will fire them with fresh respect for themselves and their cause, and teach them a monumental lesson of unity, and make them feel, as few other acts could, that their brethren the wide world over are in deepest sympathy with them, and will cling, while blood flows and hearts beat, to the spiritual inheritance of the Gael—his Christian faith and his love of learning,

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of which so much is imbedded forever in his venerable ancient tongue.

Send knowledge forth, to scatter wide, and deep to cast its seeds,
The nurse of energy and hope, of manly thoughts and deeds.
Let it go forth; right soon will spring those forces in its train,
That vanquish nature's stubborn strength, that rifle earth and
main—

Itself a nobler forest far than autumn tints with gold,
A higher wealth, a surer gain, than wave and mine enfold,
Let it go forth unstained and purged from pride's unholy leaven,
With fearless forehead raised to man, but humbly bent to heaven.

Out of their Gaelic heaven the ancient heroes, we may imagine, look down upon us to-day with infinite tenderness and love for the children of their race, in whom neither time nor men could destroy the national character and the national piety toward the immortal dead who built up that character, stronger than ribbed steel and stauncher than the bedrock of the world. And the countless saints of Ireland, and the scribes and teachers, the high-souled bards and the dauntless chieftains look on—nay, all the empurpled legions of our martyrs through every century, and with them all the nameless Keatings and O'Clerys and MacFirbises and O'Carolans, who lived and died for the love of the old tongue and the preservation of its golden treasures, all these stand together in paradise and view this scene with a boundless sympathy. They recognize now that vast, patient, cosmic justice of God which makes the very tongue of the oppressor the

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broad channel by which the whole world is filled with the “ardors and fancies and sympathies half divine” of the oppressed Gael, and by which his faith, his strange mystic spiritual sense, his high tenacious idealism, his deathless chivalry, his daring, his valor and almost feminine delicacy of feeling, are borne abroad with apostolic rapidity and mingled with the best elements of humanity, precisely at a time when these great traits were disappearing from the world.¹

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“At the suggestion of some prominent members of our Ancient Order, I take the liberty of addressing you a few words concerning the resolution unanimously adopted at Omaha, to establish in the Catholic University at Washington a Chair for the perpetual teaching of the language, literature, culture, and history of the Gaelic race.

“True it is, that politically we are the most loyal and affectionate sons of this mighty commonwealth, and that we cleave forever with the most enlightened devotion to the fundamental compacts of the Nation and the States, and to the common institutions of the land. True also, that multitudes of us rejoice that this is not only our adopted but our native country, and that we first saw the light on a soil as yet unblighted by religious or social persecution.

¹ The following pages are taken from an Open Letter written October 14, 1894, to all the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

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“ Nevertheless, we cannot forget that, in God’s providence, we descend from the most ancient of the Western races, one which has wandered over many seas and in many climes, and which has gathered in the long centuries of its development a common fund of experiences, qualities, traits, feelings, tendencies and ideals, peculiar and distinctive, and which differentiate from other races the men of Gaelic origin.

“ Now, all this is the common property of every one of us in whose veins flows the ardent blood of the Gael, and all this is embedded in the grand old tongue and the admirable literature of our fathers. High sentiments of veneration and gratitude, no less befitting to races than to individuals, ought to move us to save this perishing tongue and literature, through which the greatest of spiritual legacies were handed down to us for nearly fourteen centuries: our nationality, our religion, and the splendid unbroken spirit of the Gael.

“ No doubt such feelings are latent in the blood of all men of Irish descent; but we want them quickened; we want the young generations to be conscious of them; to be proud of their ancestry of scholars, teachers, missionaries, saints and martyrs, and to develop for the good of this great country the noble qualities with which God has endowed the Irish race, and which they have richly cultivated in the historic past—fortitude, endurance, daring, chivalry, manly tenderness, love of science and culture, and devotion to Jesus Christ and His Holy Church.

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“ There is an inspiration in great deeds accomplished that works for ages on the communities which have done them. A great cathedral, a splendid parish church, a school or other public monument recall forever the sacrifices of the generation which toiled to uplift them. Nay! in them that generation is immortal, for every stone is eloquent with praise of the generosity and intelligence of the builders. But this Chair of the Gaelic tongue, literature, civilization and history will be more than any monument of stone or bronze. From it will resound the living voice of a teacher, and as long as our country lasts it will be the solid centre about which may gather all those who love the story, the tongue, the writings, the poetry and the spirit of the Gael. Whatever teaching is established in universities partakes at once of the nature of these universal schools. It shares their dignity, and its results are sure to be as widespread as their influence and the fields whence they draw their students.

“ This Chair, when established, will do an ever-increasing honor to the Irish name and cause. It will help to unite us all on the common ground of literature and learning. It will tend to make us follow the highest ideals, intellectual and moral. The great scholars of this land will learn through it what the Gael was and is in the world's history, and what the scholars have once grasped as the truth, very quickly makes its way into the books and newspapers of the day. Moreover, this Chair will furnish a full and accurate knowledge of our

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literature and history to the Catholic press of the country, a power that is growing in numbers and influence; to Catholic journalists of the public press; to lecturers and special students; to writers of romance and poetry, and to a vast body of readers who eagerly grasp at all that is new and entrancing.

“Men are governed by ideas. When a pregnant thought is cast into the public mind it germinates rapidly, especially if the circumstances be suitable. Never was there a better time for this great deed. In France, Germany, and Italy, the Gaelic tongue is attracting, without any exaggeration, hundreds of scholars. Its professors easily find students and admiring audiences. What a shame for us that races totally foreign should devote so much attention to our ancestral tongue and writings, while we remain utterly ignorant of both!

“The Gael is multiplying the world over at an enormous rate; hence it is high time that this good work were undertaken. His is already a powerful influence in English literature, and therefore there was never a better time nor a broader channel for the thought and the ideals which the Gael has so long cherished, and to preserve which he let go everything that other peoples held dear.

“The Catholic Church has a profound interest in the preservation of this noble tongue. Her bishops, priests and monks nurtured and fashioned it, and made it the richest and greatest of the European vernaculars. Millions of our forefathers went to their last rest with its

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pious accents on their lips. For nearly fourteen hundred years its sweet consoling tones were heard in the confessional, and its grave, sublime poetry was chanted from ten thousand altars. It echoed along the roads of Europe and in her impenetrable forests from the mouths of a thousand missionaries, and it mingled its lyric strength with the majestic Latin at the Tombs of the Apostles, long before the modern nations of Europe had emerged from barbarism.

“ It has been a mighty channel of sacerdotal labors for fourteen centuries. It was the tongue of Patrick, Bridget, and Columba, and has been sanctified by long use in the mouths of the most eminent saints and the most learned doctors. It is saturated, in its structure and in its monuments, with the purest and most spiritual Catholicism, and for these reasons alone deserves a place in an institution destined to be the mouth-piece of the Catholic Church in America.

“ For a little individual sacrifice a great work can now be firmly established, and placed under the solemn protection of the entire Catholic Church in this country. Its results will go on, ever multiplying in the future, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians will reap forever the reputation of having performed the highest possible act of enlightened generosity, and done a deed that will greatly help to unite and elevate our race and remove the false stigma of illiteracy. I can assure you that all the great Gaelic scholars of Europe are speaking of this matter and rejoicing over it.

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“ We may believe, therefore, that the teaching of the Gaelic Chair will be, from the beginning, a fruitful one, and a benefit at once to the ancient Gaelic race, the Catholic Church, and the modern sciences.”

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IT is some fourteen centuries since a great Feis or national musical congress was celebrated among free and self-governing Gaels, nearly fourteen hundred years since the Hill of Tara, the "Palace of Music," was deserted and the harp ceased to resound amid the brilliant concourse of beauty, chivalry and art that in those old days was wont to gather every three years about the High King of Erin. Shall the beloved island ever see again such an hour? Who knows? Father Time is not only long-patient, but eminently equitable; his records are full of splendid acts of equity that yet astound the soul of every intelligent reader. Even Golden Rome became, in due order, a proof that injustice and oppression, however large and ruinous the sweep of their action, are themselves culprits that shall one day be judged with becoming severity.

The Gaelic peoples of antiquity were the most musical of the world. Their chief seat, Ireland, was known as the "Land of Song." How little do we know of the music of Greece and Rome or the ancient Orient?

An Open Letter to William Ludwig, Esq., on the occasion of the Irish "Feis" or Musical Festival held at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, February 13, 1901.

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When we find a broken slab of marble with some half-legible hymn to Apollo, all Europe and America are interested; for one brief moment the whole world listens to the music that could please an Alexander and an Aristotle. But how different is it with the music of Ireland, that is not only as old as any ancient music that has reached us, but is infinitely abundant, and has always exercised a potent influence upon the hearts and fortunes of the Gael!

The musicians of ancient Erin were a princely caste, vowed to music from their tenderest youth, educated with the greatest care. Their native tongue, extremely supple and melodious, formed as nowhere else in Europe the basis of a lengthy special training. The memory was cultivated in a phenomenal way. The old Irish school-master in the stories of Carleton and Crofton Croker is a genuine descendant of the men who formed the youthful Irish bards while the world was yet young and the spirit of romance still flourished. The ear was cultivated with still greater art. If the musician had to know at least three hundred and fifty "prime stories" before he was free of the community, he had also to be acquainted with the endless resources of the Gaelic tongue. It is said, on good authority, that not less than three hundred and eighteen metres were actually known and classified, though the musical capacities of the Gaelic tongue were far from being exhausted by this number. Careful students of literature like Dr. Sigerson of Dublin, assert that it is to the Gaelic poets and

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musicians that we owe the introduction of rhyme into our modern languages. Thereby, instead of measuring our poetry by an academic and artificial system of long and short syllables, we have the natural and pleasing effect of similarly sounding syllables, the delicate attuning of vowels and consonants so arranged as to keep up a unity of sentiment in a variety of expression. The rapid play of mind and heart in the musician is conveyed by the use of accent, and the overflowing melody is constrained on all sides by the use of fixed breaks or pauses, the number of syllables to the line, the art of making vowels and consonants chime, unexpectedly but scientifically, everywhere along the line already charged with picturesque words and the virgin emotions of the singer's heart. It has often been noticed that there is about the Irish orators of England—Burke, Grattan, Flood and their congeners—a certain haunting sense of solemn and magnificent music, as it were their atmosphere. So it is with the Irish music in general. It has an ineffable tone-color of its own, delicate and endless shadings of sound-effects that the modern rigid scale cannot render with accuracy. The more we read and study about Irish music the more we are convinced that under other political circumstances it would have already conquered the world's heart and affected mightily the flow of human life.

Certainly on Irish soil it has been passionately loved and cultivated. The harp is mentioned in the oldest

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poetical document of the Gael, the Song of Amergin and Lugad, son of Ith. Its music is compared to the warbling of song-birds, to zephyrs blowing sweetly over stately golden trees. The scholarly musicians who were its best masters were sacred and inviolable in their persons, wore the rich scarlet dress of kings, and received for their rewards not merely cups and beakers of gold, but vast estates. It is said that the whole barony of Carbery, in Cork, was once given to a singer as a fit reward for his skill.

The Christianized Gaels were no less devoted to their ancient music. The bards become the friends of Saint Patrick and weave for him a "thread of verse" about the Brehon Law that the Saint conforms to Christian teachings, *i.e.*, they throw it into a metrical form so that it could be recited or sung before the judges. The great singers of the time become his converts or those of his disciples—Fiacc, Sechnall, Dallan, Seanchan, Dubtach, Cearvall. From that day the bishops, abbots and priests are wont to carry their harps with them on their apostolic journeys, and literally sing their way into the hearts of the Gael. Their common saint, Columba of the Churches, the Saint of Ireland and Scotland, is one of the sweetest singers of all Erin. Several of his poems are yet extant, and they breathe a spirit of genuine lyricism—they were clearly first sung by Columba, and then handed around in writing. There is a pretty tale told about this saint, who was born not long after the death of St. Patrick, how he was one day

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conversing with his brethren in the presence of the poet Cronan on the banks of the River Boyle, where it flows into Loch Cé in Roscommon. When the poet retired the monks expressed their sorrow that Columba had not asked him to sing something "according to the rules of his art." Thus the old pagan music was still lovingly preserved and cultivated. Adamnán, who wrote a lovely life of Columba, praises his extraordinary voice, very sweet yet so powerful that he could be heard a mile away. His monastery at Derry was one of the first nurseries of church-music among the Irish. The old legend has it that every leaf on the oaks of Derry was occupied by a listening angel, so lovely was the song of its monks.

Perhaps such airs as "Eileen Aroon" go back to this time. One tradition assigns it to the brother of the famous Donogh O'Daly, abbot of Boyle in the thirteenth century. Another says it was sung in the ninth century. Handel said once that he would rather have written it than all his oratorios. So, too, the Coolín song, the Blooming Deirdré, the Molly Asthore, the Brown Thorn, the Dear Black Head, are as old as they are ineffably sweet and tender. Historians of music think that many of the airs selected for the famous political and sentimental songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were chosen precisely because they were very old and very dear to the people. It must not be forgotten that the mediæval Irish had, beside the ordinary notation by staves and points, another kind of

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musical character resembling the musical accents of the Greeks, and learned by them from the Latin clerics of the fifth and sixth centuries, to whom they also owed the use of the Latin alphabet.

Our modern music, as all know, is an outgrowth of the music of the Middle Ages, and that was the creation of the Catholic Church. Now the Irish monks on the continent contributed in their day no little to this music—there is for proof the well-known story of Moengal and Marcellus at the monastery of Saint Gall in Switzerland in the ninth century, where they taught music. Later, men like Notker the Stammerer and Herrmann the Dwarf followed in their footsteps. The multitude of Irish monks in the eighth and ninth centuries in every court of Europe, at every cathedral and along every highway, suggests a still more general influence of a musical character. The men who taught handwriting and the illumination of manuscripts to Frank and Teuton were not likely to neglect the supreme and peculiar art of their fatherland, the art of song. In the seventh century it was they who, at Ripon, Lindesfarne, Malmesbury and other monasteries founded by them, presided at the birth of English psalmody and taught the Angles and Saxons of Northumberland to chant the psalms of David and the prayers of the Church.

Few writers have said harder things about the Gael than the famous Gerald Barry (Cambrensis), who lived at the time of the Norman invasion. Yet he praises in the highest terms the musical gifts of the Irish.

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"This people," he says, "deserve to be praised for their successful cultivation of instrumental music, in which their skill is, beyond comparison, superior to that of every nation we have seen. For their modulation is not drawling and morose like our instrumental music in Britain, but the strains, while they are lively and rapid, are also sweet and delightful. It is astonishing how the proportionate time of the music is preserved, notwithstanding such impetuous rapidity of the fingers; and how, without violating a single rule of the art in running through shakes and slurs and variously intertwined organizing or counterpoint, with so sweet a rapidity, so unequal an equality of time, so apparently discordant a concord of sounds the melody is harmonized and rendered perfect."

Indeed, the Irish music was precisely one of those many charms that acted so potently on all the Norman English who came into friendly contact with the people. In the sixteenth century the English traveller Stanishurst says of the Irish harper Cruise that he was the most famous ever heard of, not only the greatest, but the sole master of that instrument. So in the Diary of Evelyn we read the praises of the harper Clarke. Dr. Renahan tells us in his History of Music that it was precisely in the Anglo-Norman time that flourished the great musicians of the families of the O'Dalys, the O'Higgins, the O'Duggans, and particularly of the O'Carrolls, to whom we owe many of the exquisite strains that the world still admires. At the end of the sixteenth century an Italian historian of England, the well-known Polydore Vergil, praises in almost the same

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terms as Cambrensis the eminent skill, the elegance, the accuracy and rapidity of execution of the vocal and instrumental performers of Ireland. Well he might, for Lord Bacon wrote about that time that "no harpe hath the sound so melting and prolonged as the Irish harpe." According to the poet Tassoni the ancient music of the Irish was imitated by the famous Italian composer of the sixteenth century, Gesualdo, himself in turn the inspiration of Geminiani, whose long stay in Ireland and fondness for O'Carolan are well known. Geminiani used to say that "in the domains of Great Britain we have no original music except the Irish." Handel, too, found his most appreciative public in Dublin, where he as well as other foreign composers loved to dwell in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Old Irish airs and motifs have been detected in the works of more than one brilliant composer of the continent.

Yet the beauty and power of this music were the cause of its decay. The kings and queens of England pursued the harpers from the beginning. Every minstrel's heart was an altar of patriotism. They were forbidden the Pale; their horses and trappings were confiscated with all their properties. Finally they were condemned to be hung because they would not cease to chant the glories, the rights and the hopes of their ancient fatherland.

When England would a land enthral,
She doom'd the muses' sons to fall;

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Lest Virtue's hand should string the lyre
And feed with song the patriot's fire.

With the independence of the Northern Chieftains were lost, in the seventeenth century, the castles and lordly homes where the minstrels flourished. England expanded over Ireland, and in doing so extinguished all the elements of native culture and refinement. The occupation of the bard was gone, and with it threatened to die out also the sources of the world's loveliest melodies. The troopers of Cromwell and the thrifty settlers sent over by the trading companies of London were not concerned with such things as poetry and music; on the contrary. Thus there remained only the great heart of the people as the last shelter of Irish music. To-day, in a sudden sunshine of popular favor and appreciation, that heart is giving back to men like Douglas Hyde, William Yeats, Lionel Johnston, John Todhunter, T. B. Rolleston and to women like Fiona McLeod, Nora Hopper and Dora Sigerson some of its secrets treasured through a long night in those recesses that no law can reach, no tyrant destroy. Since the death in 1738 of the great O'Carolan, the last of the world-old race of Gaelic harpers, the wood-side cabin, the mountain shieling, the humble festivities of wedding' and saints' days, the sad solemnities of death and burial, the tender loves and betrothals of the half-outlawed race, the memories of the past, remote and near, the deep and stirring musings on life, its uses and meanings, were the refuge of

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the spirit of music in Ireland. In Gray's faultless ballad, "Ruin Seize Thee, Ruthless King," we may catch the sentiments of those old singers of Ireland who assisted at the entombment of the one art that had so long given them fame and fortune, while it gladdened through every stratum the peculiar social world of which they were the most beloved ornament. The renaissance of cultured life in the Dublin of the eighteenth century, the presence of many Italian masters and the patriotic hopes excited in the popular breast by the events of the end of that century, aroused again some enthusiasm for Irish music. But it was not a genuine national music that arose. The meetings of the harpers in 1784 at Granard, and in 1792 at Belfast, were events of more importance. They gave occasion to Bunting to make his great collection of true Irish airs and songs. The melodies of Moore popularized the world over the spirit of Irish melody. But in more than one way both he and Sir John Stephenson failed to catch the inner soul of this splendid music. That was done by George Petrie, the antiquarian; by O'Curry, by Joyce and others who have gone down to the hearths of the Irish people and caught again those noble airs and songs where they were first born, in the innermost world of the ancient Gaelic heart. When the Petrie collection of over 1,800 airs is finally printed, we may know that one of the greatest acts of national piety has received fulfilment, the rescue of a people's songs from oblivion—songs that go back, perhaps, to the prehistoric days when

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the Keltic peoples were beginning their long journeyings to the shores of the Western Sea.

Even when the political fortunes of Ireland were at the lowest ebb her children did not neglect their noble gift of song. After all, it was the plain people of Ireland who saved the music of the nation as they saved the literature and the indomitable passion for freedom.

At the cradle of her child the mother sang old soothing croons and lullabies that had drifted down along the current of mother-hearts from the dawn of history. The milk-maid carolled gayly songs and tunes unrivalled for the simple beauty of the air and the feeling of the words. Over the dead the shrill and heart-melting keen of lamentation was raised as it had been for untold centuries of battle and conflict. Is there in all literature a grander lament than the ode of the O'Hussey for Maguire of Fermanagh? Sir Samuel Ferguson used to say that it was a song worthy of the grim genius of Dante. Ireland, indeed, never ceased to be a land of song—her old men, her maidens, her school-masters vied with the harpers and fiddlers in assimilating and handing down the musical genius of the race. What a lovely picture does the scholarly Mr. Joyce give us of the aged Alice Kenny on the hill-top amid the heather, weighed down with seventy years, yet singing delightfully for him and his companion an endless lot of old love songs, keens, croons, lullabies, lamentations and the like! The world is only now awakening to the rich

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store of fancy and romance that is still to be found in the hearts of the plain Irish people by those who know how to seek for it like Mr. Douglas Hyde and the lamented Dr. George Petrie. Even those prose stories of Erin that seem to be now attracting the world's attention are only fragments of the ancient music, for they were originally sung amid all the splendor of the old knightly life of the nation. The poor English prose of them is only the last dying echo of what once charmed the brave warriors and the lovely women of Ireland.

The wayward whistles of the ploughboy, the drollery of the village satirist, the sportive and playful feelings of the young and gay, the spirited and lively music of the pipes, the entrancing sweetness of the fiddle, the wild pathetic melody of the songs of departure and adieu that overflow with the passion of home and fatherland, the comic jollity of the drinking songs, the piercing recitative of aged lips above the young and lovely dead, the magnificence of the marching tunes—what emotions are there in the human heart, gay or sorrowful, simple or complex, that do not find a true and manifold rendering in the songs of Ireland! “Give me the making of a people's songs and I care not who makes their laws,” said the poet Fletcher. What these “people's songs” were like in ancient Ireland we may learn from the words of another poet, himself an Irishman, born and educated within sight of the home of O'Carolan.

“The music of the finest singer,” says Goldsmith, “is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung

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me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's last good-night or the cruelty of Barbara Allen."

How strange! While a hundred years ago Henry Maddin at Versailles, Michael Kelly at Naples and Rome, Thomas Carter at Vienna, Rophino Lacey at Madrid and The Hague, Andrew Ashe at Brussels, Michael Balfe in Dublin were charming the world of Europe with their genius as representatives of modern music, the Irish farmer's daughter, the laboring man in the field, the young mother by the cradle, the ballad-singer on the streets of Cork or Belfast were preserving for our own time the very soul of a music that was old when our modern world was yet unthought of.

Irish nationality is intimately bound up with the music of the Gael. While the latter lives and is cherished the hopes of a revival for the former cannot die. The power which once hung the high-souled harper of old has within recent times exiled even the tamer poets who took his place—the highest tribute to the power of song. There is, indeed, a creative, preserving, inspiring force in music as in no other art. It seeks the innermost recesses of the soul and binds past, present and future into one. It is the natural tongue and the last refuge of patriotism.

Let the Irish people cultivate once more their ancient and charming music, as the Welsh have done in their admirable Eistedfods and the Scotch by their devotion to the incomparable music of the Gaelic Highlands! All three have in common the spirit and many examples of

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the music that was sung before the Knights of the Round Table when Taliesin and Llywarch Hen were famous, that roused the courage of a Roderick Dhu and a Wallace, and fired with immortal bravery the souls of many an Irish soldier on a thousand fields of battle from Clontarf to Fontenoy.

ROBERT EMMET

I HAVE come here to-night to celebrate with you the memory of one of God's noblemen, the Irishman Robert Emmet. If you open the broad folios of history, you will not read that he founded a state, nor that he established a religion; it is not written there that he sang any sublime chant that goes echoing through the ages, nor that he wrought a breathing statue or flung upon the canvas the rarest fancies of the imagination. He scrutinized no depths of nature, and he laid bare by incisive thought no innermost folds of the human mind. He touched no secret key of invention, and he opened up to civilization no continent long hidden in obscurity and forgetfulness. His title to eternal fame and the imperishable gratitude of his ancient race rests on other foundations, but not less solid nor less glorious than those on which repose the memories of statesmen and philosophers, poets and artists, inventors and pioneers. With every decade his figure stands out more luminous and fascinating against the ever-deepening background of time, and as the prejudices and passions of his own day decline, or give way to new interests and ambitions, the meaning of this man's life and death grows clearer and

Delivered March 4, 1896, at Buffalo, under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

ROBERT EMMET

holier, and he advances by unanimous consent to the high portal of common fame, and takes his place there among those benefactors of mankind who have died that others might live, who have thrown themselves into the sacrificial abyss that its yawning walls might close, and the pestilence of oppression cease to vomit forth its deadly vapors, and men might live and move in the blessed sunlight of liberty. Robert Emmet died for his country—that is his title to fame and gratitude; so much, and no more, as was sufficient to crown Harmodius and Aristogeiton with undying glory; so much, and no more, as enthroned Arnold von Winkelried in the heart of Switzerland; so much, and no more, as lifted Andreas Hofer out of his obscurity and made him one of humanity's shining ideals; so much, and no more, as twined immortal bays about the brow of Nathan Hale. After the sacrifice of life for one's religion, there is none more glorious and more fruitful than the sacrifice of life for one's country. So the philosophers have decreed and the poets sung; so the people from time immemorial have believed, and so each individual soul is persuaded, from that fine old heathen who says that "it is a sweet and a decorous thing to die for one's country" to the modern singer who tells us in no less sententious verse that

Whether on the battle-field
Or in the prison-van,
The noblest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.

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Robert Emmet died for Ireland! But that was nothing new or strange. Before him the path of time is strewn with victims innumerable, no less brave and high-minded. All Ireland is one bleeding sod, red with the richest blood of her children, soaked with their dying sighs and aspirations, until it cries against the heavens with an undying thunderous voice of vengeance that must one day force open the judgment gates, and overwhelm with shame and confusion her secular oppressor. Robert Emmet died for Ireland! But so did countless men from the hour when Strongbow's ships first grated on Irish soil to within the memory of the youngest here present. Ireland is a very Moloch among the nations, a Juggernaut to which human life has been offered up with the most sublime recklessness. One life more or less does not count in this horrid shambles, and if that were all, we would scarcely be here to-night to celebrate so commonplace an event.

It is the peculiar nature of his career—his tender youth, the rare charms of his personality; his brilliant gifts and the hopes centred in him; his vicarious acceptance of his brother's post of danger; the sad doom of his patriotic and generous family; the circumstances of time and occasion; the unparalleled last discourse of the patriot; the solemn and public tragedy of his execution; the vast audience—all Europe with the new Cæsar in the front rank; the awful tension of many millions of men—one of the world's oldest and most brilliant races; the feeling that one act of a long national tragedy was

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ending in blood and night and despair, with the grim resolution that the end was not yet; the marvellous chance that exiled millions of his countrymen, who carried his dying accents the wide world over, and echoed them on Western prairies and amid Australian forests, and found in these winged words a gospel of patriotism sweeter than any Tiresias ever sang, more burning and soulful than their greatest bards had ever poured forth, charged with all the pent-up feeling of a great race which had saluted from afar the horizon of liberty, and saw itself cast back with ribald ruthlessness into a trackless desert and fresh wanderings.

Historians may divide as they will the sad history of the relations of Ireland and England since the Norman invasion; they may draw their melancholy lines with more or less precision, but the ages to come will recognize in the death of Emmet the end of the first great period—the period of hate, of absolute extermination marked by every shade and phase of violence, open or covert, persistent or intermittent. Throughout all this period the altars of sacrifice are ever smoking, and the executioner stands by, all rosy and garlanded, and the infinite procession of victims moves up, and the death-space is sodden with the bright streams of blood that trickle from beneath the sacrificial knife. It is a carnival of death, such as the world never saw but once before, and such may it never see again! At last the end seems nigh. With one violent convulsion the baited and har-

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ried victims arise for a last struggle. It is short, sharp and decisive, and when the smoke of 1798 clears away, the sullen silence of failure fills the air, and the collar of final and eternal bondage is being made ready. For now the executioner will shackle the victims forever to himself, that, waking or sleeping, hope may be dead, and the conquered people accept like a law of nature the stigma of slavery.

Robert Emmet was the “perfect and centennial flower” of Irish life in the eighteenth century. To understand his career, and the passionate fondness with which his countrymen cherish his memory, we must go back to that eighteenth century, that crucial period of transition in which Ireland learned for the first time the full bitterness of hopeless political degradation. To us of the nineteenth century he is like some brief but splendid meteor that flashes across the opening of our epoch, a red levin that tears for a moment the black mantle of night, and serves only to divide the monotony of political darkness. But such was he not to his contemporaries. Like them he was a child of the agitations and struggles that had gone before; he resumed in himself all the life-history of Ireland in the days that intervened between the succession to the English throne of the House of Hanover, and the triumph of the French Revolution. He mirrored in his person the elegance of social refinement, and the exquisiteness of literary formation, which stamped the Irish gentleman of those days as foremost in Europe. His soul burned with all the noble enthu-

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sians that had so often echoed through the halls of parliament and in the public press. The political struggles of the century were the uninterrupted theme of his thoughts, and his heart cherished no hope or affection so holy as the restoration of his country to the rank of a nation whence she had been so recently, so unjustly and so wantonly, thrust down. In Robert Emmet appear all the graces of Irish life in the last century, all the national aspirations, the longings of oppressed humanity, the ambitions of science and philosophy, a pure sympathy for men of every faith, a generous devotion to the ideal in thought and conduct, and an admirable manliness in which were reconciled the tenderest feeling, iron energy, and unswerving fixity of purpose. This may appear a high estimate, but it is borne out by the evidence of his contemporaries, and above all by the enduring testimony of the Irish heart, which has had too much experience to cherish so universally and so tenderly one who did not fill the measure of the highest national ideal.

The eighteenth century opened sadly for Ireland; for nearly one hundred and fifty years civil and religious warfare had deluged the little island with blood, and the century opened upon a people breathed and broken, with its lands confiscated and its laws proscribed, its tongue forbidden and befouled, and worse than all, its old hereditary nobles, under whom alone it had hitherto known how to fight, banished to every great army of the

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continent. The galling gyves of slavery dangled from the wrists of all Catholic Irishmen; the altars of their ancient faith were overthrown and desecrated; their immemorial places of prayer unroofed, or turned to unholy uses. A whole nation was outlawed; common humanity was outraged in the persons of millions of men belonging to a subtle, sensitive and refined race, and the traveller of the time had to cross all Europe to reach the unspeakable Turk before he found a faint, inferior parallel to the

Hell-born laws with prison-jaws
And greedy lords with tiger-maws

which crushed to earth the people of Erin. The Act of Settlement and the Penal Laws were the answer of England to the just and manful wars for freedom which Ireland had waged, alone and poor, from Shane O'Neil to Patrick Sarsfield, and the English counterpart to Dante's famous

Prometter lungo e l'attender corto

by which the Treaty of Limerick was abrogated and the solemnly assured rights of the Catholic Irish trampled under foot when their protectors were gone. A reign of cant and hypocrisy was inaugurated, and while the faces of the poor and the lowly were ground into the earth, the freedom of English politics, the bluff simplicity, the spirit of fairness and the equitable dealings of England, were insisted on before the world. Honorable non-Cath-

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olics wearied of this spectacle, and the early half of the century is notable for the efforts of men like Molyneaux, Berkeley, Swift and Lucas, who felt too keenly the solidarity of all Irish interests not to raise their voices in protest against the absolute subjugation of the Green Isle. It is true they did not intend to relieve the political or social disabilities of the vast Catholic majority, that they had at heart immediately the interests of their caste and their class; nevertheless they proclaimed the broad principle of legislative independence for Ireland, and the freedom of her judiciary, the removal of all debasing signs of political servitude, like Poyning's Act, the inalienable right to an open field for commerce and industry, the immorality of debasing the coinage and of making Ireland a parade-ground for the venal army of place-hunters who overran the England of the last century—men of external culture and polish, but rotten at heart, debauched, conscienceless, the Butlers and the Stones, the Dorsets and the Rutlands and the Buckinghams, the Clares and the Fitzgibbons, vile herd of miscreants and persecutors whose treatment of Ireland was infinitely more cruel and unjustifiable than ever was the Spanish rule in fair Cuba, or the Ottoman's domination in classic Greece, or even in the unhappy Armenia of to-day.

As the century wore on, that curse and bane of too faithful and generous Ireland, the selfish and narrow Stuarts, ceased to trouble the Hanoverian Georges. While their last scions dragged out a dissipated and aim-

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less existence, the people who had bled for them ate the bread of misery and drank the cup of sorrow on their ancestral soil, which was held by scarcely more than one hundred great proprietors, an oligarchy in whom close intermarriages, party spirit, difference of religion, hereditary tradition, and irresponsible power had preserved all the evil passions and prejudices of their first settlement.

Out of the wreck of the seventeenth century the Irish people had saved only their religion, their manners and their tongue. Nine-tenths of them were, throughout the eighteenth century, without political equality or the commonest benefits of civil government. They had no share in the general progress of the world, no part in its social comforts. Ireland was all this time the Cinderella of European society, and the common man had practically no rights that his lord was bound to respect. What wonder that human nature rebelled from time to time, and took a cruel vengeance on its torturers!

The decade which saw the concession of this boon, wrung from England by fear of France, saw also the progress of the conspiracy by which Ireland was made to pay for permission to hear mass and go to confession, by the loss of her rights as a nation, and the execution of thousands of her bravest and best defenders. Through all these years the administration of Ireland was intensely anti-Catholic; the Castle threw its horrid shadow over the whole land, and from the portals of that grim

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ogre went out the daily murderers of the nation. Scourgings and tortures, domiciliary visits and military outrages—every means was resorted to that the unhappy people might be goaded into a rebellion, too easily suppressed. Coercive legislation, intimidation and packing of juries, notorious perjury of spies and informers—the very acme of political diabolism was reached, and the insurrection of 1798 was the only answer the unfortunates could make, unless they wished to perish like dumb animals on their own thresholds.

The Catholic clergy, as ever on the side of peace and order, deplored the rising. Educated for the greater part abroad, they brought home the courtly manners of France or Spain or Portugal, and though they walked in manacles, yet the naval successes of England, the shameful failure of all expeditions against her, the passing of the Stuarts, the gleams of freedom, the natural passivity and patience of the clerical temperament, the utter lack of means to fight the hereditary foe, and a most tender love for the faithful multitudes whom their gaolers only desired to goad into rebellion, kept back the clergy from any general participation in the movement. They had an instinctive dread of irreligious France, and the horrors of the Reign of Terror were scarcely over. The Cæsaropapism of Bonaparte was even less to their liking than the domination of England, and so they held aloof, blameless holy men that they were, entrusted with the responsibility of recent religious freedom, and seeing on the horizon no sign of

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friendly aid, nor around them any human probability of success.

The Catholics of Ireland were not the only discontented parties. The liberal school of Swift and Lucas had prospered in the meantime, and had now a goodly array of disciples. In the English Parliament the incomparable Burke and the witty Sheridan upheld the cause of their beloved country, while across the channel the halls of the Irish Parliament resounded with the eloquence of Grattan, Flood, Lord Charlemont, Hussey Burg, Forbes, Ponsonby, and other devoted adherents of the independence of Ireland. Never, save perhaps from the lips of St. Bernard and Bossuet, did human language flow with such persuasive unction, such awe-inspiring majesty, such sonorous music, such thrilling accents of love, devotion, warning, and despair. Yet these men were only the keeners at the funeral cortége of their country's greatness. They knew it, and even the temporary success of their policy, under the threatening pressure of 100,000 volunteers, could not deceive them into the belief that England would forever abandon her secular policy of extermination. They saw that humane rulers like Chesterfield, Abercrombie, and Fitzwilliam were only exhibited one brief moment to Ireland, while dissipated Anglican clerics and broken favorites, adventurers, and apostates were foisted for long decades on the necks of the helpless population. They beheld the ostentatious corruption of the Irish youth in the metropolis, the reckless private expenditure, the follies of ex-

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cessive conviviality and the gaming table—all calculated to lower the tone of public morality, and to weaken the tender plant of patriotism that they had nourished with so much devotion and such ardent hopes. The splendid array of these great talents, drawn only from a minority of the people, was a living refutation of the boasted incapacity of Ireland to govern herself. For several decades they had maintained a parliamentary struggle of extreme intensity on every vital question of the time,—the pension list, education, the tithes, freedom of commerce, religious disabilities and the repeal of odious trammelling acts of the Imperial Parliament, like the sixth of George I, and Poyning's Act—and especially on the right of Ireland to govern herself. The last twenty years of the Irish Parliament were like the song of the dying swan, filled with the melancholy music of expiring genius. Wit, argument, philosophy and poetry—all the faculties of the mind and the emotions of the heart—were summoned to the last struggle. The claims of justice were ranged beside those of interest; the lesson of past history was added to the menaces of the future; self-help and courage were invoked at the same time as pity and equity were called on to defend the case of Europe's oldest nation.

It is said that some words are half battles; in that case there never was a more glorious battle-field than the halls of College Green in the closing decades of the last century. The liberty of Greece went down in the wreck of war, with never a note from the world's

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sweetest singers; the glory and prestige of Rome were overshadowed with scarcely a few vague and scattered cries from her children; nation upon nation has gone down from its place in sorrow and dejection, but none has ever fought like Ireland for its rights and its dignity, and none has ever enriched the world's literature with such stately and majestic protests against the brute force to which it unwillingly submitted. While the English language survives, men will read with ever-growing delight and emotion the oratory of a Grattan, who resumed in himself every phase of the Irish national resistance. They will admire his fertility and cogency of argument, his marvellous condensation of thought, his scorching invective, his eloquent fine scorn, his pathetic appeals, his winged epigrammatic phrase, and, above all, the holy ardor of unselfish patriotism that breathes in every page of his writings and animates every accent of his tongue. What wonder that the Irish heart has enthroned Henry Grattan in its innermost warmest recesses, and that it sees in him the most chivalrous and undaunted defender of his country's rights and dignity! What wonder that the greatest master of Irish emotional thought wreathed his memory with a chain of verse whose tender sad melancholy might draw tears from the hardest heart:

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellished, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit, whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

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Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime,
Like a pyramid raised in the desert, where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

That *one* lucid interval, snatched from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul
A Nation o'erleaped the dark bounds of her doom,
And for one sacred instant, touched liberty's goal?

Who that ever hath heard him, hath drunk at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring the fire and the force
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wandered free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone thro'
As clear as the brook's 'stone of lustre,' and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity, too.

But there was no generosity in the mercantile heart of England, no readiness to meet half-way the sister-isle, and render a share of long-delayed justice. The concessions grudgingly given in the eighties were nullified, when the fear of French invasion grew less, and the little difficulty with the United States was settled in a manner satisfactory to the latter. Ireland must cease to be a nation, must become a province, a shire of England. For that purpose the people were goaded into rebellion, that the late concessions might be withdrawn, and the way made clear for the extinction of the Irish nationality.

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But the eloquence of Grattan and his little band of followers had long been bearing fruit. During the decades which had seen the great parliamentary debates, the rise of the Volunteers, the compulsion of England, the liberation and growth of Irish industry, the increase and contentment of the population, there had come to the front a young Ireland which looked on all this as only the stepping stone to a high plane of public and national life. These were the United Irishmen, as brave and disinterested a body of patriots as ever conspired for their country's freedom, men of every class in Ireland from the great ducal families down to the plain and honest tradesmen and the tillers of the soil. Any nation might be proud of such men as Samuel Neilson, Thomas Russell, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Addis Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Arthur O'Connor, to mention only the men of education and distinction who were the leaders of this movement. They were not originally a secret society, but the virulent cruelty of the Castle and the malignant hate of English statesmen drove them to the patriot's last resource, the secret plotting and the armed rising.

It has been said that their projects were chimerical, and that their undertaking was therefore criminal, inasmuch as it involved the utter ruin of their countrymen. But if we listen to the facts and not to the interested judgments of their victorious opponents, we shall see that it was not so. They had enrolled a half a million

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members, and had provided rude arms for some 300,000. They were able to interest both France and Holland for three years in their projects. They had behind them nine-tenths of Ireland, deprived yet of perfect religious equality, and smarting under political disabilities and the social and economical injustices of many centuries' standing. The immemorial sign of the national independence, the parliament, was tottering to its fall, and though it was the abode of every rottenness, and though every seat had trebled in money value by the very concessions of England, nevertheless it was the sanctuary of the national life from which the thieves and the traffickers might one day be driven. Above all, the contagion of popular freedom had swept over from the continent, and high-strung souls and peasants writhing beneath the heels of a foreign soldiery listened eagerly to the incredible news that every post brought of a nation in arms, of the millions of the new republican France breaking ancient monarchies on every battle-field and inviting all mankind to an era of change and demolition. The Revolution seemed to cry to them across the near and the distant oceans, from the Old World and the New, and to cry out with *Speranza* :

Lift up your pale faces, ye children of sorrow!
The night passes on to a glorious to-morrow.
Hark! hear ye not sounding glad Liberty's pæan
From the Alps to the Isles of the tideless Ægean?
And the rhythmical march of the gathering nations,
And the crashing of thrones 'neath their fierce exultations,

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And the cry of Humanity cleaving the ether,
With hymns of the conquering rising together—
God, Liberty, Truth! How they burn heart and brain!
These words shall they burn, shall they waken in vain?

I need not repeat the issue of the glorious effort—the exertions of Tone, the expedition of Hoche, its sad failure, the reprisals on the unfortunate peasantry, the excesses of the soldiery, the rising of '98 and the final repression of the ill-timed and ill-starred movement which, nevertheless, cost England an enormous treasure and took over 100,000 men for the task of repressing a very partial insurrection in a portion of the island.

Then came the unholy and unhappy union of the parliaments of the two kingdoms. The Andromeda of the nations lay exposed and shackled on her island rock, but no Perseus appeared to avert her impending doom. The ideal of English statesmen, the incorporation of Ireland into the imperial system and her reduction to a provincial status, was now accomplished. By lies and threats, by cajoling and delusion, by promises and solicitation, by the creation of new peers and corrupt elections, by expenditure of enormous sums of money (that Ireland had later to pay back, thus purchasing her own shame), against the will of the people, in spite of the protests of education, commerce, and industry, and in defiance of the last weak vanguard of Irish patriots, the Irish Parliament was dissolved forever in 1801, and an institution

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that went back to the Feis of Tara, ceased its immemorial career. Forever Clare and Castlereagh shall go down in history as infamous traitors to their native land, and the immediate agents of a policy that has done more to wreck the hopes of Irishmen than all the victories of the preceding centuries. Corrupt as was the Irish Parliament, unjust as was the exclusion of Catholics, selfish as was the spirit of its legislation, narrow the circle of its benefits—nevertheless it was the sign of independence, the public reminder of ancient nationality, the authorized exponent of Irish needs and grievances. It could not but reflect the currents of public opinion, and it furnished an open and legal stage for the discussion of all Irish matters. It was a school of sublime and impassioned oratory, in which the “perfidious genius” of the Irish had full play, and it was, in spite of all, a school of true patriotism among a people especially fond of rhetorical display and keenly sensitive to the impulses of the heart. Had it been able to tide over another generation, and to hold its place among the newly formed constitutional assemblies of Europe, it might have been the natural gate by which would have entered into Ireland freedom and equality, comfort and progress, mutual tolerance and respect, co-operation and reciprocal stimulus to higher and nobler aims and successes. What might not that nation hope to produce which had lent to every army in Europe generals like Lally and Gordon, O’Brien, Brown, and the five Lacys; which had given to England her greatest statesman, Burke, and her fiercest

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satirist, Swift; which had honored English letters in the person of Goldsmith, the poet who has "smiles for every joy, and tears for every woe," and in Sheridan, that most keen and sympathetic observer of the social conditions of English life? The multitudinous genius of Ireland would have shone in every walk of public life, and the best efforts of the Gaelic mind and heart, essentially religious and ardently idealistic, would have been given to the cause of humanity in a century when it needed just such a balance to keep it from the materialistic and atheistic excesses of its chief patrons. The Gaelic genius, especially in the Irish, is so naturally social, imaginative, and hopeful; it rises so buoyantly above a sea of difficulties, and is so quick to assimilate to itself the best elements of every other race-genius, that the student of institutions must always regret that no fair field has been furnished it, in order to exhibit under modern conditions what political work of the highest order it is capable of planning and executing. It is a truism that the Irishman may govern Canada and Australia, may civilize India and the Cape, may exhibit self-restraint, toleration, and prudence in any part of the British imperial world—but he is worse than worthless, forsooth, when he turns his hand to making laws for his beloved Ireland. It was the bitter consciousness of this situation that wrung from the soul of Moore, as he contemplated the extinction of the parliament, the poet's admirable lament for the fallen fortunes of his country:

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Her pride has gone by,

And that spirit is broken which never could bend;

O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,

For 'tis treason to love her and death to defend.

Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray,

Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires,

And the torch that would light them through dignity's way

Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,

Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;

Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,

Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;

The sigh of the harp shall be sent o'er the deep,

Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,

Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

It was into this Ireland of the closing eighteenth century that Robert Emmet was born, the youngest son of a patriotic and distinguished physician, and the brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the most active of the United Irishmen, and afterward one of the most brilliant lawyers of the great state of New York, a man of the school of Grattan and Flood, and born to be, under more favorable circumstances, the pride of his native land. Trinity College did not extinguish the aspirations of the younger Emmet's soul; on the contrary, the time he spared from hard study was devoted to the history of his country, to plans for the betterment of her condi-

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tion, and his ardent proselytism for justice and equality, though it led to his expulsion from the college, was long remembered by all who had the fortune to listen to his charming eloquence. He was exceptionally free from the follies and frailties of youth, and the poet Moore, his friend and fellow-student, tells us that "were I to number the men among all whom I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet." By birth and family connection he might have aspired to the highest gifts in the power of the English state, but he preferred to share his country's sufferings, and at the very outset of his career cast his lot with those who meditated her formal independence. The collapse of the Volunteers, the insolence of the Castle, the cruel tortures of the common people, the approaching extinction of the parliament, rendered frantic the noblest spirits in Ireland, and bound them in a secret conspiracy to effect, with the temporary aid of France, her freedom from the English yoke. The example of the United States, just entering upon its glorious career, inspired them with serious hope, and the marvellous happenings on the continent seemed to presage success to any movement to which the new soldier of fortune would lend the aid of his sword. Before him, as before a Cambyses or an Alexander, thrones bowed and dynasties trembled. He made and unmade kings and states, laws and religion. The latter walked humbly at his chariot wheel, and his word

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was law from the Vistula to the Rhine. The perishing clutch at straws, and the United Irishmen, seeing the Irish ship of state about to founder, threw themselves into an alliance with the First Consul. They lived to regret their dealings with the most selfish and treacherous of men, who used them for his purposes and abandoned them to their fate. But their motives were sincere and patriotic, and though the year of 1798 brought destruction upon their society and horrid disaster upon thousands of the Irish peasantry, yet history deals tenderly with them because of their disinterestedness, their rare personal virtues, their tender love for their country, and the desperate state into which the latter was falling. It is true, the connection with France roused the fiercest wrath of England and had much to do with the awful vengeance that she permitted herself; yet it remains also true that they had at one time well-founded hopes of success, and that they were not guilty of so great a want of foresight as they have been reproached with.

The public reprisals of the government ended with the imprisonment, and later with the exile, of the chief leaders, prominent among whom was Thomas Addis, the brother of Robert Emmet. In the fall of 1802 the two brothers met on the continent, where the exiles of 1798 were organizing a last effort to effect the independence of the Green Isle.

From the society of the exiles and the continental diplomats Robert Emmet returned, glowing with enthu-

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siasm, filled with hope, and employed the first six months of 1803 in setting on foot a last armed resistance to the English conqueror. He threw into the movement indomitable energy and a persistent vigor. He was omnipresent, and by discourse, example, and writing roused again the drooping spirits of those men who found the irons of slavery worse than the fetters of the grave, death itself and the annihilation of the nation preferable to the cup of humiliation that the statesmen of England were mixing for the sister-island. With incredible ingenuity and boldness he began to construct weapons and ammunitions of war, and the student of his life is filled with pathetic admiration as he sees this youth rousing the last faint hopes of a dying nationality under the shadow of the Castle, and single-handed, preparing to cope with a power that even the Little Corsican was letting safely alone.

A visionary, an enthusiast! some will say. Be it so, but a seer of splendid visions and a dreamer of high and holy things, a man who threw his soul into the future and communed with justice and right and walked with the sublime and purified spirits of all ages, and planned to make his country the theatre on which such examples of virtue should be common, and humanity be free to rise according to the native impulses of time and occasion. A visionary and an enthusiast! Yes, but of the stripe of Washington at Valley Forge, a man in whom enthusiasm was a habit, made up of those three things

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which Lamartine calls faith, love, and character. "In these three things," says a modern orator, "we find a common quality, internal liberty, free from all that is foreign to the actual task, a more than voluntary abnegation, something spontaneous and natural. The man who is filled with such enthusiasm has reached that plane of independence on which he can move as a hero or a martyr. He may meet difficulties, but he will break them down; he may die, but dying he will triumph. He will show that degree of perseverance which makes of patience a sublime virtue. Emotion, sweeping but transitory in ordinary men, becomes in him something stable and tranquil. He moves in the world like the sun, an ever-open source of light, heat, production, and life."

Such an enthusiast was Robert Emmet, in whose heart the love of Ireland burned pure and serene as the vestal's flame, fed from the well-springs of reading, converse, meditation, and that steady communion with the patriot spirits of the past, which is the infallible source of the highest love and devotion. Some historians maintain that there are masculine and feminine centuries, masculine and feminine nations; certain it is that there are periods of history when men are keenly alive to all ideals and easily moved by every enthusiasm, receptive and sympathetic ages in which, as the poet says:

One man with a dream at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Shall trample a kingdom down.

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And again there are other ages in which humanity moves on very low levels, clings to the comforts of earth, and is loath to part with its material welfare or to risk its hard-earned gains, ages of a narrow and vulgar philistinism in which emotion and sentiment are weighed like cotton and sugar, and all splendid dreams, all imperishable profound yearnings, all travailings of the spirit, all unearthly and refined impulses of the soul, are treated as infantile vagaries, or unworthy dotings of the human mind. In the first, humanity is like a powder magazine; a spark will spread the wildest conflagration. In the second, only self-interest and material gain will make men move cautiously from their coigne of vantage. Have we fallen upon such a vulgar period of existence, where men are no longer prodigal of life in the pursuit of glory and fame, when their souls are shrivelling into atoms, and the once boundless horizon of the free Christian man is dwindling to the fences that surround his farm or the conditions which make his business a worldly success? Have we mistaken the true value of life and the uses of progress and prosperity, and are we beginning to pay in the body social and economic for these fundamental abuses of conscience and light, and the silencing or starving of the natural impulses of the heart?

Robert Emmet lived in an age of romantic enthusiasms, misdirected at times, if you will, but nevertheless ardent, hopeful longings for a new and better order of things. The currents of a new life were everywhere pulsating

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throughout Europe, and nowhere did their course flow freer and deeper than on Irish soil, among the impressionable and suffering Gaels. In a very brief space of time he had planned a new insurrection which was to coincide with the landing of French troops, but the inevitable traitors and certain mishaps and misunderstandings caused a weak and disconnected attempt on the 23d of July in Dublin, which was promptly suppressed. A brief thrusting of pikes in the streets, some volleys from the soldiers, and the last fires of the movement of the United Irishmen had burned out, leaving Erin in the most helpless plight, exhausted, friendless, resourceless, at the tender mercy of her secular enemy. It seemed a ridiculous finish to the strenuous parliamentary warfare of the previous century, but the trial and death of the chief leader invested the wretched attempt with a dignity that its proportions did not deserve. It gave to the Irish cause a new hero and a new watchword, and nourished amid the ashes of defeat the holy spark of freedom, the indomitable eternal protest of the prostrate nation that it would rather perish from the face of the earth than renounce its title to nationality and independence.

The trial of Emmet was like a thousand other Irish state trials, a judicial farce, for he was dead within twenty-four hours of the opening of the trial. But it remains forever memorable because of the eloquent arraignment of English injustice to Ireland. Of him it might truly be said that nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it. His dying words proclaim the

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gist of Ireland's grievances, the heartlessness, corruption, and prejudice of her conqueror. Its polished sentences roused his judges like sword-thrusts, and there is perhaps no such scene in history where a helpless youth, speaking to time and to eternity, so inverted the rôles of accuser and accused, and lives forever as the Rhadamanthus of English misrule in Ireland. The large and dignified movement of the phrase; the grave and musical balance of the long sentences, fraught with intense feeling; the loftiness of the thought; the true Gaelic fervor and picturesqueness of the style; the splendid dignity and eloquence with which he rebuts each peevish sally of his executioners; the sculpturesque relief with which he exposes the hypocrisy of the armed and bloodthirsty camp that called itself the government of Ireland; the solemn prophetic tone, as of one who spoke over the heads of the judges and soldiers (for none other were present), and addressed himself to the civilized world and to the unborn millions of the future—will lend forever a literary and an historic interest to this last speech of a man who was as true a hero as ever sprang from the loins of Mother Ireland. But to Irishmen and their descendants it has a deeply pathetic, because domestic, interest, and it is no mere whim of fortune that it has become like the "Law and the Prophets" of the national idea. For them it is the justification, the irrefutable apology of all the wars ever waged for Ireland, or likely to be waged in the future. It is the voice of the nation, nay, of the race, dictating to eternity the shame of England. The

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lips of Emmet were but the channel for the composite utterance of all the millions who had ever suffered, bled or died for country or religion, or for both. No man was ever so surely the spokesman of oppressed innocence and the herald of iron Nemesis as Robert Emmet, when he paced with emotion that narrow dock in Dublin, and swaying slightly, as was his wont in speaking, pronounced in a loud but exquisitely modulated voice this sentence of humanity against a nation which had so long and so signally outraged its dictates:

“The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from *some* of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to some more friendly port, when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope: I wish that my name and my memory may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.”

The career of Robert Emmet was now over. Like the dying swan he sang his own immortal caoine (keen) in

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sweet but heartrending numbers that echo forever in the memories of his countrymen, and ring like bugle calls from one generation to another :

“ My lord! you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim ; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye yet patient! I have but a few words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished ; my race is run ; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world ; it is *the charity of its silence*. Let no man write my epitaph ; for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not till then let my epitaph be written.”

So perished Robert Emmet, the flower of Ireland's youth, the pride of Ireland's chivalry, the peer of any of the brave and stainless souls who have lived and died for her welfare. Cut off in the heyday of manhood, before a smiling world that beckoned him to the accepted paths of glory and renown, branded as a traitor and singed with every infamy that infamous laws could inflict, his name has become, as he foresaw, one of the world's greatest shibboleths. The oppressors of his

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country still execrate him, and its faithful sons still venerate him. The former call him a deluded enthusiast, and the latter see in him the very type of the national martyr. The former recognize in him the most vehement and logical enemy of English imperialism, and the latter repeat with satisfaction the formulas in which the martyr steadily fed the political faith of the vast majority of Irishmen. The former hold still with the executioner-judges who condemned him, while all Erin says over Emmet's forgotten grave the melancholy lines of his poet-friend:

Oh! breathe not his name, let it rest in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

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ON the threshold of the twentieth century we ask ourselves: What is to become of Ireland? We are well into the eighth century of her political subjection to England. For more than seven hundred years the spirit and the temper, the ideals and the habits of a distinct nationality have been sustained by the people of that island. Their history since the Norman Conquest may be written in one word—eternal invincible protest. The courses of the life of the world have been changed by reason of Ireland's solemn refusal to accept willingly the hegemony of England. That protest caused the expulsion of the Stuarts from their once proud throne; that protest helped to make our Revolution a success; that protest broke the impact of the Reformation in the North, and forged the strongest and most supple weapon of modern Catholicism; that protest loaned a million of men to France in a hundred years, and another great multitude to Spain and Austria; that protest helped the democracy of England to cheap bread and a genuine representation in the councils of their own island; that protest has been a strong factor in every

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decade of our political life, for it loaned to American public sentiment a fierceness and a determination, an old historical background, in the political and economical struggle that we have been carrying on with England since our birth as a nation on the frozen plains of Valley Forge and the floating ice of the Delaware; that protest gives a unique character to the latest turning-point in the history of freedom—the struggle of the Boer for the right to live in the enjoyment of those goods that are set down as original and inalienable in the preamble of our Declaration of Independence. Do I say too much when I assert that in the light of Ireland's long unbroken protest against English domination every political freedom of the last three centuries has been won?

When the old Ghibelline, Stefano Colonna, was asked by the courtiers of Philip the Fair where was now the fortress of his hopes, he struck his breast proudly and replied: "Here within!" Oh, the God of Nations be thanked for it! Lone and helpless in the hands of their eternal enemy, the people of Ireland have saved the fortress of their national soul; they have never apostatized from the belief in and the love of their ancient fatherland, a belief and a love that with time have taken on many of the functions of a native religion. They have never suffered the scandal of gold. The yellow splendors of London never roused in Ireland any popular thirst for enjoyment. There at least men never bowed down before the glory of imperial greatness. "These be thy gods, O England! We worship at another altar!"

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Out of the Middle Ages they have brought down to our own day a vivid racial sense of justice and equity to all, a piety toward the past, and an admiration for those shadowy generations of brave men and beautiful women who lived out on the ancestral soil their share of a continuous social existence that goes back into the twilight of history.

What is the secret of this ineradicable sentiment of nationality among the Irish? Why is it that this root springs up forever, that it makes but little difference where the sons and daughters of Ireland dwell upon this footstool—in the heart of each rings out clear and sound the conviction that Ireland is a nation, and that rather than see her a province or a shire of England it were better to pull up her foundations from the deep and let her perish from the face of the earth?

There is a potent witchery in the word "Ireland." It is like some talisman of old that had power to light up the darkness over sea and land, and reveal the manifold beauty and the pleasures of life. To her children, far wandering over many seas, pioneers of the newest times in the world's newest lands, foremost on the far-flung line of to-morrow's civilization, that word "Ireland" is a conjure-word that wakes at once the lightning in the blood, the tear in the eye, in the heart the grim purposes of liberty, in the reminiscent soul the echoes of old poetry and golden romance, the ardors of hope, the sweeping devotion of an impersonal

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love that lifts man out of himself and makes him kin to the pure spirits.

The lovely green land! One of nature's shining emeralds, mightily and cunningly embossed, veined, shaded, it is so long a seat of human kind, a stage of human endeavor, that its very antiquity has forever drawn upon it the wondering gaze of men.

Here came the brown Phœnician,
The man of trade and toil—
Here came the proud Milesian,
A-hungering for spoil;
And the Firbolg and the Cymry,
And the hard enduring Dane,
And the iron lords of Normandy
With the Saxons in their train.

It is a beautiful land. That sweetest of poets, Edmund Spenser, could praise its many lovely rivers:

The Liffy rolling down the lea ;

The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea ;
The pleasant Bandon crown'd with many a wood ;
The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood.

Forever its gaunt mountains lift their solemn faces above the Atlantic. Its golden vales are not unworthy of paradise. Its gentle green slopes, its tenderly curving uplands, its rich meadows and pasture-lands, were made by God to be the home of a happy and innocent

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race, and in the shadowy patriarchal past were, indeed, the scenes of virtues and deeds that we shall never behold again. She has had her share in the glory of this world. In prehistoric times she was rich and powerful after the fashion of those days when the whole world was in motion, and the men of Ireland marched where they are usually found, in the first line of advancing battle, until, worn and war-stained vanguard as they were, they brought up on the edge of the impenetrable Western sea and fixed their tents on their last and pleasantest camping ground. Alone of the Western races she never felt the tramp of the legionary of Rome on her sensitive soil, never saw his four-square rampart, nor beheld his fierce and ravening eagles. He had tamed the descendants of Herrmann and broken the spirit of brave Boadicea, but he took care to never cross the Irish Sea and venture on the conquest of the Scoti. Had he done so, perhaps some happy O'Neill would have prevented Alaric, climbed the throne of the Cæsars, and imposed upon the world the laws of the Brehons instead of the laws of Rome!

Since the world became Christian the rôle of Ireland has been no ignoble one—she was long the most apostolic of the peoples of Europe, she is the true evangelizer of the Angle and the Saxon, the Aleman and the Lombard, and many a nameless tribe from the Scheldt to the Po. She had her share and more than her share in preserving the classical inheritance of the past. Her an-

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cient vernacular had reached its golden age before Patrick tended sheep for old Milcho. She has had a proud and beneficent mastery in many arts of civilization—writing, illumination, working of gold and silver. The poet, the historian, the musician were the most honored of her citizens. I admit there was much distraining of cattle, and her kings and kinglets seldom died in their beds, but then there was no United States of America or Australia, no broad Veldt, no freedom of the seas, and the little island was a rather narrow place for a nation of warlike men.

Nevertheless, dear friends, it is not of the pleasant and creditable past of the beloved island that I would speak to-night, nor of the equally long and varied history of sorrow that intervenes between us and those remote centuries of Irish freedom and happiness. They are often enough in our hearts and memories.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

There is, perhaps, no people in the world so naturally reminiscent as the people of Ireland, so affected by the conscious musing over their own history; no people to whom their beloved fatherland has become such a holy transfigured thing as this Irish people. In poetry and

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prose, in dream and tale and allegory, in heart-rending keen-like cries, and in the most piteous and romantic accents of love, along the blood-stained highways of their land and amid far distant scenes of peace or war, one radiant figure solicits their hearts—the figure of Ireland. She stands amid the symbols of ruin and decay, it is true, but she stands also amid other symbols of fidelity and dogged resistance, of an immortal invincible hope that warms and fires like the sun, and she gazes out over the broad expanse of sea as though to descry from afar those returning children once torn from her in violence and injustice.

Did there ever break from the heart of any pale and pensive poet such an exalted lyric note as that of Mangán in his *Dark Rosaleen*?

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal ;
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen !

This is the love of fatherland become a passionate religion, a sublime and immaculate love that can no more

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be torn from the hearts of the people—in a word, the idea of nationality and the blood of the Irish people are henceforth so blended, commingled, unified, that both may perish, but neither can evermore dwell apart, even in thought.

Nevertheless, when we look upon the world as it is, an unquiet foreboding seizes upon our long-expectant souls. The population of Ireland is dwindling; the long-looked for measure of independence is withheld; every proposition of financial, academical, political justice is rejected. We behold a tottering empress flattering Ireland with her presence because it is the nursery of those warriors whom she needed to stifle the free states that were rising in remotest Africa. We see those same Irishmen fighting her battles while her own mercenary children cling to their ledgers and money-bags with a true Carthaginian instinct, and reap from their easy perches the harvest of prosperity that was sown in blood by the hand of injustice. We see fully twenty millions of the sons of Ireland scattered over the world, while less than five millions inhabit the home of the race. We seem also to perceive a beginning of apathy in the race itself—a certain sinking of that indomitable courage which en-souled every generation since the fatal day when the last O'Connor descended from his independent throne.

In this century Ireland has lost her population to the world at large. Other races gave up their superfluity; Ireland shared her very heart with the new societies that

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have sprung up within the memory of man. Other races held and still hold an inheritance of comfort and independence; Ireland sent abroad lavishly the forces that were needed, every man and woman of them, for the regeneration of the nation. In the first flush of generous enthusiasm and ideal devotion to the cause of human freedom that followed in the wake of the French Revolution the little nations of the earth looked up, took heart, established themselves—ourselves the first of all. And the lesson of our practical success was taken to heart the world over. The Dutch and the Belgians consolidated their states; the Magyars forced the hand of Austria; the Czechs lifted up their heads and demanded a full measure of freedom—everywhere the little nations of the world asserted themselves and in the universal good-will had their claims allowed, Holy Alliances and Imperial Congresses to the contrary notwithstanding. All that Ireland got, characteristically enough, was the freedom to hear mass and go to confession. For that other inalienable right of nationhood the struggles of a century have been fruitless.

Decade after decade, generation after generation, every moral force known to the mind of man has hurled itself against Westminster, that modern tower of selfishness and brutality more odious to every true Irishman than that other tower which lifts close by its mediæval mass impregnable. The argument and the manner of the orator, the manifold persuasion of the poet, the learning of the historian, the astuteness and strategy of

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the statesman, all the arts of peaceful politics have been tried and tried in vain. Save for some economico-social betterments that are really owing to the outside world's competition in trade and commerce, Ireland stands to-day, as far as nationhood is concerned, about where she stood when Robert Emmet mounted the scaffold. The white block that shall bear his epitaph lies yet embedded in some dark sacred spot that has never heard the rattling of slavery's chains. But just so surely as Robert Emmet ranks with Harmodius and Aristogeiton, with Thræsea Paetus and Musonius Rufus, with Arnold von Winkelreid and William Tell, with Nathan Hale and Patrick Henry, as a fine flower and quintessence of patriotism—just so surely will the children of Ireland cherish forever, and if forever unattainable, the hope of Ireland's national independence. That hope is itself a school, in which we learn to detest and oppose these measures by which our eternal enemy withholds the secular debt of justice—brute force, cant, sanctimonious hypocrisy, the steady tainting and corruption of all the honest and natural sympathies that flow to us from the spectators of this terrible duel that the world has long since symbolized as a duel between a gross overfed giant and a delicate female, whose Perseus we wait in vain.

Alas! her Perseus seems farther away than ever. The new century opens with a temper and a language that are fatal to the hopes of Ireland, that stultify her century-long resistance, if they be accepted by our Ameri-

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can humanity. We are called upon to do honor to the principles of Louis XIV and Frederick the Great, to accept the abominable philosophy of accomplished facts that a Carlyle and a Mommsen have preached with fatal success, to see genuine morality in the arbitrary use of enormous and irresistible forces. The historian hears again in the daily press the familiar arguments of conquerors and dictators from time immemorial—how there is no room on earth for the weak, the decaying, the small, unless they give up all they have to the first strong lord they meet, and go through life henceforth under any caption he chooses to give their slavery.

And so we strike hands across the ocean with the great despoiler of the world. And the descendants of the men of 1776 and 1812, the grandsons of those who saw in this very city the torch applied to our cradle, the sons of those statesmen whose greatest anxiety in our Civil War was the interference of England to the end of our disruption, adopt henceforth the language, the principles, and the purposes of the world's greatest pirate nation.

Time was when the political methods and principles of England were in open disfavor throughout this land of liberty; when our legislative halls rang to the denunciations of her greed and violence; when the exiles from her conquered lands were welcomed for the vigorous hatred of their oppressor no less than for their brawn and sinew and devotion.

Our text-books of history are now toned down; our

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habitual rude independence and clearness of speech are tabooed; deceptive formulæ about kinship and ideals are pushed about; the popular opinion is solicited by pictures and promises that are only illusions. Behind it all rises a new and foreign conception of the American state and of Americanism as we learned about them in the public schools of forty years ago. It is not my duty to refer further to this than to express my conviction that in this frame of mind lies one of the deadliest perils for the nationality of Ireland. If her children in the great republic of the West adopt the philosophy of Oliver Cromwell and Ireton; if the principles of adulterous Harry and bloody Bess were substantially correct and needful only of a little adaptation and pruning, of a technical restatement; if the policy that runs through three hundred years of Irish history, from Poyning's Act to the abominable Act of Union, be justifiable before the eyes of this new American state, then indeed is the cause of nationhood for Ireland in the greatest jeopardy; nay! we may say it is lost.

No doubt such speech will be abused as irrelevant, as a "borrowing of trouble"—but we descendants of the Irish know what it means to be a ward of another nation, to be under the "trusteeship of humanity" as England exercised it over our fathers, to be scholars in a college of strong professors of applied force. We have felt in the flesh how vicious and corrupting is this disguise of slavery for master and man—and we will have none of it, least of all as a political philosophy, for it means the

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attainder of our ancestors and the sale of their nation's birthright.

What is now the plain duty of those who love Ireland? Let us never give up the ship! The external condition of nations is essentially a mutable one—the world is strewn with the ruins of the proudest and greatest. In the long procession of humanity each has its appointed entry-place, its avenue of exit and disappearance, that are regulated from afar by a wise and good Providence. But the iron will, the immortal resolution, the unshaken faith, are our own. To cherish them is a good thing in itself—they are a holy company with whom go many human excellencies and virtues. How truly the poet sings that

They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the
demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith, unseduced by the prize that
the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if
need be, to die!

In the great “*Kampf ums Recht*” it is not essential that we should succeed; it is essential that we should not yield, but should uphold our right by every moral force we can dispose of. Why are we able this night to reiterate our faith in Ireland's nationhood? It is because many a nameless Rapparee chose the wild hill-side and a

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heathery bed rather than wear the yoke of the Sassenach; because many an exile chose rather to quit Ireland than enjoy it at the price of apostasy and treason; because men and women innumerable have crossed the plain of life from the cradle to the grave with one grim resolve in their hearts. Surely we have no ill will to the good people of England—more than once a majority of them have shown a readiness to cast out the demon of injustice. Nor do we augur for them any decrease of prosperity or any of those awful ills under which Ireland has so long groaned. Nor do we undervalue certain functions and services of the English people in the world's history—their love of liberty for themselves, their passionate intolerance of royal absolutism, their proud sense of mutual equality and personal worth. But these are rooted in the sense of nationality, and we shall eternally claim for Ireland the right to grow the same lovely flowers in her own garden. Let us hope that the dread arbitrament of war will never again be appealed to, as so often in the past of Ireland! The mere mention of it seems now ridiculous.

But there is another battle-field growing daily broader and more favorable—the battle-field of the mind. Let us cherish the useful hope that justice, like truth and goodness, shall one day prevail. And in view of that ideal solution, let the whole world hear the history of Ireland! Let her sons—yes, and her daughters—take more and more to human learning! Let them study the origins of this painful situation, and bring their briefs

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before a listening humanity, the parliament of mankind. Let them win distinction in every field of mental discipline! The royal prizes of the future, the names that blaze permanently, are those of an intellectual character. After all, there is a public opinion that some day makes up its mind and issues a decree that it executes inexorably. And this public opinion is chiefly prepared and instructed by a multitude of writers of high distinction.

Every such foremost philosopher, or perfect historian, or beneficent inventor; every such great jurist or physician of highest merit; every such admirable teller of tales that reflect the truths and the ideals of life; every such poet whose divine music arrests the mid-day noises of the world's market-places—is in his own way the Perseus of beloved Ireland, in his own way loosens a rivet of her chains, dries a tear in her eye, leads her a step upward into that great and blessed congress of nations, where her seat has so long been marked vacant. Let her children, therefore, go down right numerous into the arena of human science, and carry away every fair prize in sight! It cannot be but that the mother of such men and women shall rise in the world's estimation, and win at last in the open court of humanity the cause she has so long and so vainly pleaded. I am certain that everyone who listens to me will appreciate the benediction that Sir Samuel Ferguson, one of Ireland's noblest sons, calls down on all who thus, or in any other way, further the national freedom of Erin:

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Lord, for ae day of service done her!
Lord, for ane hour's sunlight upon her!
Here, Fortune, tak' world's wealth and honour
 You're no my debtor,
Let me but rive ae link asunder
 Of Erin's fetter!

.

Let me but help to get this truth
Set fast in ilka brother's mouth.
Whatever accents, north or south,
 His tongue may use,
And there's ambition, riches, youth;
 Tak' which you choose.

DO WE NEED A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY?

IN every great work there comes from time to time a kind of sabbath, a divinely-sent period of reflection, when we can look back over the ground we have traversed, and while we count the gain, count also the losses, and collect ourselves for a more thorough union in the future, for a deeper and more purified intelligence of the great work to which we have put our hands. In such an hour we shall gain a deeper sense of the organic workings of the great Christian function of charity, in and through which alone the interests of the Catholic Church, be they small or great, can hope to rise solidly and durably. Are not all her works built necessarily upon the foundation of the Apostles and the Prophets, Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone, "in whom all the building, being framed together, groweth up into an holy temple in the Lord" ? (Eph. ii, 20, 21.) Is He not our peace, and in Him are we not "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and domestics of God" ? (Eph. ii,

From a discourse delivered at the consecration of Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., as Bishop of Samos, Baltimore, November 24, 1901.

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14-19.) And hath He not expressly commanded us to do all our works of truth and teaching in charity, and not to be like children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men, but to grow up in Him Who is the head, even Christ; to grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, but put away all bitterness and anger and indignation and clamor and blasphemy, and be kind to one another, merciful, forgiving one another, even as God has forgiven us in Christ? (Eph. iv, 30-32.) God grant that we be drawn more closely in these holy bonds of truth and peace! What could we not accomplish, if we put aside our apathy, our selfishness, our cynicism, our hard unfeeling criticism, our parochialism, our fatal tendency to disinterest ourselves of every great work that does not concern us immediately and personally? Was it thus that the cathedrals of Europe arose? Thus that the bishops of Rome broke a thousand little tyrannies in the Middle Ages? Thus that the foreign missions of Catholicism were established? Thus that the Catholic spirit itself was created by a multitude of holy bishops who felt that whatever was of common Catholic interest or utility was ever preferable to their own immediate needs; that the latter could never prosper where the former were neglected; that Catholicism is not Protestantism, an aggregation of little communities; but a great, organic, living whole that has a head and a heart from which life pulses regularly forth to the extremities?

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There is a first consideration that is yet of prime importance, a kind of preliminary question that must be answered, and answered rightly and practically, and at the peril of several great general interests of Catholicism in this land. Ought the Catholic people of this country to have a University, or, in time, more than one? Most people will answer that the question is solved; that the site and the buildings and the professors are at Washington, and that all the apparatus of the work is provided for. And yet it is worth while to go over the ground again, for certain easy answers are often only specious answers, a turning aside of the question, by those to whom for one reason or another it is painful or disturbing. There are not a few who say that we do not need a specifically Catholic University. When appeal is made to them to give money or sympathy, or both, to this work of the Catholic religion, they answer that our Catholic youth should enter the universities already existing, munificently provided for by private or public generosity. Here are buildings, professors, teaching, libraries, laboratories—every help that one could wish for, a minimum of expense and a maximum of advantage. “You add,” they say, “but one more to the long list of sectarian schools. You keep alive the sense of distinctness and separate religious interests among Catholics. You prevent the happy merging of all religious differences in one common national feeling of good-will toward all. You put a fresh and useless burden on the shoulders of the Catholic peo-

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ple." Let us see! Is there any argument of this kind that cannot be urged against the parochial school and the Catholic college? Is not all education of a piece, from the beginning to the end? Is the opposition to, the contempt for, the ignorance of, the specific teachings of Catholicism any less among the teachers of youth in the last stages of formation than when it is yet plastic and innocent? Is it not then that they are finally and irreparably in danger? When does a young man take his final bent in life? Is it not precisely in those wonderful years when he ceases to be a parrot repeating the page before him, and enters life a man, a young man, if you will, but with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth? How does he now look upon God and the soul? How does he now read the history of mankind? What does he now think of the principles of conduct?—whence do they arise, what is their sanction? If he has been a long number of years with teachers who confess, either by their lives or their speech, directly or indirectly, that they have no concern with another world, that they know little or nothing of anything beyond what we see and touch, will the heart of that young man be easily inflamed with the great enthusiasms of Catholicism, that are all based on the belief in a life beyond the grave? And if that young man's name be legion from the East to the West, from the North to the South; if he belong by descent to old and refined European races of high distinction in gifts of the mind; if he be ardent for the good things of life with

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all the hot ardor peculiar to a society that has put aside all but the instinct of religion; if he come out of such schools for another generation; if he belong to a state that is clearly destined to make a mighty impress—perhaps mighty changes in the history of the world—then we shall not long need to ask these questions. Facts and statistics will soon thunder back an unpleasant answer in no uncertain tones. Shall we never learn at the knees of History that the future is always the child of the present; that we are now nursing it, and that we are now the guilty causes of the sorrows and the humiliations that may come upon those to whose lot it will yet fall to defend Catholicism? Why is Catholicism in such a perilous condition in Italy and France? Why does each succeeding generation grow more opposed to the Catholic religion? Why are the institutions of Catholicism violently overthrown in their native homes with a cynicism and a frivolity that astonishes even our secular enemies? Is it not because a great part of the youth of these lands have long been brought up in thoroughly irreligious schools that easily become anti-religious? And those who are destined to wield public authority, are they not nearly all educated in universities that are inimical to Catholicism? It scarcely needs the Holy Scripture to tell us that a youth will not turn away from his path, even when his hair has grown white and his shoulders are bowed by age and infirmity.

On the other hand, what saves the Catholic religion in the little state of Belgium? What school is it which fur-

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nishes yearly the numerous choice laymen who enter at once into all the walks of civil life; the men who eventually take up the reins of government and administer society, in the best modern sense, with justice and moderation, the writers and professional men who bear the brunt of defence in every controversy; the men of culture who exert an irresistible influence in every city and every village; the business men who carry out the spirit of the Gospel in the heart of the most industrial, *i.e.*, the most modern, of the world's states? Is it not the Catholic University of Louvain? Were it not for that great school, would not the huge Catholic majority of Belgium be to-day like the Catholic majorities of Italy and France and Spain, a dumb helpless thing dominated by the higher intellect of its enemies?

We have, according to the latest statistics, about one million children in our parochial schools. We are all agreed that these schools are a necessity and we all know what sacrifices the plain people of every Catholic parish are ready to make for them. In the nature of the case, they cannot be supported by foundations; the money comes from the pennies of the poor. It does not come unwillingly, God be thanked! Yet every contribution is a sacrifice, a self-deprivation of some useful advantage in life. It has been stated, without contradiction, that they represent an outlay of twenty-five millions of dollars annually. These figures do not say anything of a higher order of sacrifice, the praiseworthy,

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labors of a host of men and woman, who give their lives generously to the Church of God as teachers, and offer to the world one of those astounding proofs of the intrinsic charm and force of Catholicism that win the hearts even of a Renan and a Taine. They can never express the cares and trials of another host of noble priests who must collect these funds, and expend them. All honor be to both! This world never saw so much humble unquestioning devotion, such a soldierly sense of moral duty:

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,

such a multitude of minute sacrifices organized into a vast system to repel the first insidious advances of the spirit of irreligion. But of what advantage is it all, if this vast army drifts one day and at the end, after all our long and painful sacrifices, into the hands of teachers to whom the ideals of Catholics—laymen, sisters, and priests—are false, unworthy, insufficient ideals? I know that many institutions live on in this world, long after they have ceased to be logical; but they live on amid deadly perils that are sure to overtake them some day.

Is it not true that sometimes our adversary furnishes us the strongest argument? And is it not often the subtlest and most irresistible proof of the truth, when it sweeps away in its current both Yea and Nay? Wherein lies the undeniable strength of the Church of England that is yet far from the death that is daily

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prophesied for her? Is it not in the two great universities of Oxford and Cambridge? Is it not thence that come yearly the numerous scholars who do honor to certain ecclesiastical sciences that have never been abandoned there? Are not the cities and towns of England, and many a rural village, provided through these universities with devoutly religious men, scholarly too, who make good headway against unbelief and materialism; who sustain the Godhead of Jesus Christ, and preach, however incompletely, true and timely doctrine concerning the Church, her constitution and mission? Take these great schools out of the life of England to-day, and how would that church retain its hold upon the people? Is it not true that certain Christian denominations in this country maintain an intellectual standing through the universities that they have created, or that have developed under their fostering direction, or that have fallen to their prudent and generous and far-seeing management? And would they not feel that their existence was imperiled if these schools fell into decay or ceased to exist? It is true that Catholicism is a religion of authority, but not of an unenlightened, an unreasoning authority. The Church has a giant's strength, but she does not use it like a giant. She loves the play and exercise of reason, and it is surely out of no contempt for reason, out of no hatred for it, that she chides its excesses. There is a revealed Word of God to defend, the institutions and the constitution of the Church, the dignity and justice of her life among men—but the

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Catholic Church has done that without blaspheming the sanctity of human reason, as Martin Luther did, or preaching the vagaries of a Tolstoi or a Nietzsche. On the contrary, the period of the most widespread domination of Catholicism was precisely the period when she most cherished the great schools of Europe and lifted them, one after the other, to the rank of universities, as it was the period when Democracy won its solitary triumph since the fall of the city-states of Greece.

The faith of Catholicism must always give a reason for itself—if only in defence of its teachings, the illustration of their reasonableness, the explanation of their history. I know that we can, every one, save our souls without learning—*non in dialecticâ complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum*—God can dispense with human learning in the administration of His religion. But He does not. Seven hundred years ago, as you all know, there took place all over Europe a marvellous re-awakening of Catholic feeling and life. Indeed, it coincided with the creation of the first Catholic universities—Bologna, Paris, Oxford. This movement was led by two men—Francis, out of the Umbrian town of Assisi, and Dominic, out of Calahorra in Spain. They went straight down to the first elements of Christian life, and they sought out everywhere the multitude, the common plain every-day people. Catholicism was never more democratic and heartily popular than when the first Franciscans, the children of the “little poor man of

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Christ" harangued the people from the top of a wine cask or the steps of the village fountain, when the children of Dominic taught all over Europe the common prayer of the Rosary. Nevertheless, even these intensely religious and intensely democratic Catholic preachers, these mendicant friars, within a generation of their foundation, found that it was impossible to preach popularly to the people of Europe without the highest learning that age could afford. So you find them sending their best young men to study in great numbers at Oxford, Paris and other great universities of Europe. Eventually they, too, became teachers, immortal teachers, for who has not heard of the Franciscan Bonaventura and the Dominican Thomas of Aquino?

Whatever other forms of Christianity spring up, Catholicism is committed to the defence of historic Christianity. All other forms are heresies and schisms that have been cast out or cut themselves off in pride or ignorance. But the original deposit of the Christian faith remains with her, to maintain and defend. Surely it is not in the opening years of the twentieth century that she can dispense with the highest attainable learning! And where can it be got save in some great stable school? Where can those numerous priests be educated who will stand on a level with—nay! who must one day stand higher than, the most scholarly non-Catholics; who will one day fill the sees of this noble American Church, and continue, not only by their virtues, but by their superior learning, the best traditions of Catholi-

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cism? Learning is a slow growth acquired at the expense of much time and application, and the time and application needed grow with every year. Where will the great Catholic laymen come from who will write their names on the golden book of fame, and be forever pointed to as evidence that faith and learning, faith and patriotism, faith and the highest devotion to humanity can easily, nay! naturally, co-exist in the same heart? Learning to-day needs many appliances, many helps—it needs more than ever the knowledge of other languages, the easy access to vast and complete collections of books; it needs, as it ever did, the inspiring contact with great teachers. It does not despise the spurring influences of architecture and the fine arts; but the teachers, the libraries, the laboratories, are henceforth indispensable. Are we ready to renounce at least our share of intellectual leadership? Are we ready to point to the altar and the confessional and say: “They suffice: we care for nothing more?” Then we will be doing what was never before done in the Church of God, and that on the eve of the most momentous and radical changes in society. Society itself is to-day a study that can no longer be neglected. An age of universal democracy is sweeping within our ken, as there was once an age of imperialism, an age of feudalism, an age of absolute monarchies. It needs no prophetic soul to say that in this age that is really upon us, all the human institutions of the past are likely to be re-examined, modified, perhaps exchanged for others. And has the

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Catholic Church—a divine institution, indeed, but commingled for nearly two thousand years with all the affairs of men—has she no interest, no stake in all this? And can she hope to be properly represented in these new studies, so delicate, so exacting, so sure, so fraught with a power more explosive than is yet well understood, unless she has trained men, both laymen and priests, at her disposal?

And the world of woman? The institutions of a given society are always affected by the prevailing forms of government. And so the logic of Democracy has already compelled our modern society to open its schools to woman and grant her that equality of academic privileges that she once sighed for in vain. It is because a good education for woman is no longer an ornament, but a necessity. And it is such because education is rapidly becoming the indispensable need of every member of our society who would cultivate God-given gifts and opportunities. From all sides comes a recognition of the new and unique position among states of our own beloved land. This United States is no longer the land of buccaneers or knights-errant of the world, but a magnificent, closely knit, self-conscious organism, filled with youth and strength, dragging along no ancient impediments of hatred and wrong, that proposes indeed an incredible advance, but proposes also to begin where other societies have stopped. It is in such a world that economic and social changes of the widest import are placing woman everywhere upon the intellectual level

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of man—frequently enough, indeed, much higher. She is beginning, in the most honorable way, to shine in sciences that seemed once closed to her almost by a law of nature. Here, too, are we to take no account of the flood that is rising on all sides, but fold our arms and placidly wait for the extinction among us of all the glorious prestige and moral power that will attach to learning so long as society exists?

It is customary to point to the religious works we have done in the past, as though the true conquests of Catholicism were to be counted by buildings and other material signs. There could be no greater delusion. Religions and civilizations have gone out before this in the midst of their own architectural glories. This happened when their spirit was stricken unto death. And that took place some mysterious hour when suddenly, but completely, they lost their hold on the society that once adored them as its highest possessions. Belief and affection were quenched at the same time, and their monuments yet encumber the ground. Every year we dedicate to God splendid cathedrals and parish churches, and there goes up rightly to heaven a cry of rejoicing that so much marble and so much art have been set aside to the service of the Divine Master. But, after all, this is only the first step. The real burning question is: Who shall teach in that edifice? And it is almost the same as that other question: Who will one day frequent these great spaces? Most of us have seen glorious

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cathedrals abroad whose long-drawn aisles are haunted only by the simple-hearted and the aged, while the throbbing life of the city outside flows on forever, heedless of God and religion—pure, undiluted secularism. The great churches of Catholicism are also places of assembly, halls for a teacher. Unlike the temples of pagan Greece and Rome, they presuppose an ardent, intelligent and loving faith, a fondness for the ritual of the Church, a desire to hear the Revelation of God expounded, a common devotion to the public interests of religion. It will be yet a long day before the masses of Catholic Europe are hopelessly lost to Catholicism. That religion has rendered them in the past such incalculable services that the popular heart will long gratefully cling to it; even its sufferings and wrongs will rouse fresh devotion. But it is a different story in the New World and with us, where all is beginning anew, and on a general level of equality, where every form of religion is left to work out its own salvation, on lines that are native and intrinsic. Every thoughtful observer in the United States remarks, outside of Catholicism, a decay of the old religious sentiment, a universal weakening of the hold on consciences that the churches once exercised. But in the measure that religious training disappears, there rises a new religion—the Religion of Education!

Never in the history of mankind was the conviction so deeply rooted in a state of nearly 80,000,000 of people that an excellent education is the birthright of every

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child born into this world. This is surely not the hour to discuss the consequences and manifestations of this popular sentiment. Suffice it for us to recognize its existence, and to see how it operates even within the little chosen circle of the richest citizens. In social things facts are an eloquent argument. In the year 1900 more than sixty millions of dollars were given to the cause of university education in the United States. In the last ten years not less than five hundred million dollars have been bestowed upon the universities of our beloved land. All honor be to the wise and philanthropic hearts which have so broadly understood the great duty of civic generosity! If we lived in old Rome or Athens their statues would stare at us, lifelike, from every quarter, and inscriptions in marble or bronze would eternalize their fame. This means, however, in all probability, that in our state the citizen of the future is to be a highly educated citizen. And the depth of the sentiment is proven by the fact that all these gifts are voluntary—not one penny of the sums I have mentioned comes from the state, though the state itself contributes other and enormous sums directly and indirectly to the cause of university education. Many of these universities have been provided with noble and worthy sites, away from the interruptions and obstacles of commerce, right in the path of the best social progress of the city. Far-seeing men have provided splendid halls where great numbers of books are being annually stored against the needs of the future. In our American

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world, every science that can help man or society, every art that can soothe or please or instruct, every tentative line of research, finds its Mæcenās to-day, very often men or women who have worked out in their own minds the needs they are filling, and found in their own good hearts the impulse to make easy for others the learning they sighed for in vain.

We must build, therefore, our cathedrals and great parish churches with an eye on the society of the future. As far as we can calculate, it will be much less like the uneducated masses of the past, and more like the highly trained peoples of antiquity—the city-peoples of ancient Rome and ancient Greece. Already the history of mankind in every phase is becoming the beloved study of Americans. For philosophy and religion men study to-day the history of philosophy and the history of religion. *It is not only a universal, but a new mental temper*, and it has many a long decade to run ere it palls upon the hearts of our society. Have we Catholics, who are solidary with this society, mostly located in the greatest cities of the land, children of races that are ardent and ambitious in the measure that they were oppressed in Europe, fond to distraction of our great liberal American institutions, have we any interest in or concern for all this? Can our religion alone remain backward and sullen amid the general intellectual progress? Can we be content to sit down and count the gains of a petty commerce when the land is being pre-

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empted all about us, and every desirable site told off to those who have foresight and daring; yea! and true love of humanity in their great hearts?

Surely, it is not in a day nor even in a generation that we can build up a worthy university. A university is a highly impersonal institution. It is a little state, nay, it is never little! The smallest and the weakest of them has a history that any state might envy. For every one of them is a little democracy of chosen intellects, both teachers and students, who mutually react upon one another, who aim at treating every high problem with a pure and disinterested spirit. In their common devotion to learning they sift steadily the true from the false, the useful from the vain and foolish, the general and permanent from the transitory and perishable. It is not in a day that a nation can build the workshops and forges that turn out its means of defence, that it can train the minds who shall direct by land and sea the complicated movements of an army and a navy. So it is not by an act of authority, however holy and revered, not by the expenditure of moneys, however generously supplied, not by the erection of buildings, however numerous and suitable, that the great instrument of thought called a university is formed. Slowly and encircled by difficulties, such a work arises among men, now the object of scorn and again of pity, now eating the bread of poverty and again contending with weak resources for the holiest ideals, now persecuted for being beyond the average intelligence and again derided for holding

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fast to ancient ideals of life and thought. For most of them the service of the intellectual life of mankind has at one time or another the character of a hard and ungrateful slavery. They, too, can wear a crown of thorns above the pale and pensive brow. They, too, can climb a rugged Calvary of their own. It is at this price, too often, that the pride of intellect, the high consciousness of rarest merit, are broken to the yoke of the public weal, and Church and state acquire those serviceable agents who are the true moulders of each generation. In these crucial days the men of a school that is destined for greatness look deeply into one another's souls, and discern in each a simple love of truth and an unswerving devotion to her worship. Common trials, bravely borne, bind them in mutual respect. Then their school is no longer a pure abstraction; it is a living force, an active power, an ideal entity that calls for life-long service and the uncomplaining devotion of self to all its high causes. It is usually through some such apprenticeship to sorrow and sacrifice that a genuine university pays its footing in human society.

But once it has weathered these storms, of what utility is it not to the common weal? Here are found great libraries selected over a long term of years out of the best books in all the great ancient and modern languages, and not only libraries, but the men who know intimately every book, every class of literature, and are themselves walking libraries! Here are found laboratories equipped with the best appliances that a daily

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self-perfecting research demands, and not only laboratories, but the men who have created them almost out of nothing, and alone can make these splendid tools of learning useful to studious youth! Here are found the monuments of the past, the relics of older civilizations, and also the men who can interpret them, and thereby enable us to appreciate properly our own, to have a comparative, and therefore a superior, knowledge of our own! Above all, in a university any great and noble cause finds not one or two, but a great number of men who habitually sympathize with whatever is good and true and lovely. By their calling they walk apart from the turmoil of life, yet are they not morose and disdainful. By their training they are devoted to supra-material things, yet are they not unreal and helpless for the great uses of life. By their usual life they dwell much in the past or away from the present and immediate, yet are they among the genuine leaders of society, whether they walk in the brocade gown of old Bologna or stand in the front ranks of all modern conflicts for the uplifting of humanity, the perfecting of all its gifts, the realization of all its ideals. To create such bodies of men—above all, to provide for a permanent supply of them, to house them properly and place at their disposal all the implements and helps of profitable labor, has been for seven long Christian centuries looked upon as the highest and noblest act of any society. Nothing banishes so quickly the stigma of ignorance and retrogression, or creates so easily and nor-

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mally sentiments of just pride and affection, as the possession of such a superior school, whence come with every succeeding year not the self-made men—for they are curiosities in the annals of learning—but the properly formed, properly balanced men, to whom truth is ever the highest goal, the peaceful progress of humanity the highest earthly good, and religion the noblest ideal that can solicit in last resort the human heart.

Catholicism is the oldest of all existing forms of Christianity, and the most fascinating. From all points of the intellectual horizon men and women are, and will be forever, drawn within the charmed circle of her influence. Mysteriously, but sweetly, truth radiates from her. The heart and the mind find in her calm eternal and puissant assertions that repose which they thirst for unceasingly and find nowhere else. But the price of this authority is her own intellectual supremacy. She has never allowed that to be disturbed. Instinctively she sets about creating the needed institutions, as soon as she scents the danger of intellectual inferiority. That way, she knows, lies death. We know, of course, that so vast and intricate a power does not move with the rapidity of more simple and ephemeral bodies—she moves with a certain dignity and calm. But no one can watch the movements of Catholicism in the latter half of the nineteenth century and not be struck at the steady insistence of her popes and her bishops on the creation of great university schools. It is a cruel

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and undeserved slander to say that such men are trifling with the situation; that they do not want great universities; that their ambitions are purely earthly and political. I point to the past as a sufficient refutation of these assertions. The idea, the purpose, the system is in its origin and first development purely Catholic, and many a trace of the Catholic past still clings to the most modern and irreligious of universities. But their success does not always depend on the institutions themselves. It is often impeded or thwarted by circumstances, sometimes very slight and accidental; hence some have failed, and some drag out an existence. Nevertheless, others have run a noble race, and are among the most respected of great schools. Even when these Catholic universities have not been successful, they have affected for good the irreligious or anti-religious character of the schools opposed to them. These latter felt their monopoly attacked. They began to realize instinctively that once such institutions were taken up sincerely and earnestly by the Catholic episcopate, their success, like that of Louvain, was assured from the beginning.

To that great moral power—the Catholic episcopate of any land—no task is impossible that lies within the scope of our holy religion. It bore the brunt of martyrdom in the days when the bishop's office was the last step in the Christian “cursus honorum” that led to the block or the stake. It sustained a world grown sick unto death beneath the blows of a rude and cruel en-

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emy. It challenged and subdued that same barbarian enemy, and led him to kneel and pray at the altars that he had burned. It drove out of the sanctuary the lying priests who would rob Jesus Christ of His eternal glorious titles and it forced an unruly age to walk in the lines of that hard and severe discipline which was needed to root out the tares of coarse and ancient paganism of conduct and principle. All things considered, we owe to it the present state and attainments of Catholicism—it is the Old Guard of religion that has come down through the ages, decimated and war-worn, it is true, but victorious and united, all its banners flying, inscribed with many a glorious victory. There is, therefore, no reason to fear for the ultimate success of the crowning educational work of American Catholicism, or to doubt the near approach of the day when its halls shall be filled with a multitude of students, its colleges increased and perfected, its influence acknowledged in the elevation of the typical Catholic mind and the spiritualization of the typical Catholic heart, in the interpenetration of the vigorous and hopeful present with the glorious and enduring Catholic ideas and ideals of the past, in the creation of many great new works, not alone in the domain of religion, but in literature and the fine arts, and indeed in every field of noble human intelligence and lofty daring.¹

¹ The following list of articles offers a brief and imperfect bibliography of the Catholic University of America:

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FOREIGN MISSIONS OF CATHOLICISM

WHOEVER has undertaken to deal scientifically with the external conditions of Catholicism in the nineteenth century knows how difficult it is to find statistics that are at once full and reliable. Like the Sisters of Charity, the Catholic Church is often too busy to indulge in the contemplation of its success. It knows well that the strong organic forces that it disposes of are working with more or less freedom, and that they are forever accomplishing some measure of progress. They are like the tides and currents of the sea, which cannot be balked of their appointed functions by any human obstacle or interference. But since the social sciences have opened up a new world of endeavor to man, the statistics of every form of organized humanity have taken on a new value. Hence the appearance within the last few years of a number of works destined to show with accuracy the progress of that oldest and most widespread of social organisms—the Catholic Church. As the mediæval dioceses and abbeys opened annals and chronicles in imi-

The following pages, from the *Catholic World*, October, 1900, deal only with the foreign missions of France and Germany.

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tation of the "Liber Pontificalis" of the popes, so the various national churches of Europe and America have been imitating certain traditional publications of the papacy and improving their ecclesiastical almanacs and "annuaires." From the pen of Father Werner, S.J., have come several volumes of ecclesiastical geography that permit the student to keep abreast of the actual administration of Catholicism. The *Année Ecclésiastique* of Egremont and the *Annuaire Pontifical* of Battandier are the beginning of works that may furnish the churchman with the counterpart of the *Statesman's Year-Book* or the *Annual Register*. To the *Gerarchia Cattolica*, that pursues its stately way, the Roman authorities have been adding the *Missiones Catholicæ*, a publication appearing at irregular intervals and giving trustworthy official figures of the missions that depend on the Congregation de Propaganda Fide. For some thirty years the Society of the Propagation of the Faith has been publishing, besides its monthly bulletins and yearly *comptes-rendus*, an illustrated monthly magazine entitled *Catholic Missions*, in French and German. In addition, one of its members, Monseigneur Louvet, has given us a valuable summary of the missionary activity of the Catholic Church in this century in his extensive work *Les Missions Catholiques au XIX^e siècle* (1898). The Leo Society of Vienna has undertaken the creation of a voluminous work in German, *Die Katholische Kirche*, which is to furnish reliable information concerning the status of Catholicism throughout the world.

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The *Vatican* of Georges Goyau and others has made known to the non-religious world a field of spiritual activity that it little suspected. In all such and similar works the truly catholic and organic character of ecclesiastical unity becomes tangible; the results of a powerful spiritual life get themselves expressed in mathematical formulæ; the elements of a stimulating comparison are furnished, and to no small extent the hemming barriers of language, nationality, distance, are lowered.

On the heels of general and comprehensive works appear others of a more detailed and local character, some of them of permanent value, like the *Catholiques Allemands* of the Abbé Kannengieser (1893) and the *All-magne Religieuse* of Georges Goyau (1898), works written with tact, criticism, and sympathy, models of conscientious scrutiny of the religious conditions of a national church. The Abbé Kannengieser, in particular, is a strenuous Catholic publicist whose graceful and erudite pen is consecrated to the work of reconciliation of France and Germany on the basis of a better mutual knowledge. He believes, with Silvio Pellico, that men hate one another only because they do not know one another. His *Reveil d'un Peuple* is a classic description of the way in which German Catholicism arose from its fatal lethargy; his account of the good Pfarrer Kneipp has been translated into several languages; his vigorous handling of the actual impossible conditions in Hungary, where three million Jews and Calvinists oppress the consciences of nine million Catholics, shows a more

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than ordinary sense of precision and power of condensation.¹ It was Kannengieser who revealed the great soul of Ketteler to France,² and made known the irresistible power that lies in the organization of the Catholic community for specific purposes of defence or propaganda.

The phenomenal growth of the German Empire within the last two decades awoke, not unnaturally, the religious forces of the nation. Imperial colonies opened the way to German missionaries and sisterhoods. The carefully cultivated good-will of the Sultan; the dramatic journey of the Kaiser to Jerusalem and his gift of the House of the Blessed Virgin to the German Catholics; the vengeance on China for the murder of two German missionaries; the reception at Berlin of Bishop Anzer, have enabled the Protestant Emperor to take on the character of a Charlemagne, and to emphasize with considerable effect the chief duty of an imperial authority—efficient protection of all the interests of his subjects. So it comes about that the time-honored protectorate which France has exercised in the Orient over all Catholic interests is called in question at Berlin. The dignity and independence of the empire, the malevolence and sectarian spirit of the dominant politicians in France, the very patriotism of the German clergy, con-

¹ *Juifs et Catholiques en Autriche-Hongrie* (Paris, 1895).

² *Ketteler et l'organisation sociale en Allemagne* (Paris, 1894).

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spire to further the contention of the Kaiser. Thus France must see her ancient prestige diminish with the growth of German Catholic missions in the Orient, notably in Turkey, Palestine, and China. Once she stood for all the "Latinie" of Islam and all its interests in Europe and China. The heroism of her Crusaders and the diplomacy of her kings made the nation of the "Franks" synonymous with the power and influence of the entire West. Henceforth Mohammed and Confucius will keep their eyes upon the ancient rival of France; its growing wealth, commerce, population, have earned for it a larger place in the sun. Surely no modern nation that has accepted the gods of commercialism and industrialism can complain if Germany is skilful enough to evoke them as far as the Spree and the Pleisse!

Nevertheless, the Holy See has not yet failed to recognize for France the immemorial right of protection and surveillance of the interests of Catholicism in the Orient. In spite of the pitiable warfare carried on since 1880 against vital interests of the Catholic religion in France; in spite of the furtherance of the political designs of Russia in Palestine, the Holy See has not yet admitted that the French protectorate of Catholicism in the Orient is the "strange anachronism" that prominent Catholic organs of Germany proclaim it. On May 22, 1888, the Congregation of the Propaganda recalled by a formal circular to its missionaries that the consuls and diplomatic agents of France were still, as

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of old, the official intermediaries with the governors of Oriental society. On his return from the Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem, in 1894, Cardinal Lavigerie obtained from Leo XIII a decisive declaration in the same sense. With his usual energy, Lavigerie founded a society "pour la conservation et défense du protectorat français," and on July 20, 1898, the Holy Father wrote him that the Holy See fully recognized that the French protectorate of Christianity in the Orient was a glorious heirloom of the past, a noble mission assured by secular custom, and by international treaties, one which the Holy See had not the slightest intention of interfering with. Only a few years ago Monsignor Lorenzelli, papal nuncio at Paris, in presenting his letters to the President of the French Republic (July 22, 1899), seized the occasion to refer to the "prerogatives" and the "acquired standing" of Catholic France in the Orient, declared them of growing importance, and assured the government of France that the Holy See considered these quasi-immemorial rights as a natural consequence of the attachment of the French people to Catholicism, the heroism of their missionaries, and the "heureuses intuitions du pouvoir politique." On the other hand, the Emperor of China recognized formally, no later than March, 1899, that the protectorate of Catholicism in China was still incumbent on France, that only the French minister could treat officially with the administration. What will become of this time-honored responsibility when the new China is

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evolved out of the war that is now raging, who can foretell?

A late work of the Abbé Kannengieser undertakes to furnish the statistics that confirm beyond a doubt the flattering words in which Leo XIII justifies the political prestige that France has so long enjoyed among the Catholic communities of the Orient.¹ It is in reality a comparison of the religious forces that each of these great nations disposes of in the great province of the foreign missions. *En passant*, is not the concern which the statesmen of the world are beginning to show for the foreign missions an index that the spirit of religion is far from dead or decaying among the people; that, with Montesquieu, the popular heart everywhere recognizes the religion of Christ as infinitely superior to all others, not only for the welfare of the soul but even for that of the body? What a light all this throws upon past history; for the living, real paganism of Greece and Rome was, as a matter of fact, not a whit more lovable or beneficial than the intractable gentilism of Pekin. Insert Alexandria and Carthage in the place of the latter capital, and many pages of Cyprian and Eusebius will be seen to be identical with the despatches of modern journalism.

¹ *Les Missions Catholiques : France et Allemagne*. Par A. Kannengieser (Paris : Lethielleux, 1900). Cf. Mgr. Baunard, *Un Siècle de l'Eglise de France* [1800-1900] (Paris, 1902), ch. xix, Les Missions, and ch. xx, Le Martyre. It is yet too early to forecast the changes that may follow the threatened abolition of the Concordat between France and the Holy See.

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The French nation is, indeed, entitled to the protectorate of Catholicism in the East, for in the past it was everywhere the propagator and the nurse of that religion. It seems incredible that 7,745 French missionaries, mostly priests, are scattered through the foreign missions—a body that almost equals the entire Catholic clergy of the United States in the census of 1890. They are everywhere, in Turkey and China, in farther Asia and in Africa, in Madagascar and in Egypt, in Palestine and Persia, wherever the name of Christ is preached. From one hundred to one hundred and twenty orders and congregations are devoted to this sublime task. Sixty of these societies count, each, over a thousand members. What an army of reserve! And how justly Brunetière maintained at Besançon that outside of France the interests of the nation were identical with those of Catholicism! That overflow of men which France never gave for the development of the material world she willingly grants to extend the limits of the “kingdom of heaven.” Who can count the labors and the merits of this vast host, the churches and chapels, from the splendid basilica at Tunis to the palm-hut chapel of Madagascar; the schools and academies, from the superb institution at Beirût to the schools for catechists in Japan! This new apostolate pursues everywhere fanaticism, ignorance, and human suffering, in those Oriental lands so long neglected by the politicians of modern Christendom, only to be drowned in blood when the cruel passion of avarice was taught that

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they were at last too weak to defend their ancient wealth and power!

M. Kannengieser has gathered for the first time, and almost entirely at first hand, the statistics of these numerous missionary bodies of French Catholicism. The reader will find in his pages a detailed account of the organization of the French missions; the correct name of each order, congregation, society, or brotherhood; the number of its houses or enterprises; a brief account of its origin and purpose; the sum total of its missionaries. The Society for Foreign Missions at Paris (*Société des Missions Etrangères*) rightly opens this glorious catalogue of *martyres designati* with its 1,200 priests, nearly all laboring in India, Indo-China, China, Japan, Corea, and Thibet. Founded in 1663, long before the thought of foreign missions had entered the heart of Protestantism, this noble institution has sent more than 2,000 priests to the Orient since 1840. Seventy-seven martyrs are written on its Golden Book, and of these 26 were executed by formal sentence for the crime of being Christians. Yet it counts to-day 340 young clerics in the famous Séminaire de la Rue du Bac at Paris. They will take the place of those whom the whirlwind of pagan revolution in China has lately destroyed. The society has 28 great provinces, and 33 archbishops and bishops. Are not these figures enough to prove the vigorous survival of religion in France? Here is the material for some writer of genius who will write us a Catholic work after the style of the *Peuple*

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of Michelet, and show of what marvellous generosity the great heart of France is still capable. These missionaries are seldom "born in the purple." They are the plain men of France. But they know how to labor, to love, and to die for the highest goods of humanity—the soul, the future, their neighbor. And the race that produces them must one day return to its high pedestal among the nations of the earth.

The Society of Jesus keeps 750 French Jesuits in the field of the Oriental missions. Its services at Constantinople, in Siam, and in China in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are among the brightest gems in its crown of merit; but they are not superior to the deeds of sacrifice daily performed by this army of apostles in China, Japan, Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt, and South Africa. Their colleges at Beirût, Cairo, and Alexandria are famous in the Orient. In Syria they possess some 180 schools, and train over 13,000 children—a greater victory than that of Napoleon over the Mamelukes, a more permanent glory than the famous campaign of Syria.

The French Lazarists extend their activity from Constantinople to Peking, from Egypt to the depths of China. The Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers follow in their wake, and teach, with Catholicism, the French language to a countless army of children of the poorer and middle classes. The Lazarists have excellent colleges at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Alexandria. They are numerous in South America, where they have

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between 60 and 70 establishments, with at least 100 priests. For further details of this apostolic zeal of France we refer our readers to the work of the Abbé Kannengieser.

The Catholic women of France have not been less generous in self-sacrifice; indeed, they have surpassed the missionaries. There were in January of this year 9,150 French Sisters attached to the Catholic missions in Asia Minor, China, India, and Africa. Prominent among them are the Sisters of Charity (Filles de St. Vincent de Paul). They keep no statistics of themselves or their works, for the edification or curiosity of the public, preferring to let their good deeds go on unnoticed, like the sun or the sea. It is calculated that the French Sisters of Charity are in number about 33,000—an army of angels who do not need the plaudits of a Whittier, a Gerald Griffin, or a Dalton Williams to encourage them in their sublime calling. Bravery and devotion are their atmosphere, the love of all humankind their ordinary motive-power, exhaustion and death their common reward. Every age, every misery, every abandonment, every suffering, finds in them gentle hearts to compassionate, strong and willing hands to soothe and heal. They have in the Oriental foreign missions 83 establishments, not to speak of the numerous sisters of French nationality in the South American houses. In all there are about 1,500 French Sisters of Charity engaged in the work of the missions.

The French Sisters of St. Joseph de Cluny number

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about 4,000. They are the creation of that strong woman, Anne-Marie Javouhey, who dared to face the barricades of Paris in 1848, and was known as “la plus remarquable figure de la colonisation française au dix-neuvième siècle” because of her labors in all the French colonies. There are about 1,200 sisters of the foundation of “Mère Javouhey,” the prop of their native land as well as Catholicism.

Catholic Germany has no such figures to show. Indeed, it would be unjust to ask them. United Germany is a new creation. The colonial life of the Fatherland is yet embryonic. The Catholic population of Germany is not more than 19,000,000.¹ The wealth, prestige, and political power are largely in the hands of Protestants. The dominant state, Prussia, cannot be accused of any serious leaning toward Catholicism. Heresy and indifference are forever gnawing at the vitals of the Catholic communities of the empire, by reason of mixed marriages and the strong pressure that a bureaucratic state exercises in favor of A Catholicism in the land of the “Parität.” Catholic Germany sends 1,100 missionaries to the whitening harvests, and 364 religious women. The missions cared for by the German Jesuits are those of Bombay in India, of Brazil (Rio Grande), and of

¹ From these figures Kannengieser excepts the Catholic population of Alsace-Lorraine (1,230,792), since it furnishes missionaries and religious women to both nations.

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the Zambesi in Southern Africa. They number 489—fathers, scholastics, and brothers.¹

The Society “du Verbe Divin” at Steyl, in Holland, founded in 1875 by an exiled German priest, Arnold Janssen, has 117 missionaries in Argentina, Africa, Brazil, and Oceania. Within a decade the Pères du Saint Esprit, the Pères Blancs of Cardinal Lavigerie, the Oblats de Marie, the Missionaires du Sacré Cœur, whose seats are at Paris, have opened separate novitiates in Germany. These original French enterprises extend thereby their activity throughout the German colonial possessions.

The figures of the parent stock from which this multitude of brave and holy men and women is drawn are not uninteresting. There are 36,847 religious of both sexes in the German Empire (inclusive of Alsace-Lorraine, which contributes about 4,000). Of these 32,731 are religious women, and 4,116 are men.² It is calculated that the members of the religious orders and con-

¹ In this number Kannengieser includes the 78 fathers, 68 scholastics, and 77 brothers of such institutions as Canisius College, Buffalo; St. Ignatius' College, Cleveland; Sacred Heart College, Prairie du Chien, etc. These are not missionaries in the sense of the Oriental or African missionaries. To some extent the same is true of the Jesuit missionaries in Brazil, where they look after the religious interests of the German colonists, grown quite numerous.

² These figures are taken from Kannengieser's summary of the second “fascicule” of *Die Katholische Kirche*, published by the Leo-Gesellschaft at Vienna. Cf., also, *Kloster-Schematismus für das deutsche Reich u. Oesterreich-Ungarn* (Paderborn, 1899, 3d ed.), with the criticisms of Kannengieser (pp. 13-23).

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gregations in France number, inclusive of postulants and novices, about 200,000.¹

One would think that domestic persecution, instead of thinning the ranks of the orders and congregations, was multiplying them. In 1879 the "Foreign Missions" had only 480 members, they are now about 1,200; the "Filles de la Sagesse" were 3,600, they are now 4,650; the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny were 2,067, they are now 4,650; the Petits Frères de Marie were 3,600, they are now 4,850. In spite of the tyrannous and iniquitous fiscal spoliation that really holds the knife at the throat of all these communities, they have thriven, for the spirit of sacrifice and charity is apparently immortal on the soil of France.² Neither Voltaire, nor Renan, nor Constans, nor Paul Bert have been able

¹ The chief authority for the status of the religious orders of France is Émile Keller, *Les Congrégations religieuses en France, leurs œuvres et leurs services* (Paris, Poussielgue, 1880). The figures of this voluminous book (pp. liv.-758) have been corrected to date by the personal researches of M. Kannengieser. According to the annual almanac of the French clergy (*Le Clergé Français, Annuaire Ecclésiastique*, 1899) there were in France 681 religious congregations, 131 of men and 550 of women.

² The following words of Taine are instructive: "Whoever is concerned for the public welfare and for justice must impose a halt in presence of such institutions (the monastic). All the more, as it is useless to persecute them. It is in vain that the rude hand of the lawmaker is raised to crush; they will flourish again, since they lie in the very blood of every Catholic nation. Instead of 37,000 religious women of France at the outbreak of the Revolution, there are now 86,000; *i.e.*, 45 out of every 10,000 Frenchwomen, as against 28 in the last century" (*La Révolution Française*, vol. i. pp. 218 sqq.).

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to extinguish the stout old Gallic spirit of faith. The figures of this review justify yet the old Crusader-cry: "Gesta Dei per Francos."

When we consider the budget of this wonderful French work of the foreign missions we are still more astonished. In 1898 the Lyons Society of the Propagation of the Faith collected 6,700,921 francs. Of this sum 37,000,000 of French Catholics gave 4,077,085 francs, while the 49,000,000 Catholics of Italy and Spain gave only 430,692 francs. Since 1822 the Lyons Society has collected, mostly in France, and spent entirely abroad and without distinction of the nationality of its *protégés*, over forty million dollars, while the kindred "Work of the Holy Infancy" has collected and spent some twenty million dollars, more than one-half of which came from France. In the fifty years of its existence the Bonifatius Verein of Catholic Germany has collected for internal missions the handsome sum of \$6,200,000. In the same period Catholic France has spent on the basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre \$6,800,000, on Our Lady of Fourvières (Lyons) \$2,400,000, on the basilica of Lourdes \$3,000,000. Her five Catholic pro-universities have cost her \$8,000,000, while yearly nearly one million dollars are spent on the Catholic "free schools" of Paris, in protest against an iniquitous school legislation. Since the "lois scélérates" the Catholics of Northern France have spent \$8,000,000 on their primary schools.

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Clearly, if figures speak the truth, France remains yet the "heart of oak" of Catholicism—a land of Catholic conviction, good-will, and generosity. Kannengieser may rightly conclude that "in spite of malevolence and calumny France remains one of the essential elements of Catholicism—not because of her numbers (for Austria-Hungary has almost as large a Catholic population, and Germany and Austria combined have a larger one), but because France is first in all that pertains to the expansion of Catholicism, because all the great Catholic works of this century are the fruit of her heart and her brain, because if she disappeared from the scene there would be made at once a void in the Christian world the mere imagination of which makes one shudder."

The missions of Catholicism have been always our pride, but we too often forget that they are almost entirely the creation of the Church of France. Her sons and daughters founded them, bedewed them with their sweat and blood, spent themselves on them. Her citizens have been the principal contributors to the work, notably in this century. The total of the genuine army of salvation that labors on the foreign missions of Catholicism is about 60,000, men and women, priests and brothers. Most of the 12,000 Catholic missionaries are Frenchmen; a still greater share of the 44,000 Catholic Sisters of the missions comes from the "sweet land of France." Her laymen have gone by thousands as working brothers, humble servants, masons, carpenters, in

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any capacity, so they might aid in the good work. Only the construction of the mighty cathedrals of the Middle Ages, only the Crusades, only the development of our American Catholicism, ever called forth such devotion. It is, perhaps, the most architectonic manifestation of the great notes of unity, catholicity, sanctity, and apostolicity by which the true church is known.¹

¹ The large and exhaustive work edited by Fr. Piolet, S.J., in six volumes (Paris, Armand Colin, 1901-1903), furnishes the data for a reliable review of the missionary labors of Catholicism in the nineteenth century.

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT BRUSSELS (1894)

SOME historian of the nineteenth century will put down among the novelties of Catholic life the numerous congresses that succeeded one another with ever greater frequency. Public meetings of the faithful for religious purposes are surely not without precedents in the history of the Church, as her ancient synods and the primitive episcopal elections amply prove. There is no need of quoting specific examples from the mediæval world. The mutual enthusiastic co-operation of the people and their spiritual guides is visible on every page of their annals. The monuments of the crusades, the cathedrals, the fine arts and literature, the guilds, the grammar schools and universities, the hospitals and confraternities, the perfection of social order and the creation of that large system of forbearance and courtesy known as the international law, are there to prove that the masses of the people were in most intimate touch with the priesthood, and that in social and religious matters each exercised upon the other a profound, beneficial action.

The golden age of Catholicism was *par excellence* the age of free association, and the building of Christendom was largely the work of men accustomed to meet fre-

Catholic University Bulletin, January, 1895.

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quently in chapter-house, or guild-hall, or around the sacred pledges of municipal rights and liberties. Indeed, it lies in the very essence, the name, and the earliest annals of Catholicism that the faithful should meet often for the "reasonable service" of the Master, and for the interests of His society. So long as the social authority professed the Catholic faith, and the sacred vesture of charity was not rent by religious discord, this mutual endeavor went on quite as unconsciously as life itself, or the workings of nature. But within the last three centuries the Catholic Church has had a dolorous road to travel, and when she emerged into that which is now closing, she could look on a spiritual wreckage only less complete than that which faced her on the day of Pentecost. Like the perfect organism which she is, she set about repairing the inroads that had been made upon her life; and in an incredibly brief space of time made ready to meet the demands of a new age and a new society ignorant of her ancient titles and saturate with distrust of her aims and principles.

It is no small glory of the Church that in many things she has largely overcome the hostility of the age, that she has outlived erroneous prejudices, and refuted by her works and her children many calumnies of the frivolous sciolism of an earlier generation. Nor is it less to her glory that she has created new channels of spiritual activity and invented new forms through which her intact organism works upon its new surroundings in a manner consonant and sympathetic to them. It is not

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in this last decade, when the sands of the century are running out, under the impression of the beneficent evolution of the papal spirit in a Leo XIII, in sight of the solid gains of Catholicism, that we ought to be tempted to discount the real religious progress of our age.

Among the factors of this renaissance we must place those public assemblies of Catholics which have been held in various countries of Europe and America within the last half-century. The Catholic spirit of free association, the systematic legal oppression, and the necessities of mutual co-operation were, no doubt, chief reasons for the rapid genesis of this tendency, which could only be quickened by the growth of constitutional and democratic forms of government. Some of these congresses are general in their scope, embracing all Catholic interests, though their membership may be restricted or enlarged, according as they are international, national, or regional. Others again narrow their attention to a specific province of Catholic life, though within those limits the participation may be very cosmopolitan. Of the latter kind are the eucharistic, social, and scientific congresses, which have attracted public attention within the last few decades. Among the European Catholics, the Germans deserve the credit of inaugurating this movement, and of following it up with equal intelligence and pertinacity. Their example has been imitated in several other countries on both sides of the ocean, where political freedom prevails, without which boon, indeed, Catholics would scarcely be allowed by a jealous and all-

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powerful autocracy to meet for the most necessary purposes.

Of the general utility of Catholic congresses there can scarcely be any doubt. Leaving aside the apologetic uses and the diffusion of a truly Catholic charity among all the members and the promoters of these assemblies, there seems to be a more profound reason which urges their repetition and an ever larger attendance at them. They make up in a measure for the loss of the large Catholic life of ancient Christendom, and they help to generate a fresh, enlightened, and healthy Catholic opinion on a multitude of subjects closely connected with the welfare of religion. Formerly such opinion arose spontaneously from the universal action of a highly spiritual and intellectual religion, everywhere identical with itself, over great tracts of territory. But the circumstances of our age have shattered the ancient unity and forced Catholics to have recourse to artificial means in order to attain again in some degree the beneficent results begotten by the mutual intelligence, criticism, charity, and support of former ages.

The latest expression of this popular participation in the public life and activity of the Church is the International Scientific Congress of Catholics. In its present form it originated at Rouen in 1885, as the outcome of a regionary congress held in that city. Its first meeting was at Paris in 1888, and the second took place in the same city in 1891. They were held with the sanction

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of the ecclesiastical authorities, and had a large measure of success, both as to the number of participants and the scientific value of the papers submitted. The third assembly took place in 1894 at Brussels, September 3-7, and more than verified the promises of the earlier ones. Besides the adhesion of the Belgian episcopate, and the personal encouragement of the papal nuncio, the Congress secured the co-operation of prominent Catholic scientists in the three Belgian universities, and of members of the Royal Academies of Science and Medicine.¹

Those who had been active in organizing the previous reunions were present at Brussels, and many new collaborators were added to the list. Besides Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Spain, and the United States were represented, naturally in varying degree, but the Catholic and cosmopolitan character of the meetings was, nevertheless, strongly accentuated. The meetings took place at the Palais des Académies, and were honored by the presence of the papal nuncio; of the Belgian Premier, M. Bernaert; M. Woest, *ministre d'état*; the Rector of the University of Lou-

¹ Since the Brussels meeting (1894), there have been held three other assemblies of the International Scientific Congress of Catholics, at Freiburg (1897), Munich (1900), and Rome (1903). The *Compte-rendu* of the earlier congresses furnished the subscribers (ten francs) with the text of all papers presented. As this entailed much expense and delay, it was decided at Munich (1900) to print in the future only a summary of the papers. The entire collection of *Comptes-rendus* is well worthy of attentive perusal and study.

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vain; the Bishops of Liège and Tournai, and by an audience of several hundred associates, representing some 3,000 adherents to the spirit and the program of the Congress, who in turn belonged to the higher walks of society, and expressed fairly the living interest that cultured Catholics take in every movement that makes for the more intellectual and spiritual life of humanity. About 160 *mémoires* or special papers were handed in to the secretary, dealing with questions of more or less actuality in the various departments through which the Congress accomplished its detail work. The Archbishop of Malines, Cardinal Goossens, opened the active sessions of the Congress with an admirable discourse, in which he insisted on the nobility, the legitimacy, and the necessity of scientific studies among Catholics, if they would preserve to modern research the essentially religious character of all truth, the *scientiæ religiositas*. After reminding his hearers that, while the Church recognizes certain natural limits to human science, she was, nevertheless, during long stretches of ignorance and imbecility, the sole guardian of the dignity and rights of the human mind, and nurtured in her own bosom a St. Augustine, a St. Thomas and a Bossuet, he called the attention of his hearers to the fundamental principle of true scientists of Catholic belief, accurately expressed in the motto of the Société Scientifique of Brussels: "*Nulla unquam inter fidem et rationem vera dissensio esse potest.*" The conclusion of this discourse is no less remarkable for its frankness than for its sympathy:

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“Gentlemen, take up your noble and important studies! Be without apprehension, and go forth in search of truth with the consciousness of liberty, with charity and candor. Cultivate human science! Like faith, it is a celestial birth, coming from God its first principle, the handiwork of Him Whom it seeks to know and to illustrate. Cultivate human science! It leads men back to God. The more you learn of the mysterious laws and treasures of the universe, the greater will be your faith in Him from Whom they emanate, and your love for the Author of such wonders. Cultivate human science! Your historical past and the title of children of the Church Catholic demand it of you. Cultivate human science! Your labors will be at once apostolic in nature, and by this holy propaganda you will dissipate the prejudices of some, conciliate the sympathies of others, and win the esteem and respect of all. May He Whom our Scriptures call the Author of faith and the God of knowledge, pour forth upon your labors His holy spirit of truth, peace, and charity!”

The sessions of the Congress were divided into public and private meetings. The public meetings included all the workers in the various scientific sections among which the members were distributed. At the public sessions subjects of a larger, more general importance were treated. Thus, besides the welcoming speech of Cardinal Goossens and the preparatory address of Fr. Van den Gheyn, S.J., one of the most active spirits in the Congress, there were discourses by M. Lapparent, the well-known geologist, on the age of the topographical forms of the globe; by Rev. Fr. Zahm, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University, on the necessity of promoting the study of the natural sciences in ecclesiastical seminaries,

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and by the Rector of the Catholic University of America, Bishop Keane, on the late Parliament of Religions. A very notable and able address was that of Dr. Schaepman, deputy to the Dutch Parliament, on "Catholicism and Enthusiasm."¹ Mgr. d'Hulst, the Rector of the

¹ Dr. Schaepman defined enthusiasm as a peculiar state of the soul which impels man to more than ordinary activity, and which is accompanied by a joy whose intensity springs from the very passion of doing. Even when intermittent, such enthusiasm can create great things, but when it passes into a habit, it is the true well-spring of those forceful natures which accomplish marvels for the cause of God and humanity. As a habit, it is made up of three things, which Lamartine declared to be faith, love, and character. "In these three things," said Dr. Schaepman, "we find a common quality, internal liberty, freedom from all that is foreign to the actual task, a more than voluntary abnegation, something spontaneous and natural. The man who is filled with such enthusiasm has reached that plane of independence on which he can move as a hero or a martyr. He may meet difficulties, but he will overcome them; he may die, but dying he will triumph. He will show that degree of perseverance which makes of patience a sublime virtue. Emotion, sweeping but transitory in ordinary men, becomes in him something stable and tranquil. He moves in life like the sun, an ever-open source of light, heat, production, and life. . . . Permit me to point out such an enthusiasm. In the history of the Middle Ages we meet with a monk, the most tireless worker, the boldest and most restless explorer among the things of the mind. All that was knowable he collected, analyzed, synthetized. He grappled with and unmasked every error. Translator of Aristotle and commentator of his thought, he revealed to that age the mind of the great Hellene, and sounded all the depths of that universal genius. In the Fathers of the Church he opened up a mine which yielded him the precious stones that he afterward worked into the solid chain of Catholic tradition. And, after having grasped the main lines of the queenly science in the books of a master, he lifted up with his own strong, royal, virginal hands the great cathedral of Catholic theology, whose central frame he had built in the *Summa contra Gentes*."

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Catholic Institute of Paris, being detained by the fatal illness of the Comte de Paris, sent an important communication, in which he exposed at length the utility of scientific congresses of Catholics, and made a touching but firm plea for a larger domestic tolerance of those brethren who use the historico-critical method in their researches.

The actual labors of the Congress were performed in the eight sections into which it is regularly divided. (See note at end of article.) Theology, properly speaking, or dogma, revealed and defined, is outside its province. With this exception, it has for its material object all human science, and for its scope, to show by the study of facts, principles, and methods, that faith is in no wise opposed to human science, and to provoke and develop scientific activity among Catholics. The members and supporters of these congresses feel, with Mgr. d' Hulst, that to oppose or neglect mutual co-operation for the above-mentioned aims means either that there is no taste for science among Catholics, or that the quality of Catholic implies a structural weakness in the mind of a scientist, or that isolated effort suffices to lift the stigma, so persistently affixed to the Church, of being the enemy of human science through fear of its results.

What is the special utility of such scientific congresses of Catholics as those held at Paris in 1888 and 1891, at Brussels in 1894, and projected for Freiburg in 1897,

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and Munich in 1900? They supplement to some extent the damage caused to Catholic interests by the loss of the great universities originally built, and long and fondly cherished by the Church. Paris and Oxford, Bologna and Cologne, were once the centres whence the enlightened public opinion of Christendom was in great part moulded. Their traditions and their leanings were papal; their rights and privileges were embedded and crystallized in the canon law; their influence was as wide and as subtle as the atmosphere men breathed. They were the mighty filters through which passed nearly all those who had any serious share in the formation of youth, the enlightenment of the mind, the government of the Church. They were not, indeed, an academic or a doctoral government, but they were like permanent councils, wise and holy consistories gathered about the lamp of learning, embodying the experience of the past, and voicing the progressive instincts of the present.

With the cathedrals and the jurisprudence of the Middle Ages the universities form a great trilogy, whose genesis and inter-relations furnish one of the most glorious chapters in the history of the human mind. In the tragic cataclysms of the last three centuries these hives of human thought have been largely lost to Catholics, and in this first century of restoration, it could scarcely have been question, until lately, of creating a new system of universities, which should be to the Catholic life and just ambitions of to-day what the old ones were to the makers of mediæval Christendom. Yet the ardent

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sympathies and the sacred hopes that centre about every new university into which the Church has breathed her divine life-spirit show how vivid are the memories of the past, and how intimate the relations between the great teaching centres of modern Catholicism and the popular heart. Every university which is founded under Catholic auspices, be it a creation or a resurrection, has the promise of progressive life, and the fierce struggles which rage around it in its earliest stages are only proof of its necessity, and the high calling which awaits it in the graver combats of the future.

But they are few, and their influences are as yet hemmed by poverty, youth, prejudice, and jealousy. They enter the field of modern science at a comparatively late date, and they must contend with currents within and without the Church ere their pathway lies clear and free before them. The pontifical authority justifies their existence, and protects them from onslaughts which would imperil their infancy, but they are otherwise left to develop their own life-germs, and to be fashioned largely according to the multitudinous circumstances of the society in which they are established. The scientific congresses of Catholics are at once the allies and the mouthpieces of the Catholic universities. Hitherto it is from the latter that their most active workers have come, and much of the intellectual labor of the congresses is the work of teachers and disciples of the universities.

These congresses, then, perform, in a measure and

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temporarily, one part of the work of the mediæval universities. They bring together men of all nationalities, one in Catholic faith, and one in devotion to truth and science. While they awaken a more general interest in the discoveries and the progress of the modern sciences they cause a better mutual understanding, and, as a consequence, a larger toleration and more Christian charity among those who are, after all, laboring for the same end. They make common property the results of grave, close study in many departments of knowledge, and they tend to create public opinion in scientific matters—something by no means to be rejected, since it is one of the deadliest weapons of our adversaries.

In these meetings of students and scientists of Catholic faith it is not too difficult to bring out talents and researches which otherwise would remain unknown, too modest and retiring to produce themselves before unsympathetic audiences. Grave material interests of research and publications can be benefited in these assemblies, and the fruits of noble endeavor in one land made quickly known and accessible in all. The most perfect methods, as well as the hopeless or useless paths, are pointed out by men who have gained valuable experience on their way to the pinnacles of fame. In a word, no better scheme could be invented for the creation of effective Christian apologetics than the frequent meeting of specialists to whom religion is not less dear than the results of scientific investigation.

This scientific movement has not passed unchallenged.

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From Rome it has met with encouragement and wise counsel, such a kindly interest as one might expect from a pontiff whose learning, practical experience of men and things, and ever-youthful sympathies with the progressive spirit, lift him into a high and intellectual atmosphere where he sees such matters as they need to be seen, somewhat in the abstract and in the light of futurity. There are Catholic scholars of great note who abstain from them, holding that it is better to frequent the mixed congresses where it cannot be objected that there is any prepossession in favor of the claims of religion. In these, they say, our presence and our work are practical proof of the compatibility of faith and science. This is well, but we cannot ignore the fact that we are not living in an ideal world, which listens with equal intensity to the claims of right and wrong, but on a battle-field, where feeling runs high and a fair hearing is often impossible; where many coignes of vantage are held by the enemy, and dishonestly used; where fear of loss and prejudiced attachment to personal opinion are not distinctive of Catholics alone. For that reason the apologetic element cannot be lightly dropped from our scientific congresses, especially when we remember that they have a mission in our day, not to the learned alone, but to that great body of cultured and refined persons, too much immersed in the cares of life to pursue independent study, but deeply concerned about the relations between their faith and the indisputable conquests of human science.

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Others take the ground that such congresses develop special pleaders, in whose writings the apologetic pre-occupation is marked; that what we need is *masters*, profound original leaders, each in his own field of scientific activity; that a Secchi, a Lapparent, a Van Beneden and a Pasteur are worth more than scores of apologetic volumes and attempts at reconciliation; that what we need to reconcile is the *spirit* of faith and the *spirit* of scientific research, leaving the deep mysteries of faith as they stand, and holding the contradictory conclusions of science as only apparent, likely to vary at any moment of the future as they have often varied in the past.¹

This is all quite compatible with the spirit and the aims of the Catholic scientific congresses, which are yet in their infancy and have a manifold mission to carry out. They are suggestive, directive, inspiratory, rather than distinct schools of teaching. They aim at arousing general interest in the growth of all the sciences, and inducing Catholics to be less neglectful than they have been of movements, indifferent in themselves, but perilous when their direction and its consequent prestige fall into the wrong hands. If all the Catholic celebrities of Europe would follow the example of Lefebvre, De Smedt, Van den Gheyn, Lapparent, Duchesne, and give their presence or their practical adhesion, they would develop vocations now latent or sluggish; they would elevate the quality of the intellectual product; they

¹ E. Jordan, in the *Bulletin Critique*, Nov. 15, 1894.

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would astonish both sides of the ocean by their number and their importance; they would contribute to the necessary defence of the Church, and would give to the ardent Catholic youth who throw themselves into this work, the priceless benefit of experience and prestige. For, after all, the number of men who count as leaders in the scientific world is always small, and it is a grave error to think that only Catholics adore the *idola theatri*. It is in science as in many other things: men like to have their thinking done for them, and will always be prone to follow a clever watchword or a resounding motto.

In conclusion, it would seem that such enterprises ought to be welcomed by all who have at heart the honor of the Catholic name, and the diffusion of sound and unassailable views concerning the relations of the Church and modern science. These congresses are yet seeking their proper *assiette*, and therefore objections of detail, more or less grave, may easily be urged. But as experience comes to the leaders, and fame is acquired, and the brightest stars among Catholic scholars are enrolled, and the circuit of Europe is gradually made, we may expect more perfect organization, more practical method, more pure and disinterested search after natural truths, and a more lofty prestige as the result of their contributions to the stock of human knowledge and the discipline of the human mind. May we not believe with Aubrey de Vere, in the "Death of Copernicus," that—

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Religion's self

That day shall wear an ampler crown; all truths—
Now constellated in the Church's Creed,
Yet dim this day because man's mind is dim—
Perforce dilating, as man's mind dilates,
O'er us must hang, a new Theology,
Our own, yet nobler, even as midnight heavens,
Through crystal ether kenned, more sharply shine,
Than when mist veiled the stars!

¹ NOTE.—The following are among the studies presented to the Congress. Though varying in value and interest, they furnish a criterion by which to judge of the nature and utility of these triennial assemblies:

I. RELIGIOUS SCIENCES: Graffin, *Patrologia Syriaca*, vol. i; Pisani, *On Armenian Church History*; De Moor, *The Date of Exodus*; Casartelli, *On the Religious Doctrines of the Achemenides*; Vacandard, *St. Bernard and the Cistercian Reform of the Gregorian Chant*; Carra de Vaux, *On Mussulman Eschatology*; Kirsch, *The Collectoria of the Apostolic Camera in the XIV Century*; Busson, *Nature and Origin of the Soul, according to the Zohar, chief book of the Cabalists*; Lamy, *The Council of A. D. 410 at Seleucia*; Van Kasteren, *The Real Frontier of the Holy Land*; Kihn, *Latest Discoveries in Patristic Literature*; De Broglie, *Prophetism in Israel and the Theories of Kuenen*; Delattre, *The Versions of Scripture used in Africa in the Fourth and Fifth Centuries, according to the latest Latin African Inscriptions*; Wagner, *On the Formation of the Melodies of the Gregorian Chant*; Auger, *Tendencies of the Mediæval Mystics of Belgium*; Chabot, *The Commentary of Theodore of Mopsuestia on the Gospel of St. John*; Peeters, *On the Pretended 104 Canons of the Synod of Carthage (A. D. 398)*; De Waal, *The Liturgical Chant in the Roman Inscriptions, from the Fourth to the Ninth Century*.

II. HISTORICAL SCIENCES: Delehaye, *On the Stylite Saints*; Dubarat, *The Pretended Tolerance of Jeanne d'Albret*; Fave, *The English and Spaniards in Brittany during the Ligue*; Viteau, *On the book of Eusebius, entitled "The Martyrs of Palestine"*; Fournier, *Collections of Canonical Texts from the Ninth to the Twelfth Century*; Beurlier, *The*

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Grand Chartophylax of the Byzantine Church; Allard, The Condition of Paganism in the Fourth Century; Waltzing, The Spirit of Charity and the Pagan Roman Corporations; Duchesne, Legends Relative to the Apostles; De Smedt, The Judiciary Duel in the Middle Ages; Jordan, The Relations of the Holy See and the Italian Bankers, according to the Registers of Clement IV; Francotte, Mixed Forms of Government in the Politics of Aristotle; Doutrepont, The Cæsar-Legend in Belgium; Semeria, The Historical Sources of the "Political Constitution of the Athenians"; Poncelet, The Oldest Life of St. Gerard d'Aurillac; Von Funk, Thirty Chapters of the Apostolic Constitutions; Batiffol, The Roman Presbyteri Poenitentiarum of the Fifth Century; Allain, The Organization of a Great French Diocese in the Eighteenth Century; Mathieu, Primary Instruction in Belgium; Sicard, The Bishops of France in the Emigration.

III. PHILOSOPHICAL SCIENCES : Bertin, The Argument of St. Anselm; Halleux, The Doctrines of Comte and Scholasticism; Duquesnoy, The Moral Proof of the Existence of God; Farges and Bulliot, On the Proof of the Existence of God drawn from Motion; Kozary, On Comte's Law of the Three States; Mercier, On the Foundations of Certitude; Forget, On the Arab Philosophers and the Scholastic Philosophy; Kiss, On the Categories of Aristotle; Maus, On the Constitution of Bodies in their Relation with the Origin and End of Being, according to St. Thomas; Bulliot, On the Concepts of Matter and Mass; De Margerie, On the Sophist of Plato; Huit, The Platonism of the Renaissance; De Maisonneuve, Human Personality.

IV. PHILOLOGICAL SCIENCES : De la Vallée Poussin, On the Svagambhû-Purâna; Scharpé, The Poet Déné de Bruges; Le Jay, On Virgil the Grammarian; Schils, The Languages of the Bushmen and the Hottentots; De Marchot, Walloon Philology; Bourdais, The Beginnings of Chaldaean Literature; Camélat, On the Introduction of Spanish and French into the Pyrenean Patois; Carra de Vaux, On Comparative Semitic Syntax; Giesswein, On the Local-Demonstrative elements of the *n-l* type in Indo-Germanic, Uralic, and Semitico-Hamitic Languages; De Lantsheere, On Assyrian Metric; Lépître, On Indo-European Phonetics since Schleier; De Charency, On Linguistic Metamorphism; De Rousselot, On Study of the Vowels according to the Graphic Method.

V. CHRISTIAN ART : Abgrall, French Sculptures in Brittany ; Clo-

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quet, Architectural Esthetics; Hellig, The Origin of Modern Landscape Painting; Destrée, The Miniatures of the Grimani Breviary; De Marsy, The Progress of Architectural Studies in France since 1891.

VI. ANTHROPOLOGY : Duilhet de Saint Projet, The Certitude of Metaphysics in Anthropology; De Kirwan, Man and the Animal; Dupont, The Intellectual Life of Primitive Populations; Guillemet, The Theory of Common Ancestors; Van den Gheyn, On Pygmies; Cosquin, The Indian Origin of European Folk-lore; De Nadaillac, The Lake-Dwellers; Halna du Freté, On the Beginning of the Neolithic Age; Tihon, The Prehistoric Epoch in Belgium and the Grottoes of Mehaigue.

VII. NATURAL SCIENCES AND MATHEMATICS : Marx, Ether as the Universal Principle of Forces; Duhem, On Maxwell's Electro-Dynamic; Ferron, The Physical Causes of the Dispersion of Light; Balau, On the True Inventor of Marly's Machine; Maze, On the Periodicity of Meteorological Phenomena, notably Drouths; Schnietz, On the Oldest Coal-Measures of Belgium; Bolsius, The Anatomy of Land Hirudinidae; Almereda, On the Pliocene Flora of Barcelona; Tardy, Les Faille de la Bresse; Henry, The Chemical Action of Water; Boulay, Evolutionary Theories in Botany; Leroy, On Instinct, particularly in Birds; Ferraud, Cerebral Location and Sensible Images; Guermonprez, The Need of Rigorous Scientific Observation on Occasion of Accidents; Hermite, On the Relations Between the Numbers of Bernouilli; Mansion, On the Fundamental Principles of Riemann's Non-Euclidian Geometry; Saavedra, On a Belgian Astrolabe of the Sixteenth Century; Elariano, Application of Analytical Geometry to Musical Technique; De Bosredon, On the Intersection of Conics; Poulain, The Angular Properties of the Circle.

VIII. JURIDICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCES : Orban, On the Late English Legislation Concerning the Rural Communes; Allart, On the Monetary Origins of the Labor Crisis; De Cepeda, Revelation and the Science of Law; Verbiest, Proportional Equity in Co-operative Labor; Leclercq, On the System of Compounds and the Diamond Mines of Kimberly; Lagasse et Hulin, The Scientific Method in Political Economy; Castelein, The Use of Method in Sociology.

THE "THOUGHTS" OF JOUBERT

THERE must be something native and original in the genius of the French people which preserves for them the supremacy in all those forms of expression that draw their charm and vitality from combined brevity, elegance, clearness, novelty, piquancy, and all that goes to make up what the French so dearly admire—"la pointe." Their literature abounds more than that of any other nation or people in masterpieces of sententious and epigrammatic thought. From Pascal to the Abbé Roux there is a long line of distinguished names noted for collections of bright sayings that haunt forever the reader's memory. Montaigne, Montesquieu, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, are but a few among many whose acute insight and racy delicate wit, coupled with a *curiosa felicitas* of diction, have made them, as it were, guides and confessors of mankind. In them thought is strained of all that is vague or excessive; language sheds every trace of coarseness, indelicacy or affectation; and from the marriage of both the "Pensée" is born, a thing in literature akin to the "Hours," the "Graces," the "Muses" of Hellenism. The "Pensée" is all freshness and sweetness, but also all pungency and sparkle. There is something in it of those costly spu-

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mous wines made up of the essences of a dozen golden vineyards, yet holding each a savor and a tone all its own. Aristophanes or Martial could not write "*Pensées*," I fear, with all their *verve* and wit—in the mediæval Keltic romance-literature there is no little material of that nature. The reason is that while the "*Pensée*" is grave, didactic, philosophic, it has always a Christian ring about it; for it is an outgrowth of our morality, a kind of lay sermonizing. Conduct, based on right principles, right views of man and life, ornamented by consistency and unity, are the usual object of the "*Pensée*" in the French writers. Indeed, it is very near kin to the "*Fable*" as La Fontaine created it; what are his "*Fables*," after all, but illustrated "*Pensées*," or apothegms entwined about the scenes of some mediæval Bestiary?

Thus we note a distinctly moral atmosphere about Montaigne and La Bruyère. Here is something more than the *obiter dicta* of the life-wisdom of Stoic or Platonist or Pythagorean. Here is a superior and admirable morality, the outcome of long centuries of Christian conduct, of judicial assertion of right and repression of wrong on the lines of religion. This is not the "*Lebensweisheit*" of Pilpay or the Rubaiyât—nor yet the "*soft worldliness and the gentle stoicism*" of the philosopher of Shiraz—it moves on a higher plane and prescinds from the life of sense. Still, while it ranges in the higher region of the spirit, the "*Pensée*" does not disdain the artifice of ornament. On the contrary,

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here more than elsewhere we meet with the self-consciousness of style. More than any other form of literature the "Pensée" rejoices in those

Jewels five—words—long
That on the outstretched finger of all Time
Sparkle forever.

Indeed, it is this very charm of verbal felicity that sets the "Pensée" apart from all other arts of expression, lends it a gem-like fire and lustre, and stamps a gnomic something on the wisdom that shines so sweetly and temptingly within the delicate airy walls it took so long to perfect. In turn, its style is so uniquely fit and proper because the thought gushes forth out of the depths of conviction, a confession, as it were, by sporadic fragments, each dripping with a dewy unction of faith, each coined out of the bell-metal of life.

All such literature, in whatever tongue it appears, is due to that strong leaven of the Christian spirit henceforth ineradicable from our society. There could be no "Confessions of St. Augustine" in paganism. And ever since, those who would talk to their brethren on the things of life and death, on conduct and belief, are surely first tortured by the sting of conscience, duty, responsibility, by the oppressive sense of brotherhood, future, judgment, immortality. Such messages may be the poet's

wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth.

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And again they may be most solemn threnodies, grave callings and warnings. We feel with Tennyson that always

They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they!

The "Thoughts" of Joseph Joubert (1754-1826), are among the choicest examples of their kind, and deserve more than a passing glance from the looker-on in the Vanity Fair of literary wares that is now on exhibition.¹ In the great noisy mart of the modern book-world they are like a shop of cameos or mosaics, lost to the hylic vulgar, whose gross eyes ever fail to see, or seeing, to love these

Mysteries of inlaced design
And shapes of shut significance.

Joubert could scarcely be called a man of letters in the usual sense of the term. He neither lived for them nor by them. His was a Socratic calling. He kindled the holy fire in other minds, and nourished it with the choicest oils of suggestion, inspiration and criticism. A child of the "bourgeoisie," the circumstances of his life brought him very close to some of the loveliest souls that the Revolution had spared to the old aristocracy of blood, as the whirlwind blindly spares a few rare buds

¹Joubert: *A Selection from his Thoughts*, translated by Katharine Lyttelton, with a preface by Mrs. Humphrey Ward (New York, 1899).

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in the path of its fury. In his youth he had been a disciple of Diderot and a pupil of the "Fathers of Christian Doctrine"; so all his life there was in him a double spirit: one of "affection for and prophecy of the romantic spirit," the forecasting of the glories of the modern vernaculars; and the other a spirit of distrust for our vague indefinite optimism, with a corresponding fondness for the old classical measure, order, and proprieties that distinguished the France of his youth.

That was the France of Louis XV, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Benedict XIV. When he died he left behind him the France of Napoleon and Pius VII, while all Europe had gone over to the Romanticism of England and Germany. Between them rolled the Red Sea of the Revolution. Not a few of his best "Thoughts" reflect the vicissitudes of those unequalled threescore and ten years. He recognizes that henceforth it is "the magic of the future and not of the past" that allures men; that "liberty," for example, has henceforth a moral meaning, that of independence, and not the political meaning of right in government that the ancients gave it; that "the soul of the ancients had in it a sensitiveness and a tenderness that differed greatly from our cold manners"; that the ancients were not embarrassed, as we are, by a crowd of books calling for rejection or approval"—hence, "we sing our part in the midst of clamors; whilst the ancients sang their solo in peace." This man who had seen the awful parturition of the

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modern world could write of the past in such words as these:

“The classics are an encyclopædia of style, where we find examples of the art of saying everything with delicacy, good taste, and beauty; for they speak of everything with a mild accent and in a fine language. Even their indifferent work bears the impress of a fine type. They had no more genius than we have, but their art excelled ours; in their country there was better taste, and they had inherited better traditions.”

The movement of their souls he compares to the free and large sweep of a bird, soaring as it goes with a mighty *envergure*, whereas we are like convicts fastened to our desks, like slaves poring over odious tasks. In them there was little confusion, effort, contention, harsh or unpleasing utterance—on the contrary, their style was pathetic, lofty, harmonious, rich with metaphor and sonorous words, gentle and persuasive as of men taught from youth to speak to the multitude which they dominated, while we wrangle with each individual as being only his equal and fellow. Joubert was persuaded that even the dregs of Greek literature in its old age have a certain delicacy. Only one whom his intimates called “a Platonist and a Christian” could write the following phrases not unworthy of a Gregory or a Basil:

“God, not willing to bestow truth upon the Greeks, gave them poetry.”

“The Athenians, and the Greeks generally, laid great stress on beauty of disposition. Penetration of mind, gentleness, and

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courage made the perfection of a man in the eyes of Socrates and Plato—gentleness, which makes a man peaceful in the state, and pleasant to his fellow-citizens; courage, which makes him strong in misfortune, temperate in his pleasures, and formidable to his enemies; penetration of mind, which makes him delightful in his intercourse with friends, and perfect in his own life, in that it enables him to see what is the best, and to do it."

What a contrast to all this he finds in the world about him! Instead of sobriety of judgment, sweetness of disposition, and clarity of thought, he finds that temper rules judgment and whims decide action. Enmities have ceased to be implacable because disinterested sentiments are no longer met with. Standing among the ruins of centuries and institutions, he exclaims that the salons have ruined morality, and raillery has destroyed society and the throne; while self-indulgence has overthrown religion, morality, and politeness. Politics are no longer a matter of science or logic, but of the practical judgment, preluding to our modern opportunism. He notices in all plans of improvement and reform an impossible hyperbole of intention. The times are all disjointed; and the fair field of literature, in particular, is overrun by rude and robust barbarians, refined indeed in style, but sensual in mind, empty of ideas, base flatterers of ever-sinking mediocrity, in sympathy with all novelties and hateful of past times and old books. Seldom has there been a fiercer judgment on the effects of democracy on letters; let us remember that he stood in the flaming twilight of a "Götterdämmerung," and

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that the best of men can rarely judge except from the signs of the time. It is not given to all to recognize a long-awaited and beneficent genius when it is first freed from the darkness and oppression of untold ages. Withal, he is a shrewd and kindly and just "censor morum."

"The age suffers from that most terrible malady of the mind, a disgust for religion. It is not religious liberty, but irregular liberty that it claims."

"Men have torn up the roads which led to Heaven, but which all the world followed; now we have to make our own ladders."

"In political institutions nearly everything that we now call an abuse was once a remedy."

"Filled with gigantic pride and, like giants, at enmity with God, this century in all its ambitions has taken colossal proportions; a true Leviathan among the ages, it would devour them all."

"If nations have an old age, let it at least be grave and holy, and not frivolous and profligate."

"How many learned men are working at the forge of science—laborious, ardent, tireless Cyclops, but one-eyed!"

Joubert is at his best on the border-land of thought and life, in dealing with certain phases or qualities of the mind and heart that are as the roots or principles of action, being themselves immanent and quiescent. We all know how the theologian or the social philosopher would define, for example, the virtue of modesty. Watch the Christian philosopher and poet carefully polishing this diamond of virtues until at last he exhibits

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it to our view swimming in a mimic ocean of light and fire:

"Modesty is an indefinable sensitive fear that makes the soul, so long as it is delicate and tender, recoil and hide within itself, like the flower, its fitting symbol, at the approach of anything that might wound it by a rude touch, or a light that comes too soon. Hence the disturbance that arises within us when harm draws near, and which so troubles and confuses our thoughts that the evil gains no hold upon them. Hence also that tact which is the advance-guard of all our perceptions, that instinct warning us off what is forbidden—that motionless flight, that blind discernment, that silent indication of all that must be avoided or that should remain unknown. Hence also that timidity which sets all our senses on their guard, and prevents youth from endangering its innocence, emerging from its ignorance, or breaking in upon its happiness. Hence also that shrinking whereby inexperience seeks to keep itself intact and shuns too great delight, fearing some harm."

If in these lines that tolerate, like the Lantern of Corinth, neither more nor less, the ideal of our virtuoso in words seem to be the Greek matron whose highest praise was that she was neither seen nor heard beyond the domestic walls, it is in the serene and holy atmosphere of the Christian home that he finds his ideal of chastity. In such thoughts as the following, one can hear the distinct echoes of a consecration of veiled nuns, tones heavy with a sacred incense, the delicate and airy sacrificial breathings of souls afire with the raptures of a Vita Nuova, lifted high and away beyond the grossness and

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the coarseness of the present—*Quem vidi, quem amavi, in quem credidi, quem dilexi.*

“Chastity enables the soul to breathe a pure air in the most corrupt places; by continence she is strong, whatever may be the condition of the body; she is royal by her empire over the senses; she is beautiful by her light and peace.”

“Ah, God! what wonderful loves are born of chastity! and of what raptures do our excesses deprive us!”

Friendship had no secrets for the soul of a man who revelled in its wealth, who held it as a kind of religion of which he was the pontiff, and who counted among his intimate acquaintances the choicest spirits of the old and the new order.

“We must offer our esteem to our friends, as we would a meal, in which everything is abundant—without taxing or curtailing any part of it.”

“Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.”

“He who has none of the weaknesses of friendship has none of its powers.”

“It is a cruel situation when we cannot make up our minds to hate and despise the man whom we cannot esteem or love.”

Yet this worshipper of friendship knows of its defects and limitations—no more than any other human thing can it fill the heart stricken with fatal knowledge of the

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perfect, the divine. It must have cost him not a little to believe first and then to confess that

"Frankness is often lost between friends by the silence, the tact, and the discretion which they practise toward one another."

"Time calms all excitements, even the excitement of friendship; the most enduring fidelity outlives its admirations."

"Our fine qualities are often only loved and praised because their brilliance is tempered by our defects. Often, indeed, it happens that we are more loved for our faults than for our qualities."

"We can only hope for true affection from those who are naturally gentle and loving."

"Do not admit the greedy among your friends or your disciples, for they are capable of neither wisdom nor fidelity."

"Men often choose to love those whom they fear, so as to be protected by them."

Joubert was wont to say that he spent his life trying to put a book into a page, a page into a paragraph, and a paragraph into a sentence. One feels this effort of concentration in all that he says about God and religion—he often finds "winged words," "half-battles of words," to hear which is to be of his opinion. He finds in the soul itself a ceaseless confession of God's existence. It cannot stir or open its eyes without feeling God, just as the air is felt by the body. God is the atmosphere of the soul, not the God of metaphysics—an idea, an abstraction—but the God of religion, the Creator of heaven and earth, the sovereign Judge of

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actions and thoughts, a force. We cannot see Him for the quantity and the splendor of His works, but we may do better, we may know Him by "piety." When he approaches the great Christian duty of piety Joubert becomes an ingenious artist; he coins his formulæ with a loving skill.

"Piety is a sublime wisdom surpassing all other wisdom; a kind of genius, that gives wings to the mind. No one is wise who has not piety."

"Piety attaches us to all that is most powerful—that is, God; and to all that is weakest, such as children and old people, the poor, the infirm, the unhappy, and the afflicted. If we have not piety, old age shocks our sight, infirmity repels us, imbecility disgusts us. If we have piety, we see in old age but the fulness of years; in infirmity suffering; in imbecility misfortune; and we feel only respect, compassion, and desire to give relief."

Though this lovely "piety" is not itself a religion, it is the root, the soul, of all religions. Mere philanthropy does not make a man a citizen of the state; so mere pious inclinations do not make a man holy and God-fearing and God-pleasing, that is, religious. On the other hand, religion is not a cloak for decent and correct rationalism, for philosophy dressed up in sacred vestments and enthroned within a sanctuary.

"Religion is neither a theology nor a theosophy; it is more than all this; it is a discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement."

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"One man finds in religion his literature and his science, another finds in it his joy and his duty."

"Those who are without religion lack a virtue, and had they all others they could not be perfect."

"Virtue is not an easy thing; why should religion be easy?"

"Before God a man must be neither learned nor philosophical, but a child, a slave, a pupil, or at most a poet."

"In our religious life we should be simple, unconstrained, and cheerful; not dignified, grave, and calculating."

"Those who have never felt the spirit of devotion have never been tender-hearted enough."

"The idea of God is a light, a light that guides, that cheers; and prayer feeds the flame."

Once a Frenchman has reasoned out such bases for his spiritual life, history and logic forbid him to raise upon them any other structure than that of Catholicism. *Succisa virescit* is the motto of the old historic form of Christianity, which draws from its own roots a vital sap of infinite and eternal vigor; few phenomena—none, indeed—are more remarkable than the power of Catholicism to rise out of ashes and ruin. Alone it can do this. The misfortunes of Catholicism in France were so great when Joubert reached his maturity that all its hereditary enemies could afford to weep with it, even to extend the hand of succor and to utter words of pity and sympathy.

Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo! Truly, the wild beast had devastated the fair garden; in one hour every vial of wrath seemed to fall upon the ancient and

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stately figure of French Catholicism. Time itself and the vast fabric of things seemed tottering to their fall, while red and blatant blasphemy invaded every holy place and befouled every goodly work and institution. In this historical setting, therefore, Joubert's reflections on the value of his national religion are doubly attractive. What a gem of sense, of hoar experience, of insight into the human heart is this thought, small in words but big in meaning!

The ceremonies of Catholicism are a training in refinement.

This is no stray sparkle that he cannot bring himself to sacrifice. He comes back at greater length upon the idea of the external splendor of Catholic worship. He cannot part with it. It is the crowning act of the Church in her secular administration of the spiritual training of humanity. Joubert gives voice to his faith in her, just as she is, in words that lose little or nothing in their spirited and kindly Englishing by Matthew Arnold.

"The pomps and magnificence with which the Church is reproached are, in truth, the result and the proof of her incomparable excellence. From whence, let me ask, have come this power of hers, and these excessive riches, except from the enchantment into which she threw the world? Ravished with her beauty, millions of men from age to age kept loading her with gifts, bequests, possessions. She had the talent of making herself loved and the talent of making men happy. It is that which

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wrought prodigies for her; it is from thence that she drew her power."

Of the living temples of Catholicism—the Saints—Joubert speaks with rare psychological accuracy. The author of "*Les Maximes des Saints*" or the great Blaise Pascal himself, could scarcely compress more wisdom of observation and judgment into the same space. Society was then in no temper to listen to a flood of eloquence from Citeaux or Clairvaux, but St. Bernard himself would have approved of these laconic phrases in which the essence of sanctity and its utilities are set forth after the fashion of a cinquecento miniature.

"The only happy people in the world are the good man, the sage, and the saint; but the saint is happier than either of the others, so much is man by his nature formed for sanctity."

"One should be fearful of being wrong in poetry when he thinks differently from the poets, and in religion when he thinks differently from the saints."

"The saints who were men of intellect seem to me superior to the philosophers. They were happier in their lives, more useful, more exemplary."

"The man who fears pleasure is of finer stuff than the man who hates it."

Here are some maxims that the priest, who is officially called to the highest sanctity, may take to himself. They are proof that Joubert saw in the youthful clergy the hope of the Church and the state of France;

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that he was himself free from any taint of obscurantism or fanaticism; that he understood well how the people of Bossuet and Bourdaloue had lost, or nearly lost, that sense of religion which once made them *foncièrement* Catholic, but which has to be created anew by the same indefinite service of love and teaching and sacrifice that once before ravished the Gallic heart from its idols of selfishness and worldliness, made it burn what it had knelt to, and kneel to what it had burned.

“Why is even a bad preacher almost always heard by the pious with pleasure? Because he talks to them about what they love. But you who have to expound religion to the children of this world, you who have to speak to them of that which they once loved perhaps, or which they would be glad to love—remember that they do not love it yet, and to make them love it take heed to speak with power.”

“You may do what you like, mankind will believe no one but God; and he only can persuade mankind who believes that God has spoken to him. No one can give faith unless he has faith. The persuaded persuade, as the indulgent disarm.”

“As the doctor’s own nature enters into his doctoring, and the moralist’s character enters into his moralizing, so the temper of the theologian often determines his theology.”

Several noble and luminous thoughts have for subject the Bible, its translation and study, the respective effect of the Old and the New Testament on natural character. Their brevity does not hide the fact that he was eminently fitted to treat philosophically the biblical

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literature—we almost feel that we have been unjustly robbed of one who might have left a classic on the reading of the Good Book in the tongue of Racine and Corneille. What Richard Simon did for the criticism of the New Testament, Joubert might have done for its popular use and appreciation. Alone, the starlike thought that it is "the book of the elect, the book of the innocent" gives him a place among the expositors in some future "Catena" of human tributes to its worth.

"For a translation of the Bible you want largeness of phrase; constructions where the joints are not too close, nor the surface too polished; and in the words and expressions a touch of the archaic."

"We need all the leisure of idleness, some spare time, and some study to enjoy the beauties of Homer, and to understand him we must dream over him. We need but a moment, I will not say of attention, but of listening, to understand and to receive into our being the beauties of the Bible, beauties that proportion themselves to the different dispositions and capacity of different minds; so that they can enter into the smallest, or entirely fill the greatest, and are available in all their fulness for the intelligence of any man, according as he is more or less well disposed, and as soon as he is ready to admit them."

"The Old Testament teaches good and evil; the Gospel on the contrary seems written for the elect; it is the book of innocence. The first is made for earth, the other seems made for heaven. According as the one or the other of these books is more familiar to a nation, different religious tempers come into being."

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In an introduction to this charming book, the author of "Robert Elsmere" has sketched for us "the thin face and form, the sharp features, the bright yet dreamy eyes" of this true poet. Though he long held a high office in the administration of the University of France, the glare and vulgarity of publicity were very odious to him. He seemed careful to excess of his fragile body and would spend whole days in bed, clad in the "pink silk spencer" that his friends knew so well. Still, he was only egotistic on the surface; his soul was always consumed with the ambitions, the loves and the sorrows of those choice beings whose knight-errant he had constituted himself. This "delicate, sweet-tempered, whimsical" thinker, the idol of his own circle, surpassed the highest antique or modern ideals of friendship in his pure and flawless devotion to Pauline de Beaumont and Châteaubriand. He is the Bayard of the world of letters. Not in the Mabinogion nor in Froissart will we find a chaster attachment of man to woman along the lines of chivalry than in the relations of Joubert to Mme. de Beaumont, the sweetest and most *spirituelle* of those distinguished women who had lost all in the Revolution, except their birth, their hearts, and that power of fascination, that romantic witchery, which a great sorrow and a fine sympathetic receptive intelligence lend to all women.

Mme. de Beaumont was the Miranda of a certain half-enchanted isle in the society of the Directory and the First Consulate, on which had gathered so many noble

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refugees and outcasts. Joubert was its genial Gonzalo. That Châteaubriand and all high poets should hover about a woman of such perfection did not offend Joubert, nor rouse in him a shade of jealousy. But that "the whirlwind," Mme. de Staël, should put her out of love with the solitudes of Theil or Passy," their caverns of green, their lakes of air and sunshine, their rivers of light," was too much,—he writes compellingly, as the Sir Galahad of her mind and spirit:

"Why must you go and live with these restless spirits? They have at their head a whirlwind that is always hunting the clouds. They would like to ride the storm, of which all the time they are the mere playthings. The tumult in which they live has spoilt you; but you will come around."

Indeed, Bonaparte had quickly won the adhesion of Joubert, and after the extinction of that brilliant meteor, he kept a poet's faith in all its sublime promises. We understand Béranger and David and Hoche when we read what Joubert could write in 1800:

"Bonaparte is an admirable vice-king. . . . I love him . . . But for him one could feel no admiration any more for anything alive and powerful. . . . Through him enthusiasm, which was lost, idle, extinguished, annihilated, has sprung up again; and not only for him, but for all other great men whom he too admires. His adventures have silenced the intellect and kindled the imagination. Wonder is born again, for the delight of a saddened earth, where no excellence was left conspicuous enough to impose itself on the rest. May he keep all his success;

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may he be more and more worthy of it; may he remain master for long! He is master, indeed; and he knows how to be. We had infinite need of him."

Joubert is, above all, a poet. He has said himself that "imagination is the eye of the soul." Enthusiasm and wonder explain and sustain this Corsican thrown high by the gaunt hand of fate upon the throne of a hundred kings. Imagination explains his attachment to and belief in Châteaubriand. He was among the first to see that the author of "Atala" and the "Génie du Christianisme" had found in the vastness and openness of the New World the secret of a new life for Catholicism. He felt that these solemn and religious descriptions of Nature, in their fervorous and holy poetry were not unlike the invocations of a Greek chorus, while yet Greece had faith. The heavens opened before these cries, and men looked up, and saw the day-star on high—saw, through the fires of anarchy and the smoke of battle, that God was, and that such radiant things as truth, justice, sanctity, order, religion, were real, and not figments of kings and priests, painted props of oppression. Greek to the core in taste and temper of mind, Joubert saw at once that there was in Châteaubriand a rare artist in words, a workman of thought, inventive indeed, but true to all the essential laws of his craft, daring with the boldness of genius to cast off its antiquated formulæ and by-laws, yet never sinning against that love of form, that sense of proportion and shapeli-

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ness, which seem an immortal heirloom of the Western Arya. Joubert was quick to recognize a something "modern" in Châteaubriand—a new philosophy of the literary art, in which the cathedraic authority is taken away from the old, the corporate, the fixed founded and impersonal classicism—lovely indeed, but lovely as a statue whose lips are cold, whose eyes are dead, whose hands are folded in eternal rest. And this authority is turned over to something new, full of life and magnetism, hopeful, personal, whose eyes are fresh with the freshness of the dawn, and whose hands are shapely and strong for the immediate human work before them. From the forests and lakes of America, the jaded and dispirited soul of Châteaubriand came back to the Old World that he found flaming with every human passion, and solicited by every power of evil. He had suffered the magic of immensity and originality. He had gazed upon the first great beams of life and society, and from these far-wanderings he brought back a quickened sense of personality, of spiritual unrest, and an eye transfigured by the largest vision of the future that man had yet seen. Thenceforth, there was in all literature something "more intimate, passionate, interrogative, personal," a searching of wider horizons, and a sinking of deeper plummets into the human soul. Out of those "Nuits d'Amérique" that Romanticism was born, whose first imperial conquest is the nineteenth century, and which stands without a rival or a peer at the threshold of the twentieth. In all this the share of Joubert is

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very great, as one of the latest and justest of French critics has shown:

“Autour du grand homme (Châteaubriand) se formait un petit groupe d’amis discrets et dévoués. Fontanes, pur et froid poète, Joubert, penseur original et fin, tous les deux utiles conseillers, sans envie et sans flatterie; et puis ces femmes exquisés dont Châteaubriand humait le charme, l’esprit, l’admiration, faisant passer ces “fantômes d’amour” à travers son ennui, sans se douter assez que c’étaient là des êtres de chair et sang qui le berçaient dans leur angoisse.”¹

Our interest in Joubert is a religious and Catholic interest; he was a voice and a force, but a force only through his voice. Though the voice was delicate and frail, yet it was pitched so truly, spoke so sweetly, and came from such depths of pure and holy faith in God and man, that the world stopped a moment to listen, and listening was charmed. He was a seer, a true prophet; for he had caught some super-worldly sense of all the eternal verities;—but he was also a Catholic Christian, the forerunner and the model of the Ozanams, the Montalemberts, and a hundred other noble souls who have illustrated the laity of France in this age, and have effaced some of the shame that still clings to the history of that state.

The Carlyles and the Tom Watsons of history take no account of such men—only of what is big, blatant,

¹ Gustave Lanson, *Histoire de la Littérature Française* (Paris, 1895), p. 876.

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and odd. Yet France in her darkest hour has had more than a few like Joseph Joubert; and in her present crisis she has also, as an Old Guard of religion, honor, sense and worth, many a similar soul. The traveller across the turfy meadows notes not, too often, the modest violet and daisy that lift to heaven their eyes of blue and white; yet from them come the fragrance and the pungency that fill the air and make life good and lovely.

Like Gulio Clovio in miniature, like Benvenuto Cellini in metal-work, like Keats in poetry, Joubert was first and last an artist. The quantity of his work was no concern—of the quality he was infinitely thoughtful. Hence he has always enjoyed the approval of the best critics, like Amiel and Matthew Arnold. Could he have written his own epitaph, he would perhaps have selected thoughts like these, which the English translator, with good taste, has placed at the end of the volume:

"I long to blend a choicer meaning with the common meaning of words or to make the choice meaning common."

"I do not polish my phrase, but my idea. I wait until the drop of light that I need is formed and drops from my pen."

"I long to make wisdom current coin; that is to say, to stamp it into maxims, proverbs, sentences, easy to retain, and to hand on. Oh! that I might discredit and banish from the language of men, like debased coin, the words that they misuse and that deceive them!"

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THE great personalities of history justly demand from their critics a large background of time. They are not unlike the great phenomena of nature and the great masterpieces of the artist that in one way or another overwhelm the onlooker. His troubled judgment regains its poise and security only when it is free to compare, to estimate relatively, and to master piecemeal the unusual and the extraordinary. It is not too bold to say that we understand Julius Cæsar better to-day than his contemporaries did, that we are better informed on the growth of the Roman city than Livy, that the full significance of the French Revolution is only now dawning on our minds. Such thoughts are not unnatural when we come to deal with Leo XIII, no longer as the pilot at the wheel, but as *functus officio*, called home to render an account of his long and memorable pontificate. The papacy is pre-eminently a service of the Christian world—for immemorial ages the pope has loved to style himself "the servant of the servants of God." The natural criterion, therefore, of any pontificate is the service rendered the Christian cause. The person of every pope is usually

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merged in the work of his great office. The great majority were heads of the Church for the time being, and are remembered only as such. Occasionally, however, a giant personality appears on the scene, and so dominates by strength of character, fixity of will, and clearness of vision, the multitudinous forces of the Church that they bear for a long time the impress of his direction. Leo XIII was such a pope, and we may believe that his name will never cease to shine with peculiar brilliancy in the catalogue of those bishops of Rome who did most to realize the purpose of their high office, who saw to it that the "*Respublica Christianorum*" suffered no detriment and that the boundaries of its spiritual influence were widened and consolidated.

He has been called the last of the mediæval popes, and there is some truth in the assertion. The intellectual revolt that began with Martin Luther has rounded itself out with a certain universality and finality only in our own days. The political changes inaugurated by the French Revolution have reached a certain fixity of type in all that pertains to the government of humanity—in one way or another the actual will of the people is the predominant factor. For over a century the legislations of Europe have been undergoing modification and adaptation to the new circumstances of civil life. In the material order a century of invention lies behind us that has profoundly modified all past influences of space and time on human affairs. Our native earth has been thrown open from pole to pole, and its last secret

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places given over to universal curiosity and utility. Nor could these new conditions of human life have reached their present "assiette" without affecting the temperament of the average man. He has become more cosmopolitan, more conscious of natural rights, more proud of his rights and capacities, more inclined to make himself the measure of all things. Printing now scatters all men's thoughts with the velocity and accuracy of the subtlest forces of nature. Travel and reading have made of history and geography educational forces in a sense and a degree hitherto inconceivable. Whatever be the outcome of this far-reaching revolution there can be no doubt that civilized humanity has finally moved out and away from the political, social, and economic conditions of the past; that in the Western world, at least, as compared with the Orient, the end of one great era coincides with the opening of another.

When Leo XIII took up in 1878 the succession of Pius IX, all this was true; since then each decade has more strikingly accentuated such considerations. Naturally, they were the very first to commend themselves to a bishop grown old in the service of Catholicism, and finally raised to its supreme government amid local and general circumstances of a kind more complex and adverse than had surrounded the papacy for centuries. His resources were neither few nor contemptible. He had around him a corps of bishops who were the flower of Catholic education and life, most of them prominent

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factors in all the religious and mixed problems of the time, and many of them veteran centurions in the unceasing warfare of ideas, systems and policies. The pope is no Inca, no Grand Llama, and though his directive and judicial powers are great, they are translated into acts and systematic efficiency by reason of the episcopate. He is the "episcopus episcoporum," but no one recognizes more readily, or has confessed more eloquently, than the bishop of Rome that his brethren share the same apostolic origin, the same divine mandate, the same unfailing promises. Leo XIII could also count on the vast and universal institutional strength of Catholicism, both in men and things, a power so intimately interwoven with all civilized life, so rooted in immemorial Catholic habit, so saturated with tenderest affection and holiest hopes, that for efficiency it was like a sixth sense. The humiliations, perils, and degradation of a century had quickened this great force in an incredible degree. A growing charity had informed it with fresh vigor, and the new channels of human intercourse were no less useful to it than the unity of the Roman Empire and the Greek tongue had been to the first missionaries of Catholicism.

In all Catholic lands an identity of doctrine and discipline had been preserved; only archaisms of heresy and schism afflicted the sound remnant of Catholicism that had come through the French Revolution. The Catholic people were united in the Old and the New World; they were confident that the chalice of sufferings

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had been drained to the dregs, and that amid the new conditions of human life, conditions won by and favorable to the democracy, the Catholic Church could not but find herself again in a position to confirm and consecrate those just rights and aspirations of the common people for which she fought so constantly in the thousand years from Chlodwig to Charles the Fifth, and for defending which she has ever been detested by those men of violence and cunning, those doctrinaires and bureaucrats, who from century to century afflict mankind with their selfishness and their narrowness.

Such was the equipment of the venerable office of Leo XIII, rated at its highest efficiency, and with reservation of a multitude of local and temporary drawbacks. To these advantages the new pope brought certain peculiar qualities of mind and heart—above all a long experience as Christian shepherd in the heart of a land more than any other given over to the discussion of ecclesiastical questions and interests, where countless thousands of monuments recall daily the beneficent action of Catholicism through twenty centuries, where the character of the people is, in an absolute sense, the creation of Catholicism, and where the language itself, both that of literature and that of its endless dialects, is one enormous thesaurus of the varied influence of religion on the Italian man in his entirety. Thirty years in that old Umbrian stronghold, where one can even now stand in the sombre city-gate built in the time of Augustus and named for him, and look out over the valleys and

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slopes and knolls made sacred forever to our common humanity by the footsteps and high dreams of the "Poverello" and his holy brethren—thirty years in such a retired nook of modern life seem to have been a fitting vestibule to the splendid theatre on which Leo XIII was one day to appear as spokesman of Jesus Christ to a humanity bewildered, confused, morally headless and hopeless. Already this humanity was subtly and prophetically conscious that government and legislation, human knowledge and material comfort, were no final and impregnable barrier to certain human instincts that make always for the oppression and enslavement of the multitude, and no less surely to-day than when they were harnessed to the chariot of a Pharaoh, and bore him securely over the prostrate necks of a careworn and broken-hearted multitude. It was soon seen that in the Vatican there sat a philosopher on the throne of Peter, a Christian philosopher, it is true, yet a man of experience well digested, of elevated views, of solid working principles, temperate withal in action and speech, content to stand on a certain common ground with the representatives of a sane and useful conservatism in all that pertained to the strengthening of Christian life and persuasion among modern men.

Each succeeding year added to the esteem and affection that went out to him from the beginning. Mild and conciliatory by his habit of life, his calling as a priest, and the breadth of his reading and observation, he seems to have felt instinctively that he was moving

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along a dividing-line in the history of mankind; that his eye was better occupied in forecasting each immediate advance, rather than in dwelling on the silent past that had no clear message for the tangle of new situations which he was called to unravel. He dealt in turn with burning questions and intricate problems that brought him into close personal contact with rulers of nearly all civilized states, as the large annual volumes of his *Acta* make known to us. He found among his clients whole peoples and races approaching him with a novel directness and an affectionate importunity. He held daily confidential conversation with all kinds and conditions of men, from the venerable senators of his council to genuine persecutors of his people and enemies of the faith of Christ. An endless procession of miscellaneous humanity clamored for a view of his person, a word from his lips, a blessing from his aged heart. Probably no pope since the days of Peter was ever in such intimate touch with all the actual currents of human thought and sentiment as Leo XIII. The world of to-day, above all of to-morrow, was his library, and the books of the most value to him were those human hearts that came in throngs to reveal the secret of their woes, the arguments of their hope, the reasons of their despair.

No one lives long in Rome with impunity for any intellectual narrowness he may have brought with him. And a society like that of the nineteenth century, smart-

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ing with an undefined sense of injustice that it could not track beyond itself, was the last to escape the soothing influence of a kindly, if aged, physician whose diagnosis of its ills it more than half acknowledged to be true. Behind him there arose dimly the figure of the Ecclesia herself, no longer the caricature of violent and embittered partisans, but the superb matronly figure that fascinated the souls of mediæval men, until they carved it in an immortal eloquence of stone on the walls of Chartres and Strasburg, and in a no less immortal eloquence of poetry in the Paradiso of Dante. Immovable faith and rock-like conviction are a dynamite capable of shattering the most appalling obstacles—they shook and overthrew the Empire of the Cæsars, than which a more reasonable and compact state has not yet appeared among men. They were visible and tangible in the White Shepherd of the Vatican, while the multitude no longer saw them in the universal opportunism of the times, and the equally universal and irresistible decay of the original timbers of Christian faith outside of Catholicism. No doubt many natural reasons conspire to explain the movement of Christian mankind toward Rome in the latter quarter of the nineteenth century. Yet, it is by no stretch of self-interested imagination that the personality of Leo XIII is made to account for this fascination. During more than a quarter of a century of pontificate he had withstood the usual tests of popularity, and revealed in himself a superior human soul rich with all the culture of education and

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life, liberal and sympathetic in an unexpected degree, in an age of philanthropy devoted without reserve to the welfare of our common society. If his remedies for its woes were only those of the Gospel, it was because he had nothing substantial to offer from himself, being no more than a mouthpiece of Jesus Christ, doing for Him vicarious duty, and preaching to all humanity those remedies of the God-Man that can alone allay the fever and the pain of our complicated ills. That he did not preach in vain the great social lessons of the Gospel may be inferred from the unexampled outburst of sympathy that his illness and death provoked in the non-Catholic world. When we have made all just deductions, it remains true that for the first time since the death of the tenth Leo has there been anything like a common sorrow among Christians over the death of a common spiritual father. The potential quality of such sympathy is infinite; it honored at once the recipient and the givers. At the least, it added no new barrier to the hope of reconciliation; to some optimistic spirits it appears like the faint flushing of a dawn long waited for, when the prayer of Jesus Christ shall again have its fulfilment, and unity of faith be once more a reality among all Christians.

Whatever the future interest of mankind in Leo XIII, the Catholic clergy will long cherish his memory for his unfaltering devotion to the education of its members. The twenty-six volumes of his public documents contain hundreds of references to this all-important sub-

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ject. Around it is already springing up a notable literature that gives evidence of the deep feelings that have been stirred in every Catholic land and in all Catholic peoples by these clarion notes of Leo XIII. It is not possible that there should be a retrogression—such intellectual currents once let loose are no longer controllable. There is no large department of ecclesiastical science that he has not illustrated by the light of his genuine genius for exposition. He wrote frequently to the Catholic episcopate concerning the creation and reformation of studies in all seminaries. He established academies, high schools, and special institutes at Rome, and encouraged similar works elsewhere. He was prodigal of approval to Catholic scholars, and aided efficiently private literary enterprise likely to honor the cause of Catholicism. It was only to be expected that in these countless utterances he should always insist on the purity and integrity of Catholic faith—but he also insisted on vigor, enterprise, spontaneity in that holy cause. More than one of his crisp phrases has become a watchword to ardent young clerics of France and Germany and Italy. He was a man of inspiring and suggestive power, in whom ardor and ambition for the cause of God were at least the equal of any similar devotion in his own time to purely profane ideals.

The need, scope, and utility of universities that would not only refrain from injury to the interests of Catholicism, but positively aid them, were never absent from his mind. He knew that any Catholic primary and sec-

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ondary education that does not culminate in a higher Catholic education of the university type, is only a feeder of infidelity—at long range if you will—but destined either to shut off Catholic youth from the offices, emoluments and benefits of such a higher education, or else to abandon it completely at the end to those very influences against which so great and costly provision had been made in the foundation of Catholic parochial schools, academies and colleges. Wherever an opening occurred for the foundation of a Catholic university, his co-operation and advice were freely given. His interest in such works was constant and his disappointment keen when they failed to prosper with the rapidity of his own ardent desires. His mind was constituted broadly and generously, and easily leaped over, by the eagerness of anticipation, the inherent difficulties of similar enterprises, difficulties that only severe experience reveals and only time can remove.

He was the founder of the Catholic University of America, and the most precious documents in its “Char-tularium” will always be those that emanated from him. His colossal statue graces its halls as an eternal memento of the hopes that he based upon the enterprise. It is well known that, as his pontificate wore on, he came more and more to believe that in the United States was to be looked for the freest and most generous development of Catholic Christianity. Correspondingly he was persuaded that our Catholic education should be crowned with a university suited to the needs of our religion and

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our fatherland. Almost at the hour of his death he was engaged in plans for its welfare, especially for the more active execution of the original plans approved by himself, after frequent and minute consultation with the representatives of the American hierarchy. May his spirit long live with us, and spur us to some completion of his holy ambition! Leo XIII will surely be put down among those popes who have deserved well of ecclesiastical learning. It is not too much to say that he did more than any of his predecessors to revive the ideals of a Benedict XIV. May we not hope that in the centuries to come our Alma Mater will always strive to be held worthy of its descent from such a noble lineage?

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